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SCHOOL NOTES

OUR LIGHTER MOMENTS

ALUMNAE NEWS:



“Rogers Hall, thy daughters praise thee. . .” for carrying us through another term, for offering endless interests and opportunities for achievements, and for supervising our activities in order that we might gain the most enjoyment possible from each and every day.

Under the heading “Interests” come the countless argyles, wonderful multi-colored mazes made to adorn the feet of the lucky, knitted and knotted, manufactured and produced on every corridor.

Under “achievements” come Andover Prom dates, and perhaps a fine examination grade or two thrown in on the side.

“Activities” include the hockey game of last fall and the basketball game soon to come. The popular new candy machine at the house has offered exciting prizes and much exercise—or is it “need for exercise”? Old man winter did more than his share to add to our activity list, too, by ushering in blizzard after blizzard, shovelful after shovelful of snow. Going skiing, Ann?

All in all, the term has been a gay one. Onward, toward another as glad!



Literary Section

MY RIGHTS

For these I'll fight;
For these I'll die.
To see the light
Of God on high;

To see the leaves
That dip and fall;
To see wheat sheaves
In fields this fall;

To feel the air,
Of autumn days,
Brush back my hair
In careless ways;

To feel the sting
Of a cool breeze;
To hear birds sing
O'er golden leas;

A man's free right
To hold on high—
For these I'll fight!
For these I'll die!

PATRICIA TALBOT, '48

PARK AVENUE MONOLOGUE

"Harry. . . Harry, what are you looking at out there?"

"What? 'Peace and Christmas eve'! Harry, I do wish you'd stop making remarks that have no meaning or sense to them. You worry me. Now come away from the window and start getting dressed. We're going to be late."

"Well, we will if you don't hurry; remember that crack Margaret Robinson made the other night when she and Timmy were the first to arrive at *our* party."

"*What* crack? Oh, Harry, you *never* listen to *anything* anymore! She caught me in my gloves and an apron when I was rearranging the flowers in the living room and said something about 'fashionably late' being *out* and it was only 'chic to be early' but was she '*too* early?' I was humiliated. She *is* right, you know. It is much more chic to be early, and you have such an advantage over the late-comers. Harry, do you think that thing I got them will be all right? I said to Margaret, 'Now, Margaret, what do you *want*?' and she said she didn't know, (you know Margaret) so I got her that."

"What is *that*? You can be aggravating! I remember distinctly telling you last night, at dinner."

"I did so. I told you just before Clifford put his elbow in his mashed carrots."

"Well, that's better. Why didn't you say you didn't hear me. It would have saved an argument. But, Harry, if you had listened, in the first place. . . and you never listen to me any more. I can talk on and on and you simply don't listen. I can tell. I'm sure I must have some shortcomings, but at least I listen. . . ."

"Well, this is no time for you to start in with your petty criticisms of me. You only said! I know what you were *going* to say. Let's drop it. Say, Darling, would you come over here and zip up the back of this darn thing? I never can reach the zipper.

"Thank you. You are a lamb, Harry. Ouch! You-have-me-caught-in-the-zipper! Ow. . . You are so clumsy at times, Harry."

"No, it's all right, really."

"I am *all* right, I tell you. Just forget it happened. I *know* you didn't mean to do it."

"Did Paula put the children to bed? Darling, Paula gave us notice last month. We have a new nurse-girl. She has been with us for two weeks. Yes, the children are in bed."

"What did you say? Why didn't I *tell* you we have a new nurse-girl? Harry, let's *not* start *this* again. I *did* tell you the day Paula left."

"Yes, I did! I told you as we went up the church steps and Mrs. Millard tripped. You certainly remember 'catching' Mrs. Millard! She is such an attractive woman, isn't she? It is such a pity. . ."

"Oh, I don't know. People *will* talk. Let's just drop it. You know, Harry, that with all my shortcomings, I don't eat. Say, darling, I refuse to hold that great big thing in my lap all the way over to the Robinsons. You'll just have to find the keys to the trunk and put it in there."

"If you ask me that once more, I'll scream!"

"I am not. It's a Chinese thing—a—ma-bob. . . sort of a water bucket that someone painted and shellacked. She can hang it up somewhere and put flowers in it, or put it on the hearth, for logs, or just about anything, I guess. What do you think of it?"

"I'm glad. I *had* to think of something original. You know, Margaret just *demand*s original presents. Of course it doesn't go with the Robinsons' living room, but Margaret can find a place for it. You know Margaret."

"Harry, can you tell me how Margaret and Timmy ever happened to get married? They are the most contrasting couple! Timmy never opens his mouth at parties, and just sits around smoking those awful black cigars, and Margaret is such a party-girl!"

"Oh, I know Timmy's all right." I just thought. . . ."

"Let's forget it. You'd think that I was trying to break up a happy home, or something, the way you scold. I'm sorry I ever mentioned it. Are you ready, Harry? We—are—going—to—be—late, you know. . . ."

"Yes we are. Whoever said it's the women who are always late was certainly silly."

"Yes, they certainly did make a mistake. No guessing about it. Here, dear. Let me fix your tie. You never can get a good bow. . . . there. Did you find the keys?"

"Why, *thank-you*, Harry. You look very handsome, yourself. Darling, let's not quarrel any more. Even those little spats upset me, you know. Do let's try. Oh, we're going to have such a good time tonight!—If we're on time. . ."

"I don't understand, Harry. What do you mean, 'Welcome, peaceful evening?' What a tone you used! I don't understand you any more, Harry. Not at all."

THE STORM

Dark clouds gathered over a small cabin located in a valley below Mt. Metterhorn in Switzerland. Sheep, which had been grazing all along the hillside, began to cluster together for protection against the storm which would belch forth wind and rain. A storm for which they could conceive no possible explanation or purpose, similar to the inexplicable tempest that had caused great transitions in numerous lives.

The sole inhabitant of this gaunt and forlorn house was a man, not too old, yet worn and haggard. His rough face and ruddy complexion revealed his life in these overpowering mountains of which he was a part. His large and massive hands cried out to tell their share of work. . . and for what?

As he sat, slumped in his wicker chair, his eyes wandered about the room, yet did not notice the simple stone fireplace with its smoldering embers, nor the cot in the corner, the rugless floors, and the bare windows. His eyes, dead in concentrated thought, reflected his ideas on life and its futility.

A German by birth, Hiendrick had moved to his shrine in the Alps soon after World War I, only to live there in seclusion contemplating the future of the world with its ineffectual attempts for world government. He realized he had grown old and tired of continual anxiety, yet he could not escape the ubiquitous thoughts which tramped down the reason in his mind. . . . the first World War gained nothing except a peace treaty that caused the second World War, and this war, indeed, has given many excuses for a third war. His thoughts were overflowing with cynicism.

Hiendrick was awakened from his day dreaming by the incessant drumming of heavy rain beating on the roof. He listened for a while to the wind, howling as it swept along the mountain side and he watched the rain as it splashed against the window pane in sheets, obstructing any possible view, in fact, creating a state where many tragic dramas were played, and quickly washed away. Scenes of war, death and violence. Scenes of an almost forgotten home, snatches of a past life, a stray kitten, Karl practicing the piano, a view from a hilltop, all parts of a life this bitter man had loved deeply, but were now lost.

He lit his pipe to erase from his subconscious mind the memories and dreams of what life might have been, hoping they would go up in smoke, never to return. He walked about the barren room, in a stiff, uneasy manner, only to return to the old wicker chair with a sigh and accordingly, lapsed into another daze of bitter questions of undetermined reckoning.

Human nature is filled with such resolute avidity that all reason is without hope. World peace, needless to say world government, will never be achieved while leaders view the subject with such hauteur and nations grab to increase

their material lands, subduing others to mere servitude. Why can't men sit down together and converse without unnecessary suspicion. There must be some way, some means by which we shall find peace eternal, and live in a common brotherhood—free from want.

Somewhere a dog barked bringing Hiendrick back to reality . . . having emerged from meditation, his eyes focused on the sky beyond the window. The gray clouds had broken up. Sunlight streamed through openings, bathing the world in splendor.

MARGUERITE SHUTTER, '48

RHAPSODY

Music is the most powerful outlet that human beings possess. They release this emotion in beautiful concertos, captivating symphonies and restful rhapsodies. People respond to music as puppets, intoxicated with its rhythm, its fantasies and its mysteries.

Music, though, is more than these few things I have mentioned. Music is also the juke-box which is continually busy with nickels pushed into the slots. It is record stores, with boys and girls sitting in the small booths, smiles on their faces as they listen to a Sinatra record or a Rachmaninoff Concerto. Music is the Sunday park concerts, with the young and old mixed, to hear melodies that will bring joy to them both.

Music is all this and much more, to people everywhere. The sea is the most powerful outlet of nature. The sea with its foamy waves slashing against the soft sandy beaches. The sea also intrigues because it is exciting and powerful, with strength to kill. But the sea can be calm and with calmness goes the serenity of life.

The sea has more than the actual water. It has the beaches, with the millions of people enjoying the air, water and sunshine. It also has the shells washed up on the sand, that give children such a thrill to find and collect. It has its rocks, which are bare, until lovers share their secrets with these symbols of age.

To me, the sea is like a symphony; with its stormy passages, but its calm and serene ones are always looked forward to. The record stores are like the shells. They are not the real thing, but bring people close to it—the music and the sea. The park concerts are like the rocks;—a place to sit and appreciate the music and the sea, in the open with the blue sky above them.

Music is the strength of many people and the sea is the strength of nature. With these two the world goes on and will not stop until people have heard enough of music; the finest and most rare of the arts, and the sea; the masterpiece of nature. I think that this day will never come.

DOROTHY SYLVESTRE, '48

TELL ME, DOCTOR—

It was a foggy night as I walked down the deserted streets towards the section of town where my home is. The water was lapping weakly at the rotted pilings that lined the wharves. The fog-horns were moaning in a far-away voice that echoed and re-echoed over the dirty black water. I thought over the events of the day. I had just finished a particularly gruesome case.

"Ah yes, Mr. Brooks. File number 3210110. I'm afraid that I won't forget that one for awhile. Queer old man, that Brooks. I've been a detective for a good twenty years, but he's the first that ever put a curse on me. What was it the old guy said now? Oh, yes, something about trailing me to the ends of the earth. Then, before Murphy could grab him, he jumped into the river. He's the first that Murphy hasn't been able to find in a long time. Hmmm, I wonder!"

Just then I glanced up and saw across the street, something that struck terror into my heart. On the other side of the street, a thing was walking. That limp! That hunched back! I stopped to get a better look.

"Now look, Mr. Stevens," I said to myself, "you're a man of forty-two, with a steady mind. Just get control of yourself."

When I looked again, the figure on the other side of the street had stopped also! Right under a street lamp.

"Great Scott!" I thought. "I can see right through it. It's not a person. It's not alive. Why it's just like a shadow!" My heart was pounding so loudly, I couldn't think straight.

"What shall I do? Run? No, then it might chase me all the more. Call the police? They wouldn't be here in time."

So I just kept on walking. The thing was indescribably horrible. It was like a mist in the form of a shadow. When I stopped, it stopped. When I turned a corner, it turned that corner too—and always on the other side of the street exactly opposite me. There was sea-weed hanging off it. It had no eyes, just two holes instead. I started to walk faster. I was nearly home and safe. As I sighted my house, a few doors away, I broke into a run. The figure chased me to the very steps of my home and then caught up with me. Just as I turned the doorknob and threw open the door, it laid a horrible transparent misty hand on my shoulder. I must have collapsed, for when I awoke I found my wife and the doctor leaning over the couch on which they had placed me. In a very jittery state I started to relate to them what had happened. My wife was terrified, but the doctor only laughed.

"You have been having what we call hallucinations, caused by exhaustion and over-work," he said.

I still wonder though, I was so sure that it was real. Tell me, doctor, how do you explain this sea-weed on my shoulder?

DENNIE WORK, '51

JUST A LITTLE COIN

A few weeks ago, while we were in Cambridge, Massachusetts, my cousin and I went shopping in the famous and familiar Harvard Square. My wallet was pleasantly plump with two five-dollar bills, intended for a new dress, so I was very much aware of my unaccustomed wealth. Nancy, my cousin, who is blase, unenthusiastic, terribly pretty and sophisticated (but very nice), is just two years my senior and somewhat scornful if I act any less than two hundred and ten years old, so I tried not to show any feelings when I saw him. She wouldn't have approved.

You see, from the time when I was about four 'til I was seven, my aunt used to take me into the Square every day while she did her shopping. The very first things I can remember center around the old Square—I loved it. Every detail is printed indelibly in my mind, even to the soot and filth of the window-sills of the buildings.

When my aunt and I went shopping, we would always go over to the outside stands beyond the University Theatre. There she would buy me a box of dates, which was sure to keep me quiet, while she hunted for good bargains. Then we would cross over to Sage's. I always dreaded this part of our journey because sitting on the sidewalk just before Sage's block was a negro beggar without any legs. His eyes had that same, soft pleading quality that De Bose Heyward's Porgy must have had. They were large and often bloodshot. When we walked past him, I would grab my aunt's hand tightly and walk fast, staring straight ahead. I always turned to see those compelling eyes begging me, begging the other passers-by, begging life to give him a chance—"Just a little coin, please?" was his appeal. I would think, "Someday I'll have a whole barrel of money and I'll dump it all in his lap." I still walked on, my head in the air, staring straight ahead.

Well, on this particular day when Nancy and I were shopping, I saw him again. His eyes were bloodshot from the liquor he had bought the night before with his meager day's earnings. His hands were still large and bony and he still held forth his dirty cap as he sat waiting for coins or bills. His eyes still had that magnetic power, and I couldn't help looking at him.

"A barrel of money!!" My hand slipped down to my wallet. "Just a little coin, please?" His soft eyes looked on at the passing crowd. "I'll dump it all in his lap!!—but my dress—he's only a legless negro—my dress!" "Give me a chance! Just a little coin, please! Please!"

"Mollie, what's the matter? That darling shop is right around the corner, across from Sage's. What on earth is wrong?"

I grabbed Nancy's arm tightly and walked fast, staring ahead.

SANDRA EAGER, '50

THE GREEN FEATHER

I graciously accepted it then, for it was a symbol of my ardent beliefs, yet, I now realize the absolutely different life I would have led if I had not done so. At the time, I was living in an Indian village settled on a high, grassy hill overlooking a vast extension of land which I, at first, believed to be the whole world, not realizing, of course, the treacherous one that lay beyond. I knew I was not an Indian, for I had not their blood, but, as to how I happened to be living among them, I did not know and do not to this day. I suppose that is a justification for the desire that invariably seized me whenever I walked beneath the resplendent harvest moon and glanced anxiously now and then at the seemingly remote mountain which, I gradually grew to realize, harbored some unpredictable circumstances on the other side. What these entities were, I longed so fervently to know, yet, the love for my foster people possessed my soul so completely that I would not have walked an inch if I thought it might separate me from them.

It was in a state of contemplation such as this that Mother Hawk discovered me on a night when she, too, happened to be walking in the free and rustic air of the western plains, then so wild and uncivilized as my people had made it. Mother Hawk had, as long as I could remember, administered to my needs, protected me when the animosity of the tribe so revengeful to the whites rose to a climax and occasionally burst, and caressed me if, for some reason, I grew lonesome for I knew not what. As a result, I loved her more than any other in the tribe, and, though not perceiving it then, it was my love for her which drove me from the village to the outer world. As she approached me, treading ever so lightly in her soft and beaded moccasins, I saw that she knew, for she knew everything, and had known for a long time why I stood thus on the hill scanning the wide black moor. As had happened so often before, she sang an Indian song while embracing me in her plump brown arms. When the last beautiful note had been chanted, she gently told me that I must go from the village and cross over and above the blue mountain that kept the other world from us. In parting, she placed in my palm a green feather and closed my fingers carefully around it, as if she never wanted me to lose it, and repeated a few words sacred to her. Soon after, I departed and began walking precariously through the ruffling grass of the plain toward my undetermined future.

How utterly astounded and bewildered I was to come upon a town when I had not known such things existed! Before that time, I had never seen the so-called stores and taverns from which came tumultuous voices of rollicking men. Moreover, to me, it all seemed loathsome and disgusting, and a tender longing to return to the ways of the Indians began to gnaw at my heart. Yet, I was here for a purpose and desert this purpose I would not, for Mother Hawk's trustful face still rose before me, urging me on. It seemed that the whites among whom I was mingling were exceedingly hostile to my Indian friends, and peace had never reigned between them. Never shall I forget the murderous raids made by these people at nightfall when my foster race had peacefully gathered about the glowing red and yellow fires which emitted ominous sparks to the heavens as messages

to each god that he had served them abundantly. Then, on some occasions, all of a sudden across the plain the white men would come, riding crazily in masses and shouting vociferously while I, frightened to tears, could do nothing amid the dreadful din and confusion but hide midst the multicolored skirts of Mother Hawk. Yet, despite these violent attempts of the white men to enslave and drive the Indians from their hunting grounds, our village had remained undemolished on the top of the hill.

When I had lived for a few weeks amid the people of this town, I perceived that the frontier men still retained their animosity toward their unconquerable enemy, though they did not dare quite yet to endeavor to subdue them. I realized, soon, the sole purpose for which I had been thrust upon this planet, and raising the green feather to the skies while repeating the sacred words as Mother Hawk had done, I vowed I would fight with all my strength to erase the treacherous plots of the white men against my people.

I tried throughout the whole year to quell their resentment by merely talking to each and every one of them, revealing the qualities of goodness and peacefulness of the neighboring Indians but, in vain, for they were determined to acquire this land for their own in order that their race might reign from sea to sea. As a result, their antipathy burst, and they began to make preparations for war. Impassioned men were immediately aroused, rifles were cleaned of their rust, and powder was gotten and stored in the town post-office. Though thoroughly fatigued by my disappointment at failing to avert this war, I was not entirely vanquished for I still possessed the consecrated green feather and just to look upon it would instantaneously give me strength to go on. Moreover, I had an astute idea which, if achieved, would crush the white men's power for years to come. It had to be tried, and it would be, for I was determined to pledge, in some way, my love for the people who had nurtured me.

The night, luminated by the incandescent moon, made shadows seem to rise and fall on the houses as I stealthily crept along the dusty road, which, by the way, was the main road at the time. If I could only forget the ghostly appearance of the town on that fatal night, but it unremittingly comes before me as I recount my tale. I remember, too, how direly I hoped that my plan would succeed, and the fear that it would not all but overcame me. However, when I had finally arrived at my destination, after edging my way furtively along the sides of each shack so that I might not be seen, all fear and care left me and my obligation surged through my trembling limbs. The thought did not once come to me to turn back, for I was half crazed with terror. I am certain I did not know what I was doing or what I had done until the seething flame burst forth from the post-office which contained the hateful supplies to be used against my people the following day. Of course, the brilliance of the burning attracted the citizens from their houses, and I was immediately seized and placed under guardianship until further notice.

My further notice came the following day, and, as a result of my perfidious deed, I was enjoined to leave the town forever, but, as a worse punishment, I was commanded never to return to the people for whom I had accomplished what little I could. Thus, I withdrew myself from that section of the country entirely and lived as a recluse for twelve years until today when I was forced to come back. How I wish I had not, and were you here, you would see my reason, for, though I stand on the same beloved hill, letting the light light breeze blow in my face as long ago, I cannot rid myself of this sick feeling. The village I had left so peaceful and secure is now a mass of smoking ruins! Yet, worse than that, as I kneel in a heap beside the motionless figure of the only true mother I have ever known, I can merely curse the white race and all it represents. I know I can never forgive myself for what I have failed to do, and, as my hand grows weak, I must let the green feather fall.

MARY MONROE, '48

NIGHTFALL FOR THE ENDING

On a morning late in 1943, calm reigned over a wide stretch of the peaceful sea, the Pacific Ocean. The sea was empty in all directions save one. Scarcely more than a mile distant from where the birds rested before beginning their day of fishing, a navy patrol bomber rode the gentle sea, a sea anchor keeping her head to a light easterly breeze.

She was a Cataline, or PBY, known and admired the world over. The name on her hull—Mille Fleurs—and the squadron insignia, a spitting tomat, were half obliterated by splinters of AA shell. Both of her engines had been wrecked beyond repair and her wing riddled by flak.

Prone on the wing, Lieutenant Chris Hamilton kept watch. He was a tall spare fellow in his early twenties, with unkempt blond hair, a deeply tanned face, and deep blue eyes, their color heightened by the sea and sky. Next to him lay his navigator, Lieutenant Dick Whitefield, commonly called Whitey. The two of them were all that was left of the crew. For a little while they forgot their predicament, and thought about the rest of the crew, whom so recently they had buried at sea. There had been five of them, bound together by the closest of all associations. They talked of Rogers, the bombardier, who could perform miracles with a pair of 500-pound bombs; of Patterson, the tough little radioman from Brooklyn; and of the others, who would never more experience misery, torture and hunger, and also love and happiness.

They thought of their last flight, when the big amphibian had droned hour after hour on her course, flying at 8000 feet. It had been midafternoon when they suddenly came upon the Jap submarine on the surface of the ocean, not three miles distant. The Jap made no attempt to crash-dive, realizing he had only one plane to deal with. The enemy had decided to shoot it out, and had come close to finishing the PBY with their first salvos. With one engine down, Chris swept down to 500

feet, while Rogers' bomb exploded directly amidship. The plane badly crippled, the crew, with the exception of Hamilton and Whitefield, injured and dying, came to rest on the gentle sea.

All these things, and more, Hamilton and Whitey were thinking about. They were wondering—has the base sent out searchers for us; will we live to fly again; will we live to go home to our wives and children, or will we die on the remains of this battered ship, with no one to mourn us, and no one to see that we have a decent burial. Is that how this flight is going to end? Who knows.

Toward midday the breeze freshened, and heavy rainclouds were sighted in the east. Neither of them had eaten in twenty-four hours, and they now noticed that a terrific appetite had developed. They had plenty of fruit and food to last them a few days, and being hopeful that rescue would come soon, they partook of the food and water hungrily.

Late in the afternoon, the sound of distant motors increased, coming from the west. They stared upward, their hopes high. Then, for a fragment of a second, they had a glimpse of the friendly plane, indistinct and scarcely visible, between the rain clouds. Straining their eyes, they stood silent, hoping and praying to be seen by the plane, but the plane and sound diminished, to die away completely at last.

It was now the eve of the tenth day, and hopes of rescue and safety had completely vanished. Their food was gone; only a pint of water remained for the two of them, with no rain in sight; the sun was blistering their bodies and Chris and Whitey were in a state of complete despair and exhaustion. They were so weak that only the most vital and necessary duties in keeping alive were performed.

Nightfall had crept up on them, so still and silently that the passing of day had not been noticed, except for the cooler temperature and relief from the sun, and slowly, slowly, all the vast expanse of the heavens glittered alive and serene upon that sea of various light, the drifting moon. Death had claimed its victims.

BETTY SCRIBNER, '48

THE IMMORTAL WIND

O wind, so free, who plays among the woods and skies;
whose gusts disrobe all nature from disguise;
whose swirling eddies cast all covering aside;
the world remains with nothing more to hide.
O wind, the barren branches stretch their arms within your breeze;
whose fiery gusts detach the mantles from the tree;
whose gentle breath provides the clothing; nature's not to freeze;
the frosted land lies concealed by a whirling cloak of leaves.
O wind, who decorates the world, extend beauty over all;
nature lives and thus provides the grandeur in the fall.

POLLY SISSON, '48

A SHORT SHORT STORY

Behind the hill the moon was rising. In the valley, a figure looked out of the window and saw in the moonlight, a man ambling up the path. The figure stirred from the window and skipped across the cozy kitchen. "Peter, Peter, Pa's coming home. Come down here. Now promise you'll let me tell him. Promise?"

The door swung to and pensively Pa stepped into the illuminated room. He threw his hat on the hook and said, "Sigrid—Peter . . . Axel Svenson just died. I've just come home from his house."

"Axel Svenson . . . Why, I can't believe it. . . ."

"Where's your mother?"

She faintly nodded her head. "Upstairs," she mumbled.

Peter had a strained expression on his face but he said nothing. He would keep a promise.

"Olga?" Pa called and then lumbered up the stairs.

Meanwhile Sigrid's mind was buzzing. "Axel Svenson Breuer's father . . . too much work for Mrs. Svenson and Breuer . . . move to city." That was as far as she got for Pa rushed downstairs with all the speed he could put into his old bones and whooped.

"Sigrid, child. Vy didn't you tell me vat a vonderful ting has happened while I vas gone today. Are you stupid, maybe?" He laughed, "Ah—a new son." He was beaming as he said, "We must have all the neighbors in and have a big supper . . ."

"Pa," broke in Sigrid, "we'll have to pay our respects to Mr. Svenson first."

"Ya, Sigrid. You aren't so stupid. You stay with Mama and I'll take Peter over and find out what they will do next."

When they left and Mother was asleep, Sigrid started cleaning Lutefish for the inevitable celebration. She was too worried to be excited about a celebration. "Maybe I can go to the city, too, and get work as a maid. No—Pa would not let me." And so her mind worked for a way out of her problem: how to keep Breuer and herself together.

After finishing the Lutefish she sat down and tried to sleep. And so she did, but she dreamed strange dreams. Empty farmhouses . . . dark . . . huge eyes for windows . . . all alone . . . pitchforks dancing . . . neon signs appearing among the swirls of straw blowing like snow.

She woke with a start as Peter ran in followed by Pa, who was still beaming. "More news, Sigrid—but I don't think you'll be interested, eh, Peter?" They both chuckled.

"We're going to combine our farm and half of theirs and they'll sell the other half. How do you like that?"

Sigrid nodded, "Why, that's fine, Pa, yust fine. But what about"

"Oh," Peter smiled, "Incidentally, the Svensons will have to live with us until Breuer gets married. I'm sure that doesn't interest you, though."

"Hah," said Pa. "How's that?"

"Oh ya," she laughed. "That's O. K. too."

MARILYN CASHMAN, '49

NATURE IN THE SOUL

Crisp was the air on that summer morning. Rain had pitter-pattered throughout the sleeping hours, and now, the sun, bursting forth from its rest, glistened on the leaves. Expectantly had he awaited dawn, and hopefully, also, for plans had been made. A prancing steed was patiently standing at the post, surprised and not quite realizing the significance of an early breakfast. This morning the course was to lead into an untouched fairyland of nature—just the two of them, horse and man, where no one had tread or viewed the beauties and wonders of that peaceful morn.

The dirt road wound through the forest, at last bringing him to the verge of a field of golden grain. Up pricked the ears of his horse, and as he gazed further, he detected movements, minute at first, merging with the sway of the grain. Then, the graceful leaps of a faun and her mother he saw, topping the field and grazing the fence with graceful leaps, disappearing from sight. Breakfast for them was early every morning, as the danger of being seen was omnipresent; thus, their bodies symbolized the fear of danger and the sensitivity felt when one's existence depends on concealment.

The potential energy upon which he was seated startled him, and he returned to actuality. A race down the long stretch of road was his choice for the next adventure. His steed seemed to sense the excitement, and gracefully it pranced onto the road, entering into the spirit as well as could ever be hoped. At a given signal, a unity of rider and racer bounded forward. They were one, both striving for the freedom and buoyancy of being carefree. The whistle of the wind through both mane and tail and the rhythm of the hooves on the packed road lulled him almost to dreamland. Had not a physical obstruction reduced the frantic pace, it would have carried him far into the land of imagination.

Upon returning from that strenuous contest, the animation and liveliness of both had subsided. He was then ready for a lazy walk amidst the lofty trees, clinging brambles, and pine-padded floor of the woods. Even in the freshness of the morning, a musty, pungent odor permeated the dewy dampness. Stooping to miss an overhanging branch and agilely guiding the horse in order to escape

some treacherous trap of shrubs and vines, he blazed his trail. Then, unexpectedly, he emerged from the dusky atmosphere to the brim of a joyful brook, which sang him a good morning song. How cheerful was that lively stream amidst the dank woodland; how peaceful that rivulet, deriving its pleasure from giving water to the thirsty and providing a cool swim for the hot and tired. Here, at the cross-road of two different worlds, he was met by the sun, a blazing mass of golden red.

Following this good morning greeting, refreshments were furnished by the trees and bushes. Luscious red apples awaited his touch, and the enormous blackberries were bursting with ripeness. How majestic he felt after being served by such accommodating and generous hosts.

A glance at his modern timepiece brought the realization that his hour of escape had come to an end. The retreat to reality motivated thoughts of the perfection of that morning ride. Each detail, from the virgin field of grain splashed with early morning sunlight to the refreshing trickle of water tripping through the forest, exemplified the sincerity, purity, generosity, and beauty of Mother Nature's creations. Are we licensed to quote the ancient Biblical proverb "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he?"

SUE SEARLE, '48



GOD'S GIFTS

A stormy night is tempestuous in God's fury
and darkened by His sadness.
It wakens the adventurer within me
and it is excitement in my soul.
It is fearful and electrifying,
for many secrets are lost forever in its mist.

When God chooses to be docile,
and lights His multitudinous candles,
The night is peaceful, and full of solitude.
I am glad, for I may rest within its silence
And revel in its glory.

MARTHA DOW, '49

JENNY

Her name was Jenny. Jenny owned a roadside stand in a little town in the upper part of Maine. From her stand she could see over the cottages below to the ocean and the creek. It was a neat white-washed stand and behind it was her little house. Her house wasn't much to look at, but it was a house. She sold corn, potatoes, fruit and last of all, "The best darned peas in the State of Maine," as she put it. She had a real Maine accent and could talk about nothing for hours. The woman who used to work for her had frequent headaches and when we'd stop to buy anything, she would never fail to come over and complain about her headaches. Then, Jenny would come over after she'd gone and say, "T'ain't nothin' the matter with her. She just likes to complain. Makes her feel big. Pay no attention to her and she'll stop soon enough."

Really Jenny was kind and very considerate. That's how she lost her life.

It was a usual day with people going to buy things, and some just going to talk about Mrs. Bacon's daughter, who had been married the week before. A long black car drove up and stopped and a man dressed in a black suit stepped out. As he walked toward Jenny, he said, "Ya got any milk for sale, lady." Jenny had never seen him before and was just a little bit frightened at his manner of speaking.

"What?" she asked.

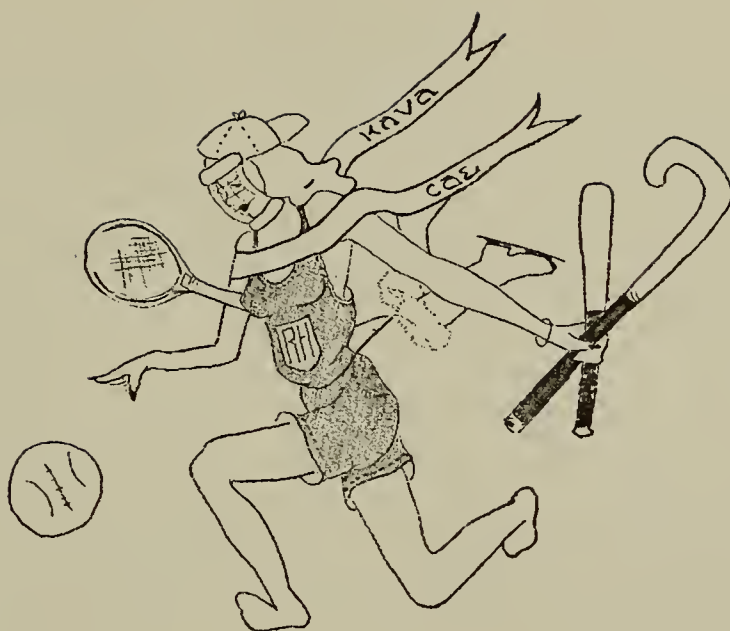
"I said, Ya got any milk for sale?"

"I think so—just a moment." She reached down for the box which held the milk and as she did she noticed a doll in the back window of the car. There was blood on the hand of the doll! She put two and two together and decided that this man was a kidnapper and was getting milk for the child. She pretended to look for milk and then said, "I'm sorry I musta run out of it."

As he turned to go, she picked up an empty milk bottle in her hand and knocked him over the head, but it just stunned him. He turned with a gun in his hand. There was a shot and the sound of a car driving away.

The last time I went by Jenny's stand, the white-wash was getting quite dirty.

ANN REILLY, '51



School Notes

CALENDAR

September

- 17th—Opening Day—"Welcome to Rogers Hall" and "Hi, gee it's good to see you." "Where's my roommate?"
- 18th—Dear Mom . . . I'll never learn all their names . . .
- 20th—Manchester by the Sea—and hot dogs. Was it cold! But wouldn't ya' know Betty Lou would go swimming—P. S. I think I know all the names now. First ones anyway—
- 21st—Reminder: Flowers to the infirmary for Betty Lou. This afternoon Mr. Henry Gerould read our minds. (What some people think!)
- 27th—Boston, here we come. "Alice in Wonderland" was the center of attraction for our first Boston trip this year.
- 28th—Might as well give up piano lessons. Can't possibly learn to play the piano like Harvey Davies. He even turns nursery rhymes into operas!

October

- 2nd—Initiation—these new kids sure took a beating. It's worth it, though, to become full fledged Caes and Kavas.
- 3rd—More initiation, alias, "the new look."
- 11th—"Swing your partner, 'round we go!" Didn't know there was such talent at R. H. All the "squares" turned out. Faculty and students, too.
- 27th—Name any Dickens' character, (well, almost any). We can tell you what he looks like. Sure, Edward Payne drew 'em for us.

November

- 8th—This time it's "Showboat" that brings us to Boston. Doesn't *anyone* have the records?
- 11th—Congratulations, Caes, in Hockey! You've done it again—Better luck—basketball, Kavas. I think we kinda startled Miss Sylvia Ford, from Barmore, with our predominance of Blues and Yellows, Red and Whites, but she managed to give a convincing talk on her school.
- 12th—Look!! Snow!! Comes the basketball season. "Joey broke a window, Joey broke a window." (They don't have snowballs in La.!)
- 15th—Many a toe was frozen, many a throat was sore—could be the result of the Harvard-Brown game.
- 18th—HMMMMMMMM! Maybe I oughta go to Sarah Lawrence—Sounds pretty good—Miss Alice Bouvard said it was and she oughta know!
- 23rd—Brrr! I was cold just looking at those Alaskan pictures of Mr. Barber's. Thanks, I'll stick to the U. S.
- 26th—Can you believe it? (I've got plenty to be thankful for!) Home! Short, but oh, so sweet a Thanksgiving.
- 28th—Back again and even more tired. Rumor has it that a number of us couldn't carry our bags. You're supposed to have at least an *hour's* sleep.
- 30th—Now they know. The new girls have been formally introduced to the Rogers family. By letters and pictures and history related by Mrs. McGay.

December

- 1st—Hey! We're in the same month as Christmas!!!!
- 6th—Well, whatta ya know—men, that sing and dance, too. It seems they blew in from over Andover way.
- 7th—This is the life. Loafing all morning. We oughta have a dance every Saturday. What am I saying! Nancy Davis is still up in the air!
- 14th—Christmas Vespers complete with beautiful carols and wonderful stories (that R. H. talent again) and smiling seniors happily showing off the coveted rings.
- 16th—Tonight was a real Christmas—Santa and all—(I think he was from the South Pole this year.) A swell party with lots of laughter and good music. Thank you, Miss Huse, for your request performance.
- 17th—Feliz Navidad, Heureuse Noel and above all, Merry Christmas!!

January

- 7th—1948—Hi there!
- Upon our return from vacation, Rogers Hall broke us into the routine gradually by leading us off to a concert by Yehudi Menuhin.
- 10th—Andover return dance—don't muss your dress riding over in the bus.

How can we *ever* settle down to work.

19th-23rd—Slave, sister, slave! One week to catch up on the work and then
..... exams.

26-29th—Shhhh! "Oh! I didn't know a thing!" "What was the
twelfth question on the fourth page?"

30th—Exams returned. "Why, they weren't as bad as I thought! or, who's
kidding who?"

February

6-7th—Another bus-load to Andover! Winter Prom this time. Had a
marvelous time, but five hours on the dance floor is such a struggle!

9-11th—Went on our North Conway bat! Shusssh!! Ohhh... who's giggling
in the next room? Open the door and in flew Annzi! Oooh! oh!

14th—Hearts and flowers and Valentine's Day "across the miles." (Well, maybe
he'll remember *next* year.)

15th—Room inspection. Help!

B. F.

CAE-KAVA HOCKEY GAME

The cheers rose from the sidelines as Cae and Kava began their annual hockey game with a center bulley. Immediately, it looked as if Kava's prayers to win the game for the first time in four years were about to be answered when they quickly charged down the field and thrust the ball between the posts. Soon, however, the Caes took their turn as Libby Filer delivered an amazing angle shot into a corner of the goal. From that point, the game was decidedly in favor of the Caes, despite the swivel dribbling of Sally McDonald and the redoubled efforts of the entire team.

The Caes, winning by a 3-1 favor, again earned the praises with their marvelous team work and passing, and well deserved the cup which was awarded their president, Polly Sisson, by Kava's president, Sally McDonald, at the banquet which followed. However, since Kava was partially compensated by winning the prize for the song they had written, it seems that both clubs deserve the praise. Congratulations Cae and Kava!

KAVA TEAM

Marilyn Cashman
Nancy Davis.
Sandra Eager
Nancey Hinckley
Sally McDonald, Capt.
Jean Osmun
Marguerite Shutter, Mgr.
Dorothy Sylvestre

CAE TEAM

Sue Abbott
Elizabeth Filer
Judy O'Brien
Betty Scribner, Capt.
Polly Sisson
Patricia Talbot
Ann Veghte, Mgr.
Anne Wild

SPLINTERS

SUBS

Ann Fletcher
Carolyn Sylvestre
Betty Lou Wise

SUBS

Mary Jane Filer
Beverly Fletcher
Barbara Huyssoon

Cheer Leaders—CAE—Lynn Hamby and Jean Sutherland

KAVA—Dorothy Winship, Joanne Stein and Dennie Work

M. M.

DRAMATICS

Drama came to Rogers Hall on November twenty-second in the form of two one-act plays presented by the dramatic students.

As the curtain rose on the first play, "Heaven Will Protect the Working Girl," the audience eavesdropped on several feminine conversations with an intriguing but unseen young man. In spite of the soft words and easy threats of two gay socialites, the girl in black was victorious and tripped off the stage about to elope with the popular Casanova.

Again the houselights dimmed for the second presentation, "Playgoers." A modern home in merry England was the scene. There a very new bride with the weighty worries of housekeeping on her shoulders, decided to give her servants an evening of relaxation by attending the theater. Peace reigned until the servants heard of this endeavor, then utter confusion. The useful maid mooned how wonderful her mistress was, the cook must have her nephew Albert accompany her, and the kitchen maid interrupted the action with high-pitched snores. After a great deal of turmoil, the stage quieted but maybe that was due to the sudden departure of all the servants.

Orchids to Miss Chapin and the two casts for a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

"HEAVEN WILL PROTECT THE WORKING GIRL"

by Glenn Hughes

CAST:

<i>Woman shopper</i>	Martha Dow
<i>Caroline</i>	Mary Jane Filer
<i>Jean</i>	Rusty Smith
<i>Working Girl</i>	Beverly Fletcher
<i>Mrs. Johnson</i>	Dorothy Huse

Properties and prompting—Judy O'Brien

"PLAYGOERS"

A Domestic Episode by Arthur Pinero

CAST:

<i>Master</i>	Betty Lou Wise
<i>Mistress</i>	Jean Sutherland
<i>Parlormaid</i>	Mimi Lawrence
<i>Cook</i>	Dorothy Huse
<i>Kitchenmaid</i>	Ann Tankersley
<i>Useful Maid</i>	Beverly Fletcher
<i>Housemaid</i>	Lorraine Hood
<i>Odd Man</i>	Joanne Stein

Prompter—Joan Stanley*Make-up*—Marilyn Howell*Properties*—Jean Osmun*Furniture*—Courtesy of Paul

P. K.

THE ANDOVER DANCE

As Saturday, December 6, arrived, it was accompanied by an event which, anticipated by all, had been the main topic of our discussions for many weeks—the Andover Dance. After a memorable concert, given by the Andover Glee Club, and a delicious dinner, thanks to Mrs. Tremble, everyone gathered in the gymnasium whose Christmas trimmings were high-lighted by a mirror-mural of Santa Claus and his reindeer by Joey Stein. The couples, dancing to the wonderful music of Bernie Larkin's Orchestra, passed a very happy and eventful evening. As the old adage goes, "Happiness knows no hour"—and before we knew it, we had danced the evening away. We said our good-byes to the boys and also to December 6, which had brought us such a wonderful dance and so many new friends.

B. L. W.

CHRISTMAS VESPERS, DECEMBER 14, 1947

Christmas Vespers of 1947 was the first one I ever saw. I don't know how others compare to it but to me it is one of the most beautiful customs of the school. The quiet room lighted only by candles, the calm simple way in which Betty Lou led the service, the Christmas stories and music, all united to present a true Christmas celebration.

The Glee Club led by Miss LeButt sang familiar carols and unusual ones, thus providing new interest but still keeping the old traditions. The voice students accompanied by Mrs. Vose sang solos and the more talented in our midst read original stories and poems.

At the end of the ceremony Mrs. McGay proudly presented the seniors with their rings. They were pleased to have this addition to a service which they hold close to their hearts.

I think we, the students, the visiting parents, and the faculty will all agree that Christmas Vespers is an occasion which we will not quickly forget.

M. L.

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

This year we had a home Christmas. Lovely carols against a background of candle light and evening dress. A skit portraying the incomparable Mrs. Ruggles (Rusty Smith) and her excellent advice to the long suffering Sarah Maud (Barbara Huyssoon) and her recalcitrant younger offspring as they start forth for the Birds' Christmas dinner. And then Santa Claus, who in a southern accent (our Joey Stein), pulled out of his overflowing bag cellophaned wrapped candies for the Faculty and guests, along with gifts for "each and everyone" of the rest of us. Who will ever forget those telling rhymed!

And, so, in the words of Santa himself, "Happy Christmas to all; and to all a goodnight!"

A REFLECTION

With knitting in her lap and rocking to and fro, Granny, at our request, began to tell us a story of when she was a young, Rogers Hall girl.

"Well, guess the thing that I recall best of all was a dance—the Andover dance—way back in 1948. What rustling of petticoats and gay giggling—! The music that we danced to was dreamy and so pretty and the Andover men were, oh, so handsome. It wasn't anything the way you young rascallions carry on today. Everyone was terribly sad when it came time to leave, but echoes of 'Write soon' and 'I'll give you a ring' could be heard as we started back to school. I imagine that I will always remember that Andover dance as one of the gayest evenings I've ever spent."

B. L. W.

NORTH CONWAY

"Counting upon you to take good care of Miss Breeden and Mrs. Tremble. Have fun and don't stub your toes. Love and best wishes."

K. W. McGAY

We were off for North Conway, a tribe of thirty-one, on the crisp morning of February ninth. Through the kindness of Mrs. Bassett, we ate on the train, and arrived ready and raring to take on any slope showed to us. Well, they were a bit steeper than we anticipated, so most everyone decided to stick to the beginner's slope the first afternoon.

After a delicious dinner, the "rec" room was a popular hangout. Skating also attracted many cold-blooded girls to its sub-zero atmosphere.

That night the halls echoed with the scattering of feet when the bellboy brought up ice water to the swanky ladies in 202. Did you tip him, girls?? (How the bunk did creak when Judy scrambled up at ten o'clock.)—(ahem!)

On the second day, a few girls took lessons at the Hans Schneider Ski School, while the others leisurely rode up on the skimobile. Nancy was certainly put in her place when she called the skimobile a tow. Bob, our "chauffeur," exclaimed, "You can't call a million dollar contraption a tow!!!"

By tea time, everyone felt quite accomplished in the art of skiing. No broken bones, anyway. Anne Wild held an after-dinner challenge to anyone who *dared* take her on in pool. Nice cueing, Anne. By the way, Joey Reed, how did you, Miss Breeden, and the rest of the gang enjoy the local cinema?

Wednesday morning, Mrs. Tremble, as well as "Dr." and Mrs. Rocha, headed "sick bay." Betty Lou consumed nearly half a bottle of Pepto-Bismo. The able girls skied as furiously as possible, cramming in every precious moment. Some crammed too hard, I fear, or were you merely testing the efficiency of the ski patrol, Irish?

Mrs. Kimball and Bob sent us off bag and baggage, and so we left our little vacation in North Conway. The formerly enthusiastic, rambunctious group relaxed peacefully on the train—all the pep-and-go left far behind on Cranmore Mountain.

OOOOOH! Am I lame!!!

N. D.





Our Lighter Moments

EXPLORING THE ETHER

What a wonderful invention is the radio! I wonder what is on tonight? Never mind—I'll just turn the dial until I find an interesting program . . .

"Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. America. This is your roving reporter, Roger S. Hall bringing you stories on the lighter side of life. Flash! Could it happen here? Could the Russians take over our school and call it "Rogerscow Hal-lingrad?" Would they award Comrade Breeden for her magnificent "share-the-knitting" plan? Would they nominate Queenie as "dog of the year" because she is a RED setter? Would the Cae Club be the only club because their colors are RED and White? Who knows?

"And how about. . ."

Isn't this the Hit Parade night? Wait, I'll try to find the station. What's going on in this program

"And now our commercial by Rogers Hall seniors. Remember—it's to the tune of "Super-Suds"—

"Forty-eight, Forty-eight,
We're the Class of Forty-eigh - eigh - eight.
Richer, longer-lasting, too,
We'll be here in fifty-two—oo-oo."

Well, *that* isn't the Hit Parade! Just one moment—here, I think I have it!

"As you know, the problem-solver, Mr. Anthony, is in court solving one of his own, so we have in his place his famous partner, Mrs. Cleopatra. (Certainly you've heard of A & C?)

"Our first case tonight is that of Mrs. T. Mrs. T, what is your problem?"

"Almost—almost every night during dinner there are two or three telephone calls, and—no, I can't go on!"

"Come now, Mrs. T, we're trying to help you."

"Well, then, the call is answered and the girl is notified. But, instead of walking sedately from the dining-room, some, like Nancy"

"Ah—ah.' No names, please!"

"Some *run* up the steps. Whatever can we do to make them behave like ladies?"

"Cancel all calls from Andover. Next case, please"

Oh, dear, that wasn't the Hit Parade either! Now, what have I done? Don't tell me this is Roger S. Hall again?

"May I suggest that some classes be combined. Martha Dow managed to do just that by including Dramatics in Modern European History during her report. It might well have been entitled, 'And Voltaire Died.' And what about the success of the first period math class whose interest in the problem of the day was so tense that there was actually a case of shortness of breath, or should we say—panting? Miss Cook's second year French class also put in a bit of dramatics practice when they enacted 'The Oil-Man Cometh.'"

"That toboggan slide has become an obstacle course, hey Whitie? Speaking of winter sports, how about writing a theme on the subject of walking up hill with skis, for A. V.? Her roommate should do it because she is our most enthusiastic skier.

"Now for the daily forecasts. There will never be a time when Swamp Alley settles down instantly after the last bell; when Andover dances are just 'one of those things;' when life in the senior corridor is not referred to as 'the last mile' or when the 'inmates' of the House do not follow the policy of 'Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we have a quiz'"

There are only five minutes left before the end of the Hit Parade. Where *is* that station! Did I hear someone gargling? It must be Mr. F. E. Boone of Lexington, Kentucky. Don't tell me I have found it!

"And here is that Lucky Strike extra, 'I got Plenty O' Nuttin'', dedicated to those girls at Rogers Hall who find their bank accounts in the same condition. Following this selection, you will hear the three top tunes of the week, 'The R. H. Infirmary Blues' for J. O., 'It Ain't Necessarily So', which is S. M.'s reply to the statement that Cae will win the basketball game, and 'It Was Just the Andover Prom', which will be the theme song of many for weeks to come."

Does anyone want to listen to the Hit Parade?—Hey, you in the other room—you-what? You've been listening to it—the whole program—? And here I was—. Gee, it's tough to be a pheasant!! (Anybody have a match? I want to cremate the joke that just died.)

Finis.

RUSTY SMITH

DOUBLE DISCOMFORT

Buses are romantic! You can see the real America from the inside of a comfortable, luxurious Greyhound bus! Haven't you heard the song entitled "Love on a Greyhound Bus?" There is nothing like a personal experience to prove the deception of an advertisement or a popular song, and I learned the hard way.

The charted course of our trip was to take us from Chicago, a large mid-western city, to picturesque New England. As the bus pulled out of the Chicago depot, I was already highly discouraged, for it was I who checked the suitcases in the thunderstorm, which seemed to have been created as an appropriate farewell gesture, and it was I who bore the brunt of the porter's angry remarks as the rain soaked through our coats and seeped into our shoes. When I finally settled down in my seat, I was wrapped in chills and filled with doubt about the journey. What a cheerful beginning.

As I dried off, my grumpy mood evaporated with the water. People were all friendly, and soon we were having a lively time, singing and talking. The first stop was for dinner, the food being practically indigestible. At midnight came the dreaded awakening from a restless sleep and the changing of buses entailing an hour's wait. Cleveland is not a pretty city when viewed from the bus station at midnight.

Resuming the journey the bus lumbered onward through the early morning. As the light became visible, we three youthful passengers were awake, anxiously awaiting our own arrival in Buffalo, where the fourth member of our party awaited us.

"Buffalo, next stop. Change for Niagara,—," echoed down the aisle of the bus from the driver's seat. To stretch our legs and rest seemed like a treat beyond comparison, but the four-hour wait sped by, and soon the bus was on its way again. All day and all night we literally crawled over the winding roads of the mountains, spending a chilly, restless night. The brilliant, flaming sunrise cheered us up somewhat for our arrival in Boston, where we nourished our weary, hungry bodies.

In only an hour we were on our way again, the final lap of our tedious excursion almost completed. This consisted of a bus ride from Boston to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where we boarded a delicate, fragile passenger boat that

took us to Star Island. How like the well-known Utopia did that island look, tucked away in the calm, blue sea. Sleep came that night mingled with the humming, singing sound of the waves lapping on the rocks.

After no deliberation or consideration, a decision formed within me. The discomforts I had felt, the gruelling experience of that long trip, and the responsibility resting on my shoulders of seeing that my companions arrived safely, all these had their effect upon my decision to prevent a recurrence of the experience.

Two weeks later, as I headed toward the Midwest once more, I partook of a dainty, well-cooked, attractive meal, and I gazed out of the window to view Niagara Falls. Such comfort and luxury are usually found only at home, and sometimes not even there. As a fleecy white cloud dances by, I am interrupted. "Would you like an afternoon refresher? Would you care for iced tea or lemonade? Maybe you could doze off for awhile if I gave you a pillow," suggests the neat, pretty stewardess.

From now on, I'll fly, thank you.

SUE SEARLE

FUN? WITH VOCABULARY

Darwin's Theory, some scientists say,
Is an aberration from their thought and way.
He reached it, they state, by factitious means;
About true science, he "don't know beans."

If you ask them, constant iteration
Vitiates every new revelation.
His specious reasoning is firmly ensconced
In the minds of the credulous, unshaken by taunts.

It's not coherent, and a puerile mind,
Given to casuistry, may define
It as a cycle in which we might
Return to monkeys overnight!

His apocryphal statements suggest this thought,
And should be discarded. Really, it ought!
A monkey is our uncle?—Not a salutary thought
For, as a monkey's uncle, *we* would surely not be caught.

I wonder, when proscription, they advise, for his ideas—
He's turning over in his grave and stopping up his ears;
And asks with wistful voice, when they speak of probity,
"Where would you get with your fine ideas, if it hadn't been for me?"

RUSTY SMITH

THE IMPOSSIBLE TRAVELING COMPANION

Effie Cartbook and I decided to go on a trip. We both wanted a taste of a dude ranch; thus the horrible nightmare began.

Effie, of course, wanted to travel first class, to give a good impression to everyone we were to meet. The first night wasn't bad because we were on the train. The only disturbance was that Effie insisted on having a ham on rye brought into our drawing room, and looked abashed when the porter extended his hand for the tip.

When we awoke we found ourselves in the thriving industrial city of Lonesome Skull, New Mexico. This was our first stop. We walked to the hotel carrying bags, coats, magazines, and of course Effie's four hat boxes full of bon bons!

After much groaning and stopping along the way, we arrived at the Corral Hotel. Here we were told the establishment was still asleep, so we proceeded to sit the time out; on a fence, mind you, to give that western appearance.

The first day was spent seeing the town. This included going to see the cowboys ride all those jumping horses and cows, buying a "yo yo" for Uncle Billy, and a post card with a large orange sun, slowly sinking over the desert, three large purple and red scarves for future birthday presents, and several handkerchiefs with "God Bless America" painted on all four corners.

Effie wanted to go to dinner in a real western cafe, so, that's where we went. We always do as Effie thinks best, unless I have to put my foot down. We had everything there was to a genuine cow dinner and more I'm sure. When we could eat no more, we staggered out, down the street, finally to our hotel room. I thought I could move no further than my bed and so with a nice long sleep in mind, I smiled to myself. Just then she suggested going for one of those horse-back rides, up a mountain and back. She promised it would be only a short ride, taking no time at all. Of course you know I went, but mind you, not enjoying it. We got back at nine-thirty that night. Effie was so sure she'd win that photo contest back home if she got only one more snap. T'was then the horse threw her. All of the cowboys, glad of the chance, went dashing off to catch him, and there I was, left to walk back with Effie.

All this was not enough. Upon returning, she got wind of a barbeque with a square dance following, and just had to attend.

That was the last straw. I could stand no more of Effie. Oh, yes, I might add that I am writing this on a homebound train, while Effie is still getting her fill of life on a dude ranch. I put both feet down, you see.

JOANNE STEIN

PLAY BY PLAY
or, An Exercise in Comparatives

"Well, I must say, your idea is much better than Marilyn's," our English teacher drawled. "I think you've hit the most nearly correct answer, Libby." Libby grinned happily and continued to scribble more lazily than before.

"Yvonne?"

"Yes?"

"Now do you understand all this about comparisons? I mean, is it beginning to dawn on you?"

"No, M'am, I'm sorry but I think I'm more mixed-up now than I ever was!"

Cinnie is willing to explain, but Marg is more willing, so again we hear the tune of "Don't you see if it's already perfect it can't be any more perfect? Well, that's how it is with the more complicated phrases."

Anne starts to read the following paragraph, coughing and sneezing, but her cold is even worse than Taffy's so she has to stop (very reluctantly, of course.)

"Continue, Barbara."

So with all of us in a more nearly horizontal position than before, we listen to those very distant sounds of "comparison . . . — . . . — adjective — . . . more — most, est. . . er and all that.

Carolyn's hand rises furiously and she doesn't understand why you can't say "cheerfuler" when you should be saying "more cheerful." (I think!)

"Lynne?"

Now we are reigned by the greatest silence I've ever known. Then Miss Chapin looks up and says, "Oh, excuse me. I mean Lynne Patrick." So Lynne more bashfully than ever tugs at her sweater and promptly answers very vaguely. You see, she was the farthest away in the class. (Some place near Andover . . .)

We have another Lynn amongst us. She is the most talkative student of all and so most eagerly she recites, but naturally from the wrong page.

Sandy reads with the most nearly unique accent, so it all has to be repeated. On the following exercise we find a more confused mix-up of names between Joan and Jane, the two lassies from the greater part of Lowell.

All in all we have the most brilliant class of all and naturally that's because it definitely is the most necessary. Well, anyway don't all the teachers think their classes are most important?

SANDRA EAGER



Alumnae News

Engagements

Adele Wieber to Mr. Thomas M. Cuddihy of New York City.
Gloria Hamel to Dr. Robert M. Spellman of Brookline, Massachusetts.
Mary Lou Rayburn to Mr. William C. McKay of East Tawas, Michigan.
Phyllis Darling to Mr. Joseph H. Farnham, Jr. of Short Hills, New Jersey.
Priscilla Warren to Charles Pearson, III, of Buffalo, New York.

Marriages

August 2, 1947—Elizabeth Dowse to Mr. Andre C. Reggio in Weston, Massachusetts.

August 2, 1947—Raemary Chase to Mr. John C. Duryea in Manhasset, Long Island.

August 16, 1947—Mary Lou Meginnity to Mr. William Pond in Pasadena, California.

August 20, 1947—Joan Hartigan to Mr. Richard C. Simmers in Andover, Massachusetts.

September 13, 1947—Marianne Robertson to Mr. Earl B. MacCuish in Lowell, Massachusetts.

September 20, 1947—Elise Bandekow to Mr. Douglas C. Paul in Orange, New Jersey.

September 27, 1947—Marjorie Ann Scribner to Mr. Theodore B. Gittings, Jr., in Lowell, Massachusetts.

November 8, 1947—Emily R. Dow to Mr. Winslow Eddy in Wellesley, Massachusetts.

January 23, 1948—Lorraine Dancause to Mr. William R. Means, in Lowell, Massachusetts.

January 24, 1948—Betty DeVoe to Mr. Louis Rapacki in New Brunswick, New Jersey.

February 7, 1948—Barbara Marden to Mr. Charles R. Wilson in Lowell, Massachusetts.

Births

A daughter, Carolyn Warren, to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Warren (Joanne Jordan) of Bangor, Maine, on April 15, 1947.

A son, Daniel Alley Johnson, III, to Mr. and Mrs. Daniel A. Johnson, Jr. (Betty Woodruff) of Milford, Connecticut, on April 26, 1947.

A son, Howard Goodrich Law, III, to Mr. and Mrs. Howard G. Law, Jr. (Sally Parchert) of Concord, New Hampshire, on August 4, 1947.

A daughter, Peggy Ann, to Mr. and Mrs. John S. Andrews (Judy Enos) of Norfolk, Virginia, on January 3, 1948.

A son, William Hanford Curtiss, III, to Mr. and Mrs. William H. Curtiss, Jr. (Jean McGay) of Perrysburg, Ohio, on January 21, 1948.

Items of Interest

Alumnae will be interested to know of the engagement of our Miss Breeden, who has been our Physical Director for so many years, to Mr. John Brainerd of East Fairfield, Connecticut. She is to be married on June 26. Needless to say, we all wish Miss Breeden much happiness. How we shall miss her when we reopen next September. As the girl's song to Miss Breeden goes, "We shall never find your equal."

The Class of 1947 is represented at the following schools and colleges: At last information Peter Baron was considering work and study at the Institute for Living; Josephine Bishop at the University of Indiana; Ann Edge at Wellesley; Barbara Griffiths and Ann Maxson at Finch; Betty Huyssoon at Wilson; Cynthia Kellogg, Pixie Ranger and Helen Robertson at Smith; Anne Matthews and Melissa McIntire at Mt. Vernon; Emily Palmer at Agnes Newcomb; Nancy Richardson, Catharine Spray and Joan Tuthill at Northwestern; Florence Tornquist at Colby; Peggy Book and Marion Wilbur at Bennett; Ellen Daniloff at Bradford; Anne Harvey at Garland; Betsy Herrick at Wheelock; Ruth Ketchum at Cazenovia; Mary Joy O'Dea at Marymount and Topsy Wieber at Pine Manor.

Mary Carol Nord, who graduated from Bradford, a year ago, is now a senior at Marietta College in Marietta, Ohio.

Constance Overesch, who graduated from Bradford last June, is at De Pauw in Greencastle, Indiana.

Louise and Mary Sargent have opened a shop called "The Artists' Workshop" in Carmel, California.

Phyllis Darling in October contributed an article to *Brunonia*, the literary magazine of Brown University.

Florence Tornquist was elected class president at Colby Junior College in New London, New Hampshire.

Margaret Donahue has been on the Dean's List this year at Colby Junior College.

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Splinters
Rogers Hall School
Lowell, Massachusetts



SENIOR CLASS, 1948



Commencement Number

1948

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SCHOOL NOTES

ALUMNAE NEWS



As we approach commencement this year of 1947-48, amid great flurry and excitement, we suddenly pause, for just ahead there is an obvious blind fork in the road. There is no question as to whether we continue on our way, for that is living, and that we do. There are many other questions, though. Where will our paths cross again? What is the future all about? Shall we know the answers to the questions awaiting us, 'round the bend? These questions and others are viewed solemnly and we look up to meet the on-coming horizon.

Our years at Rogers Hall have given us a firm foundation, a gentle push in the right direction, and courage. With a beginning like this we are certainly possessed of every opportunity for a successful journey along the yet shadowy road ahead. Life is a challenge, and we are well prepared. We could not ask for more.



Dedication



For her unfailing companionship, sincere friendship and patient guidance, the Senior Class of Nineteen Hundred and Forty-eight dedicates this Commencement Issue of Splinters to Miss Rosalyn Breeden.

We send with her love and wishes for great happiness.



Senior Class Section



SENIOR SONG

(To Brahms' Lullaby)

Rogers Hall,
June has come,
'Tis now time for departure.
Thoughts are bound
In each heart
That will never from us part.
Stately proud columns high,
Reaching up to the sky,
Ever glorious anon,
When the seniors have gone.

Friends behind
We must leave,
Do not let parting grieve thee.
Ever cherished
Mem'ry clear
Of the ones we hold so dear.
Though our roads lead awry
They will cross by and by.
Worldy gates, open well!
Rogers Hall seniors bid farewell.

NANCY DAVIS

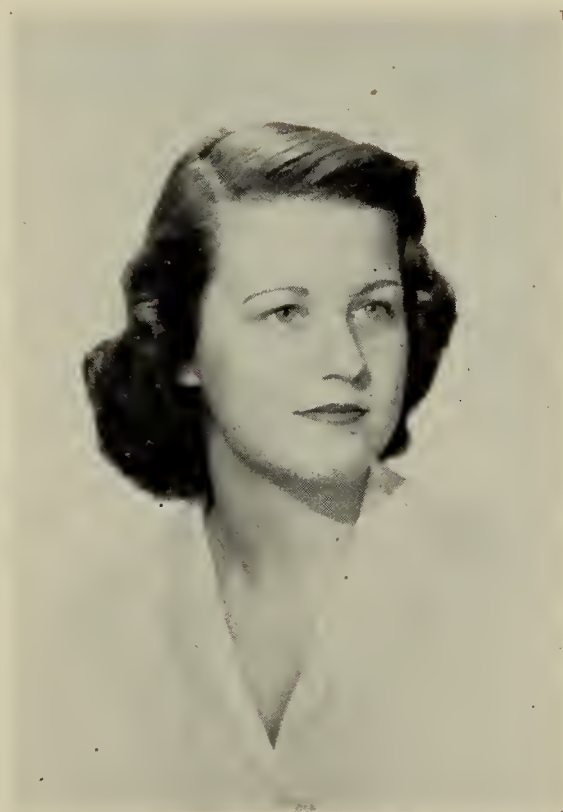
MARGUERITE SHUTTER

190 Elm Street
West Haven, Connecticut

President of the Senior Class

Kava Club; Sub. Hockey, '46; Hockey Team, '47, '48; Manager of Hockey, '48; Sub. Basketball, '47; Basketball, '48; Swimming, '45, '46, '47, '48; Manager, Swimming, '48; Badminton, '46; Baseball, '48; New Girl Show, '45; Operetta, '45; Glee Club, '45; Christmas Pageant, '47; Head Operetta Usher, '47; Senior Luncheon Committee, '47; Art Prize, '46; Student Council, '48; Senior Skit, '48; Andover Dance Committee, '48; Chairman of Prom Committee, '48; Splinters Business Board, '48; R.H., '48.

"Calm counsel and constructive leadership will provide the steady influence."



SALLY OTIS McDONALD

1472 Cranbrook Road
Birmingham, Michigan

Vice President

Kava Club; President of Kava Club, '48; Hockey, '47, '48; Captain, '47, '48; Basketball Sub, '47; Basketball, '48; Riding, '47; Swimming, '47, '48; Baseball, '48; Tennis, '47; Ping-Pong, '48; Operetta, '47, '48; Glee Club, '48; Christmas Pageant, '47; Old Girl-New Girl Show Committee, '48; Commencement Marshal for the School, '47; Senior Reception Committee, '47; Senior Prom Committee, '48; R.H., '47, '48; Senior Play, '48; Helen Hill Award, '48.

"How sweet and gracious, even in common speech."



NANCY DAVIS
26 Fletcher Street
Kennebunk, Maine

Kava Club; Kava vice-president, '48; Hockey, '48; Basketball, '47, '48; Manager, '48; Swimming, '47, '48; Baseball, '47, '48; Badminton, '47, '48; Glee Club, '47, '48; Operetta, '47, '48; Christmas Play, '47, '48; Kava Song, '47, '48; Undergraduate Song, '47; Senior Song, '48; Senior Play, '48; Posture Cup, '47; Kava Cheerleader, '47; Senior Luncheon Committee, '47; Student Council, '48; Commencement Usher, '47; Old Girl-New Girl Show Committee, '48; Andover Dance Committee, '48; Senior Editor of Splinters, '48; R.H., '47, '48; Athletic Cup, '48.

"Unaw'd by influence and unbribed by gain."

ELIZABETH DEPOIAN
36 Lexington Avenue
Bradford, Massachusetts

Kava Club; Glee Club, '47, '48; Operetta, '47, '48; Christmas Pageant, '47; Usher at Commencement, '47; Exeter Dance Committee, '48; Senior Play, '48; Music Appreciation Prize, '48.

"In virtues, nothing earthly could surpass her."

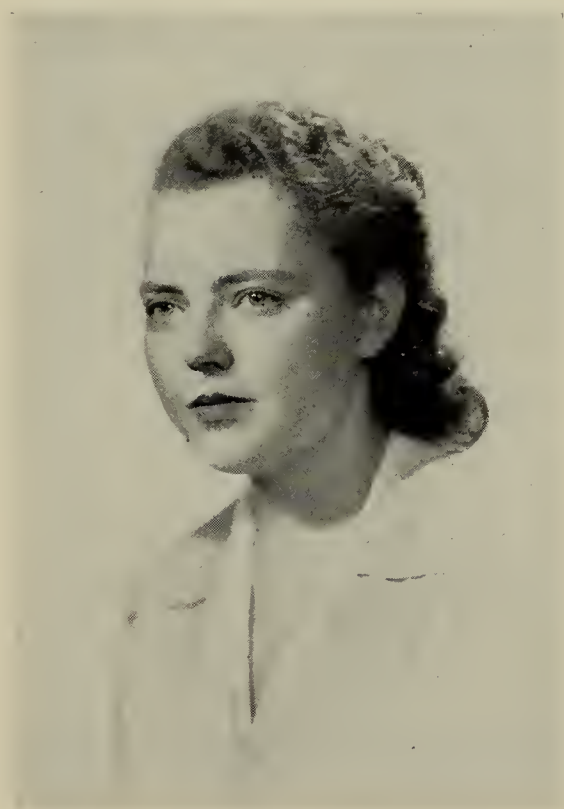


ELIZABETH CARROLL EVERETT

51 Berkeley Street
Nashua, New Hampshire

Kava Club; Glee Club, '48; Christmas Vespers, '48; Operetta, '48; Exeter Dance Committee, '48; Baseball, '48; Senior Skit, '48; Honorable mention for Music Appreciation Prize, '48.

"Both wise, and both delightful too."



MARY JANE FILER

555 West 6th Street
Erie, Pennsylvania

Cap Club; Baseball, '46, '47, '48; Basketball, '48; Basketball Manager, '48; Badminton, '46, '47, '48; Badminton Award, '48; Sub Hockey, '48; Tennis, '47, '48; Riding, '47; Splinters Literary Board, '47, '48; Editor-in-chief of Splinters, '48; Dramatics, '47, '48; New Girl Show, '45; Commencement Play, '46; Christmas Play, '47; Christmas Vespers, '46, '47; World Federalists, '47, '48; Poetry Prize, '46; Short Story Prize, '47; Chairman of the Senior Luncheon Committee, '47; Senior Reception Committee, '45, '46, '47; Senior Marshal, '47; Senior Prom Committee, '48; R.H., '47, '48; Senior Play, '48; Poetry and Essay Prizes, '48.

"A real friend to whom we impart our most secret thoughts."





ANN FLETCHER
604 Green Avenue
Bay City, Michigan

Kava Club; Hockey Sub, '48; Basketball Sub, '48; Ping Pong, '48; Baseball, '48; Usher at Commencement, '47; Glee Club, '47, '48; Operetta, '47, '48; Christmas Pageant, '47; Exeter Dance Committee, '48; R.H., '48; Student Council, '48; Senior Skit, '48.

"Silence is deep as eternity."

HELEN GOSNELL
42 North Main Street
West Carthage, New York

Kava Club; Glee Club, '47, '48; Operetta, '47, '48; Christmas Pageant, '47; Usher at Commencement, '47; Andover Dance Committee, '48; Senior Play, '48.

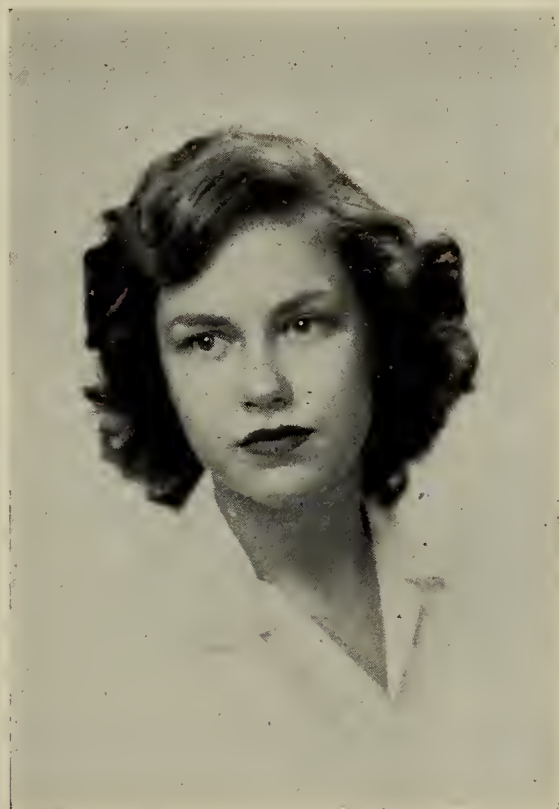
"Blushing like the morn."



NANCEY HINCKLEY
19 Harvard Street
Hyannis, Massachusetts

Kava Club; Basketball sub, '47; Captain of Basketball, '48; Baseball, '47, '48; Cheerleader, '47; Hockey, '48; Glee Club, '47; Head Commencement Usher, '47; Senior Luncheon Committee, '47; Christmas Pageant, '47; Operetta, '47; Splinters Business Board, '47, '48; Senior Prom Committee, '48; Student Council, '48; Senior Skit, '48; Honorable mention for Music Appreciation Prize, '48; R.H., '48.

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."



LORRAINE HOOD
25 Acton Road
Chelmsford, Massachusetts

Kava Club; Glee Club, '48; Christmas Vespers, '48; Operetta, '48; Andover Dance Committee, '48.

"She greets you with a smile."



BARBARA LOUISE HUYSSOON

237 Clinton Avenue
Tenafly, New Jersey

Cae Club: Vice-President, '48; Sub, Hockey Team, '48; Basketball, '48; Baseball, '48; Captain, Baseball, '48; Manager, Swimming, '48; Swimming, '47; Ping Pong, '48; Ping Pong Prize, '48; Cheer Leader, '47; Manager Cheer Leader, '48; Glee Club, '47, '48; Christmas Pageant, '47; Christmas Play, '48; Senior Play, '48; Operetta, '47, '48; Splinters Business Board, '48; Old Girl-New Girl Show, '48; Room Award, '47; Senior Reception Committee, '47; Senior Luncheon Committee, '47, '48; Senior Prom Committee, '48; Chairman Art Committee of Senior Dinner, '48; R.H., '48.

"It is an honest heart speaks to a precious friend."

MILLCENT KATHERINE LAWRENCE

172 East Rock Road
New Haven, Connecticut

Kava Club; Swimming, '48; Glee Club, '48; Operetta, '48; Dramatics, '48; Literary Board, Splinters, '48; Exeter Dance Committee, '48; Senior Skit, '48.

"Infinite riches in a little room."



MARY MONROE
Gull Lake
Richland, Michigan

Kava Club; Swimming, '48; Commencement Play, '46; Christmas Pageant, '47; Christmas Vespers, '47; Operetta, '47; Senior Reception Committee, '47; Senior Luncheon Committee, '47; Commencement Usher, '46, '47; Splinters Literary Board, '47, '48; Senior Skit, '48; Senior Prom Committee, '48; Underhill Honor, '48; Honor Roll, '48.

"Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading."



MARILYN DIANE MORSE
926 Tugalo Street
Toccoa, Georgia

Kava Club; Christmas Pageant, '47; Usher at Operetta, '47; Andover Dance Committee, '48; Senior Skit, '48.

"High-erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy."



JEAN WHITTLESEY OSMUN

82 Prospect Street
Madison, New Jersey

Kava Club; Hockey, '47, '48; Baseball, '46, '47, '48; Captain, '46; Manager, '47, '48; Badminton, '47, '48; Newcomb, '46; Captain, '46; Glee Club, '46, '47, '48; Christmas Pageant, '46; Operetta, '46, '47, '48; Senior Play, '48; Exeter Dance Committee, '48; Commencement Usher, '46, '47; Old Girl-New Girl Show Committee, '48; Student Council, '46; R.H., '47, '48; Student Federalist, '47; Dramatic Club, '47, '48.

"Born with the gift of laughter and a sense that the world is mad."

JOANNE REED
309 Edgell Road
Framingham Centre, Massachusetts

Kava Club; Business Board of Splinters, '48; Glee Club, '47, '48; Operetta, '47, '48; Christmas Pageant, '47; Senior Luncheon Committee, '47; Andover Dance Committee, '48; Senior Reception Committee, '47; Cheerleader, '47; Senior Skit, '48.

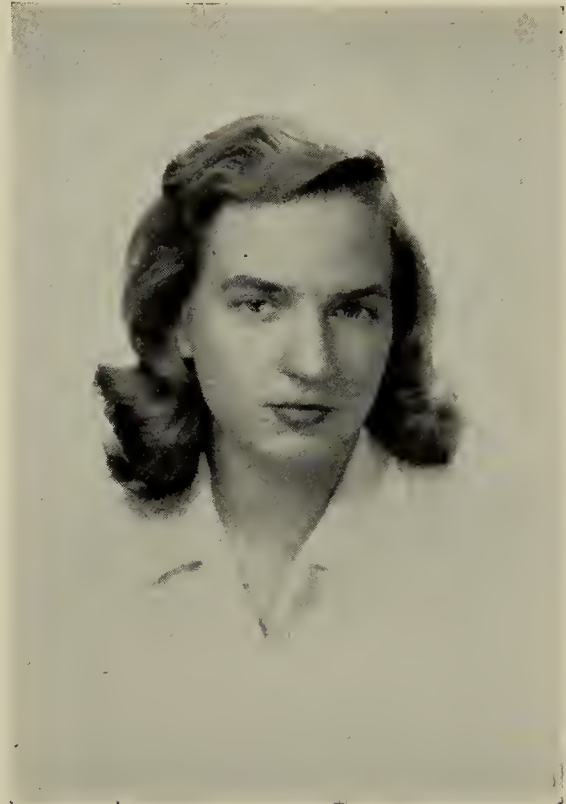
"Her company is an everlasting pleasure to us."



BETTY SCRIBNER
57 Fairmount Street
Lowell, Massachusetts

Cae Club; Basketball, sub, '48; Baseball, '47, '48; Hockey, '47; Captain of Hockey, '48; Glee Club, '46, '47, '48; Operetta, '46, '47, '48; Commencement Usher, '46; Christmas Pageant, '47; Senior Reception Committee, '47; Honorable Mention, Current Events, '47; Marshal for Faculty, '47; Student Council, '48; Senior Prom Committee, '48; Splinters Business Board, '48; Splinters Will, '48; R.H., '48.

"Learn'd and fair, and good is she."



SUSAN SEARLE
1404 National Avenue
Rockford, Illinois

Cae Club; Glee Club, '48; Operetta, '48; Andover Dance Committee, '48; Senior Skit, '48; Compiler of Song Book, '48; Honor Roll, '48; Honorable Mention for Music Appreciation Prize, '48; Current Events Prize, '48.

"Courier of love and sympathy, messenger of friendship, consoler of the lonely."



SYLVIA GRIFFITH SISSON

53 Elm Street
Potsdam, New York

Cae Club; Cae Club President, '48; Cae Club Song, '48; Sub. Baseball, '47; Baseball, '48; Basketball, '47, '48; Hockey, '48; Swimming, '47, '48; Old Girl-New Girl Show, '48; Glee Club, '47, '48; Christmas Pageant, '47; Operetta, '47, '48; Room Award, '47; Cheer Leader, '47; Splinters Literary Board, '47; Senior Luncheon Committee, '47; Senior Reception Committee, '47; Senior Prom Committee, '48; Senior Play, '48; R.H., '47, '48.

"A generous heart repairs a cryptic tongue."

BARBARA SMITH

"The Salt Box"
Westford, Massachusetts

Kava Club; Cheerleader, '48; Glee Club, '48; Operetta, '48; Splinters Literary Board, '48; Prom Committee, '48; Kava Song, '48; Author of Senior Skit, '48; Senior Skit, '48; Christmas Play, '48; Christmas Vespers, '48; Dramatics, '48; Short Story Prize, '48; Honor Roll, '48.

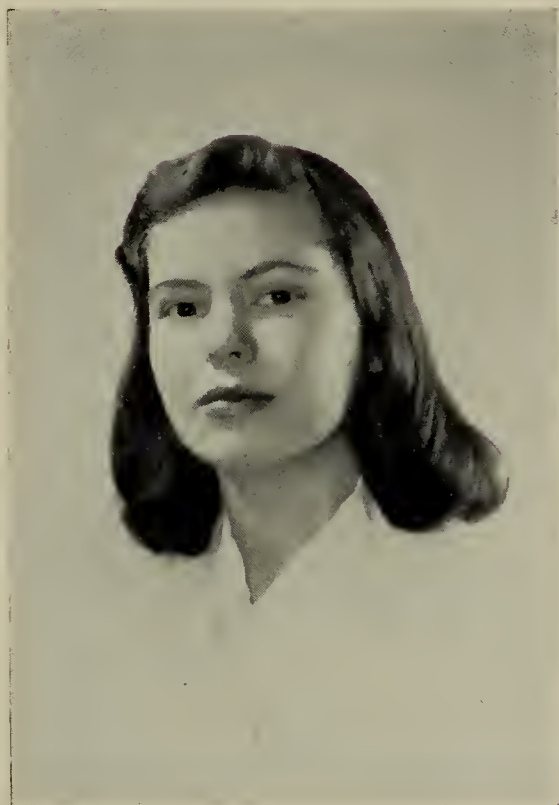
"The well of true wit is truth itself."



JOAN STANLEY
18 Louisburg Square
Boston, Massachusetts

Kava Club, '48; Glee Club, '48; Dramatics, '48;
Andover Dance Committee, '48; Senior Skit, '48;
Operetta, '48.

"Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare."



JOANNE WARREN STEIN
P. O. Box 2144
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

Kava Club; Splinters Art Editor, '48; Dramatics,
'48; Halloween Party Committee, '48; Andover Dance
Committee, '48; Kava Cheerleader, '48; Santa Claus,
'48; Senior Play, '48; Art Prize, '48.

"As merry as the day is long."



JEAN SUTHERLAND
56 Walnut Street
Naugatuck, Connecticut

Cae, '48; Glee Club, '48; Operetta, '48; Hockey Cheerleader, '48; Basketball Cheerleader, '48; Swimming, '48; Prom Committee, '48; Dramatics, '48; Senior Skit, '48; Council, '48.

"A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere."

DOROTHY ELEANOR SYLVESTRE
785 Park Avenue
New York City, New York

Kava Club; Hockey, '48; Hockey, Sub. '46; Newcomb, '46; Baseball, Sub. '46; Swimming, '46, '47; Chair Committee, '46; Senior Reception Committee, '46, '47; Usher for Musicales, '46; Usher for Senior Play, '46; Old Girl Show Committee, '46; Christmas Play, '46; Senior Skit, '48; Usher for Commencement, '47; Manager of Splinters Business Board, '48; Senior Prom Committee, '48; R.H., '48.

"Her hair shall be of what colour it pleases God."



PATRICIA TALBOT
68 Clark Road
Lowell, Massachusetts

Cae Club; Hockey, '48; Sub, Basketball, '48; Usher at Commencement, '46; Christmas Pageant, '47; Exeter Dance Committee, '48; Senior Play, '48; R.H., '48.

"Her ways are of pleasantness, and all her ways are peace."



ANN TANKERSLEY
1205 Larchmont Lane
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Kava Club; Glee Club, '45, '46, '47; Class Day Usher, '45; Exeter Dance Committee, '47; Student Council, '48; Christmas Vespers, '47; Usher at Commencement, '46; Dramatics, '47; Senior Play, '45, '48; Sub, Swimming, '46; Cheerleader, '48.

"Here is a dear and true industrious friend."



BETTY LOU WISE
11 Mamaroneck Road
Scarsdale, New York

Kava Club; Hockey Sub, '47, '48; Basketball, '48; Swimming, '47, '48; Baseball, '47, Sub, '48; Cheerleader, '47; Glee Club, '47, '48; Christmas Pageant, '47; Operetta, '47, '48; Business Board of Splinters, '47; Literary Board of Splinters, '48; Senior Luncheon Committee, '47; Senior Reception Committee, '47; Marshal for Mrs. MacGay, '47; Dramatics, '48; Committee for New Girl Party, '48; Chairman for the Exeter Dance Committee, '48; Chairman for the Andover Dance Committee, '48; Secretary of Student Council, '47; President of Student Council, '48; R.H., '47, '48; Honor Roll, '47; Current Events Prize, '47; Senior Skit, '48; Honorable Mention for Music Appreciation Prize, '48.

"From her shall read the perfect ways of honor."

UNDERGRAD SONG TO THE SENIORS

Tune: "Danny Boy"

The hour draws near, on silvered wings, to say goodbye
To our beloved class of forty-eight,
And yet the mem'ry reigns forever in our hearts
Of friendships dear that time will never break.

We'll think of you, our seniors, though the fates of life
May beckon you to every farthest part;
And though you leave, your spirit with us still will be
A living hope and challenge in each heart.

The smallest things forgotten by us ne'er will be
And through the years we'll cherish them always;
But most of all the friendship that you gave to us
Will be among our treasured memories.

MARTHA DOW
PATRICIA KEEGAN

SENIOR TRAVELOGUE

On Friday, May 14th, the Senior Class went out to Westford—seeking treasure. The head pirate of the “gang” was “Rusty” Smith, who led us far into the woods under a camouflage of apple blossoms. After conquering the objective, the treasure was sought and a magnificent recovery was made by “Osmun’s Blackguards.” Another treasure was found in a “salt box,” surprising as it may seem, and all the fellow pirates fiercely joined in a daring game of bridge as well as gambled on the amount of food they could consume.

The captains of our crew were Mrs. Smith, Miss Ramsay and Mrs. Tremble, who guarded the stronghold with enthusiasm. Might I add, they did a fair job of “kibitzing” in the bridge plots, too.

Truly, a prized addition to our collection of “treasured” memories.

And then, a fantastic trip to a castle in Nashua, New Hampshire—and a true castle it was, with secret panels and food fit for kings.

The gracious lady of the court was “Buh” Everett, surrounded by her ladies-in-waiting for supper. The royal chaperons were Mrs. Everett, Mrs. MacGay and Miss Ramsay.

After a delicious banquet, the King, Queen and Jack played a most important part in the household game of bridge. However, the time to leave came all too soon and we departed with “noble” thoughts of a wonderful party.

NANCY DAVIS

THE PERFECT SENIOR

<i>Poise</i>	Marilyn Morse
<i>Pleasantness</i>	Jean Sutherland
<i>Will power</i>	Sue Searle
<i>Quiet sophistication</i>	Elizabeth Everett
<i>Friendliness</i>	Mimi Lawrence
<i>Neatness</i>	Jean Osmun
<i>Curly hair</i>	Helen Gosnell
<i>Personality</i>	Marguerite Shutter
<i>Photogenic quality</i>	Ann Fletcher
<i>School spirit</i>	Patty Talbot
<i>Wit</i>	Rusty Smith
<i>Pleasant laughter</i>	Betty Scribner
<i>Clothes</i>	Barbara Huyssoon
<i>Artistic ability</i>	Joey Stein
<i>Attractive hair</i>	Betty Lou Wise
<i>Figure</i>	Joan Stanley
<i>Striking appearance</i>	Dorothy Sylvestre
<i>Stick-to-it-iveness</i>	Ann Tankersley
<i>Smile</i>	Nancey Hinekley

<i>Intelligence</i>	Mary Monroe
<i>Good nature</i>	Lorraine Hood
<i>Eye brows</i>	Polly Sisson
<i>Imagination</i>	Mary Jane Filer
<i>Liveliness</i>	Joey Reed
<i>Leadership</i>	Nancy Davis
<i>Dependability</i>	Sally McDonald
<i>Eyes</i>	Betty Depoian

SENIOR SUPPER

Our gracious hostess, Mrs. MacGay, served a delicious lobster banquet for the senior class on May 28th. In the homelike atmosphere, the girls sat around leisurely admiring the handiwork of Joey Stein and Bobbie Huysoon on the place cards, and listening to the delightful album of Fred Waring. Bouquets of assorted spring flowers were presented to the girls before leaving. When sufficient darkness appeared, the group silently left the lovely party and placed themselves quickly upon the back porch to sing their song to the undergraduates. Thus, a pleasant ending to the Senior supper.

MRS. MACGAY

Red setters and green meadows
Pastel sunsets on a calm sea

JOAN STANLEY

French poodles
Portraits
Crystal chandeliers and camellias

JOEY STEIN

Hoop skirts and the minuet
River boats and Spanish moss

JEAN SUTHERLAND

Impish moonbeams
Lavender and lace
Little girl giggles
Scottie dogs

DOROTHY SYLVESTRE

Cameos and yellow roses
Parisian gowns and plush lounges

PAT TALBOT

Apple blossoms and rising mist
Countryside dreams and spring
music

ANN TANKERSLEY

Star shine and a spring waltz
Sweet peas
Convertibles

BETTY LOU WISE

Buttercups and formal gardens
Concertos and cotillions

MIMI LAWRENCE

Red primroses
Painted china
Spindle choirs and braided rugs

RUSTY SMITH

Chinese kimonos and gold-framed
mirrors
Ivory and black lace

SALLY McDONALD

Humming birds and dancing elves
Wistaria in the moonlight

MARY MONROE

Thistle down and lilacs
Pink mist at twilight

MARILYN MORSE

Waterlilies
Pale chiffon
Midnight dew
Terrace dancing

JEAN OSMUN

Shining green ivy
Infectious laughter
Windy days
Starched piquet

JOEY REED

Sun bonnets and morning glories
Meadow larks and sparkling eyes

BETTY SCRIBNER

Bright poppies and Scotch plaids
Ice cream and cake
Green butterflies

SUE SEARLE

Blue bells
Prismed candlelight
Lace fans and pink perfume

BABE SHUTTER

Waving tulips
Peppermint sticks
Dutch bangs and twinkling eyes

POLLY SISSON

Sea-sand
Pleasure yachts
Blue skies and gardenias

NANCY DAVIS

Drifting clouds at sunset
Autumn campfires
Deep pools and rock gardens

BETTY DEPOIAN

Larkspur and autumn leaves
Gleaming bronze dishes
Oaken cupboards

BUH EVERETT

Red checked silk
White climbing roses on a garden
wall
Summer skies

MARY JANE FILER

Whispering willows
Rose petals
Crystal streams
Fountains of pearl

ANN FLETCHER

Long streamed gladiolas
Marble statues
Silk prints
Snowy birches

HELEN GOSNELL

Green cars
Pinafores
April Showers and violets

NANCEY HINCKLEY

Billowing sails
Dawn
White shorts
Pine cones

LARRY HOOD

Blue satin
White orchids
Rippling lakes
Stardust

BOBBIE HUYSSOON

Gingham gowns
Cocker spaniel puppies
Bubbling laughter
Taffeta bows

M. J. F. and N. D.

<i>Name</i>	<i>Nickname</i>	<i>Idiosyncrasy</i>	<i>Saving Grace</i>	<i>Favorite Expressions</i>
Nancy Davis	Nance	Sense of humor	Good organizer	"Howd'ja guess?"
Elizabeth Depoian	Bette	Telephone calls	Personality	"Hey, fellows!"
Elizabeth Everett	Buh	Monotone	Curly hair	"I don't think so."
Mary Jane Filer	M. J.	Insatiable curiosity	Exceptional talent	"Marrrrvelous!"
Ann Fletcher	Ma	Swift as a turtle	Smile	"Mum's the word, Sue."
Helen Gosnell	Gossie	Confusion	Sweetness	"Kee-dees"
Nancey Hinckley	Hink	Restlessness	Face	"I'll never speak to him again!"
Lorraine Hood	Larry	Blushing	Eyes	"I've got so much homework!"
Barbara Huyssoon	Bobbie	Fickleness	Pug nose	"Come on."
Millicent Lawrence	Mimi	Glasses on head	Good conversationalist	"Toots"
Sally McDonald	Sal	Leadership	Disposition plus	"'Real' nice"
Mary Monroe	Marie	Not writing letters	Hair	"Yes, you bet!!"
Marilyn Morse	Lyn	Figured skirts	Posture	"Baitty" (Bette the southern way)
Jean Osmun	Ozzie	Squeaky soles	Teeth	"Lush"
Joanne Reed	Joey	Tan	Curly hair	"My aching back!"
Elizabeth Scribner	Betty	Infectious giggle	Sincerity	"Huh?"
Susan Searle	Pokey	Knitting dusters	Fine features	"Biskie"
Marguerite Shutter	Babe	Dutch haircut	Blue eyes	"I don't understand."
Sylvia Sisson	Polly	Shoulders	Eyebrows	"It's been—!"
Barbara Smith	Rusty	Her opinion	Writing	"And what have you!"
Joan Stanley	Joan	Fiddling with hair	Figure	"Oh, dear!"
Joanne Stein	Joey	Accent	Eyes	"Yes'm"
Jean Sutherland	Biskie	Laugh	Petiteness	"Oh, heavens."
Dorothy Sylvestre	Irish	"Hearty" laugh	Red locks	"Hot dog!"
Patricia Talbot	Patty	Arriving late	Eyes	"Oh yah!"
Ann Tankersley	Ann	Debating	Southern accent	"Rah! Roosevelt."
Betty Lou Wise	B. Lou	Walk	Voice	"Now in New York, Joey!"

Statistics

<i>Ambition</i>	<i>Favorite combination</i>	<i>Pet Pastime</i>	<i>Pet Peeve</i>
Writer	Clam bakes and white surf	Swimming	Snapping gum
Design shoes	Hamburgers and cold milk	Playing records	Vegetables
Social welfare worker	Visiting and fire drills	Eating apples	Grapefruit
Long and happy life	Friends and refreshments	Dreaming	Tuesdays!
Go to college	Music appreciation and snoozing	Complaining	Veghte's visitors
Graduate from college	Andover and church cuts	Studying	Delayed letters
"All or nothing at all"	Camellias and Packards	Eating Cheez-its	Disappointing Sundays
Specialist in merchandising	Steak and weekends	Sleeping	Homework
B in English	Dill pickles and strawberry tarts	Talking	After lights visitors
Bridge player	Wind and sails	Bridge	Chemistry
Happy and successful life	Horses and farm	Sports	Straight hair
Loaf	Coffee and Kalamazoo	Studying	Empty mailbox
Traveling	Driving and music	Fixing scrapbook	Bells!
Artist	Curly hair and rain	Sleeping	Demerits
Success and Happiness	Sun and the ocean	Receiving special delivery letters	Short skirts
"To love and be loved"	Braves and Red Sox	Saving seats in French	Bow ties
Psychiatrist	Coffee and Oranges	Tennis	Diets
Get an A	Moonlight and Roses	Balancing budget	Don Quixote
Hit that road home!	Vacations and all that goes with them	Snacks	Secrets
None—just plain lazy	Blond crewcut and green eyes	Making puns	Early risers
Modeling	Steak and fried onions	Writing letters	Mustaches
Illustrator	Southerners and more Southerners	Dreaming of Wally	Four bells
Latin teacher	Ace and Jack	Bridge	Sacroiliac
Business advertising	House and hall	Yawning in Problems	Dogs
Accountant	Dancing and talking	Listening to radio	4:30 p.m. Chem. Lab.
Fashion editor	Convertibles and clothes	Cadillac convertibles	Cracking gum
Twins	Man and woman	Dreaming	Vanity

B. D., M. M., and J. R.

SONGS

PATTY	"Smiles"
ANN T.	"As Time Goes By"
LARRY	"Dancing in the Dark"
OZZIE ...	"Time on My Hands"
BOBBIE	"Two Loves Have I"
MARY	"So Far"
IRISH	"Just One of Those Things"
POLLY	"Oh, Lady Be Good"
JOEY S.	"Bye, Bye Blues"
BABE	"I'll Dance at Your Wedding"
SALLY	"All the Things You Are"
M. MORSE	"Sweet Georgia Brown"
GOZZIE	"Somebody Loves Me"
BUH	"Irish Eyes Are Smiling"
RUSTY	"You Are Never Away"
JEANNIE	"He's Just My Bill"
BETTY LOU	"Sweet and Lovely"
BETTY S.	"Bidin' My Time"
NANCY H.	"White Cliffs of Dover"
JOAN S.	"Oh, You Beautiful Doll"
NANCY D.	"You're the Tops"
JOEY R.	"To Each His Own"
ANN F.	"These Foolish Things"
MIMI	"And Mimi"
MARY JANE ...	"Don't Tell Me"
BETTY D.	"Haunted Heart"
SUE S.	"Star Dust"

THE SENIOR CLASS PROPHECY OF 1948

It was one of those lovely blue days up in heaven. If you could have trained a telescope on a cloud called the '48 special, you would have been amazed by the activity there. Swarms of angels were winging their way busily back and forth over the feathery white platform ironing their pink and blue nightgowns and polishing their halos. Today was the day for the reunion of the Rogers Hall Class of 1948. Everyone was singing anthems—everyone was happy—all but one. A disconsolate third-class winged seraph perched on the edge of the cloud and swung her feet back and forth in the nothingness surrounding it. She was a *long angel*—not only a long one but a very thin one with a mop of reddish hair and a pen behind her ear. One of Miss Ramsay's bottles of ink eradicator, long since departed from this world, rested on the cloud beside her.

Far off in the distance, a long convertible cloud, (with a push of a button, it could rain torrents) of the latest model (year 2048) took shape and headed

for the "special". Oddly enough the driver also had red-hair. With a flourish, she drew up beside the larger cloud, and parked.

"Irish", said the long angel. "Good heavens, (according to the heavenly Chamber of Commerce) I'm glad to see you. Have you a moment to spare!"

"Well, I don't know—I'm a first class angel—lots to do—but I guess I have a moment."

"Well, Irish—I don't know about this reunion deal. It won't be the same without the kids who are . . . down there."

"Hmmm. That's right. Say, isn't Hinkley . . . down there?"

"Yes. She owns Hades. Mrs. MacGay gave it to her so many times while she was at Rogers Hall, she thought she'd better keep track of things . . . down there."

"Who else is in Hades with her?"

"Well, Mary Jane Filer, for one. They don't know what to do about her. According to Ann Fletcher, our literary critic up here, her books are even banned in Hades. Bobbie Huyssoon is . . . down there, too. She's still trying to get up a petition to make Texas the center of the universe. And Polly Sisson, she got down there because she talked too much—remember the way she was such a conversational whiz at Rogers Hall?"

An angel wandered by, stopping every so often to gather little bits of fluffy white cloud.

"Hello, Marilyn."

"Rusty, you know perfectly well, we're not allowed to say "hell—o". What's Marilyn Morse up to anyway?"

"Haven't you heard? There is a shortage of cotton in Georgia so she's sending them white clouds instead."

"Oh! By the way—who else is . . . down there?"

"Sue Searle just . . ."

"*Sue Searle?*"

"Oh, don't get me wrong. She belongs up here, really, but she went down to psychoanalyze Babe Shutter. Poor Babe. She's keeping the financial books for Hades and she's mixed up the budget so that she thinks they're broke."

"Just a minute . . . wasn't that Buh Everett I saw over there, telling some angels how to behave?"

"Yes, she's our Emily Post."

"How did she get up here?"

"We're both only third class angels, but Sally McDonald has charge of the bookkeeping and she fixed up our records just a little so we could get in. They were checking Mary Monroe's credentials at the front office, so we sneaked in right behind her. There's Mary, over there, teaching Helen Gosnell how to play tennis. Helen must be trying to keep in shape for the big baseball game tomorrow. I hear we are playing the "Scribnerites" from . . . down there. Betty was quite the ball fan back in R. H. days."

"Where's Lorraine Hood?"

"Oh, she's rehearsing her choir of angels at Joey Reed's nursery school up here."

"Look who's over there! Joan Stanley just flew in wearing the 'new' look!! See, her halo's tilted over one eye and her wings are much longer than anyone else's. I'll bet that's a scoop for Joey Stein, our heavenly fashion editor."

"There goes Bette . . . what is her married name? And what are those little fluffy yellow things following her?"

"Those are her 'chickens'. Oops! She almost tripped over Mimi Lawrence. Mimi has to peek through that hole in the cloud and keep track of the present day members of Rogers Hall. And there's Betty Lou Wise. She's in charge of the reunion and I've never seen so many lists that she has to check. Reminds me of those Andover Dance date lists. 'Flashbulb' Osmun is flitting around here some place. She ought to get a picture of the reunion."

"By the way, where's Jean Sutherland?"

"Why, she's one of our most distinguished angels. On earth, they made her the Dean of Wellesley—after all those years as a Latin Teacher, I think she deserved it. I'm afraid that Anne Tankersley is going to be a little late again. She's debating against a team from Hades about socialized medicine or something. Nancy Davis is refereeing, but I'm afraid she's prejudiced. After all, she comes from . . . down there, too."

"Are you going to the party for upper-class angels after this reunion? Patty Talbot is having it," said Irish, as she prepared to take off for another part of Cloud '48 Special.

"No, I'm only a third-class angel so I can't go. I've got to wait here until Miss Ramsay let's me know whether she wants me to write up this meeting for our heavenly issue of Splinters. Didn't we have a good time at school on earth?"

"We certainly did! Happy reunion to you."

B. S., N. H. and D. S.

THE WILL OF THE SENIOR CLASS OF 1948

We, the Senior Class in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and forty-eight, who are of strong determination and weak mind, do bequeath the following precious possessions or characteristics, white elephants, and old shoes, to the Undergraduates. The aforesaid possessions have been hitherto set aside from the party of the first part to be given in illegal procedure to the party of the second part.

Nancy Davis leaves her wonderful Andover blind dates to the Junior class.

Betty Depoian wills her pipe to Martha Dow. Don't burn your nose, Martha!

Bul. Everett has left her curly mane to Ann Ranger.

To Ann Veghte (old man Noah himself) Mary Jane Filer wills Mew, Muff, Peep, Doug, and Phoebe.

Ann Fletcher leaves her mangled skis to the '49 North Conway trip—Happy skating, girls!

Helen Gosnell gives her faux-pas to Feather. A laundry box to Sue Abbott from Nancey Hinckley.

Lorraine Hood bequeaths her Lily Pons voice to Bev Fletcher—This is where we leave.

Bobbie Huyssoon kindly donates her nail scissors to whoever took 'em.

Mimi Lawrence, "with a supercilious smile," leaves her gift of gab to Taffy Butman.

Here's a study hall seat for Joan Macdonald from Sally McDonald.

Mary Monroe confers her power of concentration upon Nancy Partelo—Here's to the 87 and above list, Nancy!

Marilyn Morse wills her posture to the future posture classes—or should we say to posterity?

To Sandy Eager goes Jean Osmun's vitamin pills.

And guess what? Joey Reed leaves Sabastion to Sue Halstead.

Betty Scribner leaves "nites."

Sue Searle leaves her modesty to Judy O'Brien—souvenir of the third floor.

Babe Shutter (we hope she can spare him) leaves Axel to the next big wheel.

Polly Sisson leaves!

And Rusty Smith leaves her interest in current events to Sue Robertson—We hope Rusty's father is included in the deal.

To Lynn Patrick, Joey Stein gives that scr-u-u-umptious "suthun" accent.

Here's a good one, Irish Sylvestre leaves her demerits to whoever doesn't want a church cut.

Patty Talbot has left her ability for sneaking in after 8:20 A.M. to Dorothy Huse.

Joan Stanley bequeaths her golden locks to Davy.

Jean Sutherland leaves her three-trump card to whoever thinks she can use it—the shades of bridge march ever onward!

Ann Tankersley has sweetly left her belated entrances to Marg Filer.

Betty Lou Wise willed her quiet nature to Denny. Word of warning, Denny—Don't let it go to your head!

The Senior Class leaves their facetiousness to the Freshman Class; their exuberance to the Sophomore Class; and their perspicacity to the Junior Class, and we hope that they will use well these beneficial qualities which have characterized

The Class of 1948.

We, the writers of the above stated contents, leave, as of May 31st, in this year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and forty-eight, a bottle of aspirin and the scratchy pen with which the undersigned have inscribed their names.

M. S. B.S. M.L.,

Representing the Class of '48



Literary Section

SONNETS BY THE BAY

BESIDE THE BAY IN SPRINGTIME

The spring is youthful, timid, coy and shy.
Oh, it is bashful, brightly dear, so gay!
Its laughter seems the wind to dare defy;
Yet spring is just the entrance of today.
The ice is thwarted, melts, and off it flows,
And harbor people once again return.
The boatmen once again discuss the blows
And seas and tides; so life begins to burn.
Great sails unfurl and ships set out to sea
Amid loud cheers, so silent just before.
A gentle breeze with gentle dignity
Convoys departure from this lively shore.
The springtime swiftly passes, trembling, new.
Tomorrow, summer, smiling, comes in view.

BESIDE THE BAY IN SUMMER

29

Oh, summer, graceful, poised and quite mature
Comes gliding in upon a ship of gold;
Into the harbor just at sunset, sure
And wise, experienced, and yet not old.
No poetry can paint a summer morn
And none can tell of summertime at night.
A sultry energy is loosely worn
In carefree, careless manner. Work is light.
All work, activity, along the coast, is small;
For hot and humid, summer days appear
And lazily go by until the fall,
When vigor is recaptured. So the year
Is merely the succession of three days
And so the seasons pass beside the bay.

BESIDE THE BAY IN WINTER

Just yesterday was winter, cold and dark,
And winds were hard and strong across the bay;
The cries of gulls were echoes, faint and stark;
The ships were silent as they went their way.
No sounds of laughter, fury, cries of joy,
Resounded on the docks or near the shore;
No sailor's lore of sea, no listening boy,
But quiet, quiet, quiet, evermore.
Yes, yesterday was hushed and almost dead,
The breathing was so faint and was so still!
The harbor waves were lifeless, and instead,
The winds screamed over ice and snow, until
They softened, ushered in the welcome spring,
The entrance of today, on silver wings.

MARY JANE FILER, '48



PASSING SALLY

O, Silence!—
Thou art wonderful.
'Tis a pity
Thou art not more often heard.

NANCY DAVIS, '48

—AND THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM

By some strange contingency, I once spent a night in a haunted house with two of my bravest friends. Originally, I believe that we thought it would be amusing, but as it was, the situation lost its humor after the first few moments.

Years before, a generally frustrated ancestor, who was not inclined to mince words, uttered several emphatic imprecations about the Adamses concerning their family, their house, and their future. According to rumor, each of the evil invectives came true. As a result, no one would live in the house itself or on the grounds belonging to the estate. If the truth be known, they went out of their way to avoid it. I must admit that the three of us were not really courageous, but foolhardy, and we accepted the dare to spend a night in the empty house to impress certain members of the weaker sex. Our slightly wiser companions escorted us to the rusted iron gates, and promising to send back messages from the spirit world should we never be heard from again, we entered the estate.

The house, a monstrosity of Victorian architecture, silently waited at the end of the grass-covered driveway. The silvery rim of a pale new moon was just beginning to sidle out of the hazy evening sky. As I mounted the sagging steps of the veranda, a chill of apprehension raced down my spine. There *was* something about this house, an indescribable something which seemed evil. My comrades felt it too for they whistled unnecessarily as they pried open a window and gained entrance to a dusty high-ceilinged hall. This was spaciouly built but innocent of furniture, and reminded thus of the necessity of finding a resting-place before it became too dark to wander about the house, we inspected every room.

The idea of spending the night in one of the upstairs rooms was quickly abandoned. It would be very difficult to vacate it immediately—"just in case—." The old library proved to be a perfect solution for us. The furniture, which had been left in the house after the exodus of the tenants, was of the type usually found crouching in the corner of antique shops with stiff backs and extended claw feet.

There was a moment of indecision about starting a fire but the idea of warmth and light was too attractive, so, with the aid of several packing boxes from the kitchen and Bill Harlan's scouting technique, we soon had one smoking profusely on the hearth. Even the police and fire departments would have been welcomed company, had they decided to investigate.

Our tenseness was reflected in our conversation, which would start and die with the same rapidity. We could only discuss the tales of ghosts which had haunted that very house. After a while, even this topic flagged and Jimmy Burns, who was less apprehensive than Bill or I, dozed off, lulled by the wind and occasional crackle of fire. I was almost asleep myself, when suddenly, Bill sat bolt-upright and hissed, "Listen!"

For a moment there was only the mournful taffety-rustle of the wind combined with the sounds that every old house makes—and then a definite and terrifying noise detached itself from the whispers and creaks and impressed itself upon my senses. Slow shuffling footsteps sounded just above us. It could only mean one thing; someone else, mortal or . . . , was in that house. The beating of my heart was almost audible, and then, the footsteps ceased. For a moment, everything seemed ominously still, until the other noises, which had really been there all the time, slowly made themselves heard.

“I’m going to investigate,” Bill stage-whispered to me. After a few feeble expostulations on my part, I chose to accompany him rather than stay with the sleeping Jimmy. Flashlight in hand, we toured the shadowy house but our search was fruitless. As we re-entered the library, we discovered Jimmy was no longer in his chair. Suddenly, Bill, who had always been the embodiment of courage and salubrity, dropped the flashlight from a hand which shook as though afflicted with the palsy. My own knees, which had turned to water with fear, congealed. In the dim glow of the fire, a tall dark figure was outlined against the hearth. It seemed as though the Black Man himself had been conjured up from the glowing coals. Brave, indeed, was he who could view him with a dispassionate eye and ask him to please leave. *We* were the ones who left! We departed in such haste, we collided violently and sprawled across the floor. A short silence ensued—we regained our ebbing self-control and peered cautiously about. No one was to be seen, no Jimmy, no Black Man, no, nothing. Newspaper headlines flashed across my mind, “Tragedy at Adams Estate—Boy Spirited Away By Devil!” The pathos of these comments almost brought tears to my eyes but this bit of romanticism was dispelled by a muffled voice arising from the vicinity of the sofa.

“Bill? Harry? Is that you?”

A disheveled head appeared and then the rest of Jimmy emerged sheepishly from his hiding place behind the couch.

“Can’t a fellow warm himself in front of the fire without you two pulling an act like that one? What did you mean by leaving me behind, anyway? Where did you go?”

We soothed his ruffled feelings and reseated ourselves before the fire. Only now, does the irony of our situation dawn upon me. We had been so badly frightened by each other that the really dangerous presence in the house, the owner of the footsteps, was forgotten. I started to explain our absence to Jimmy, but my voice trailed off, as with one accord, we stared at a line of light, steadily growing stronger, which appeared beneath the door. We heard the footsteps again—slow, shuffling, and drawing nearer and nearer. The door swung open and we saw him. A tiny wizened old man stood before us, blinking in bewilderment behind the flickering candle he shielded with an almost transparent blue-veined hand. He stared at us, shook his head slowly once or twice, then left, closing the door behind him.

For a minute we sat in the same petrified positions and then Bill began to laugh in an almost hysterical manner.

"It was Tom—you remember, old Tom, the caretaker," he managed to gasp, "harmless old Tom." I'd forgotten all about him. Been here so many years by himself, he's getting batty!"

Then I, too, remembered. Tom had taken care of the Adams' estate for almost forty years. Hardly a soul remembered him or spoke of him. We were so sure of his protection that the rest of our eventful night passed quickly. We rose at dawn the next morning, and in leaving, called several loud goodbyes, but Tom was nowhere to be seen.

Safely in the bosom of my family, I recounted my night's adventures with great relish until I came to my climax, the part about Tom.

"You remember Tom Howard, don't you? He's the Adams' caretaker."

"Oh yes, of course. He died about two years ago. Always used to make the rounds of the house at night before going to bed. It's a funny thing, but some people swear they still see him carrying a candle from room to room, inspecting the property. Isn't that idiotic? Imagination is a powerful thing. As you were saying—?"

"Well, I . . . nothing."

As they say, "Ignorance is bliss."

BARBARA SMITH, '48

CONFLICT

She stood there, enraptured by the sight,
 Silhouetted against the sea.
 Winds tugged at her clothes with all their might;
 Her hair blew out— unfettered, free.
 Turbulent clouds growling angrily,
 The break of the waves on shore,
 Frenzied gulls screeching discordantly,
 The pound of the surf made a deafening roar.
 A wave came in and broke at her feet;
 She didn't move to avoid the spray.
 This was the place where she'd come to meet
 The wind and ocean at their play,
 The conflict when two forces test their strength
 against each other.
 It was a hard fight this wintry day,
 One pitted against the other.
 Thus she stood, in dawn's pale light,
 Silhouetted against the sea.
 Which one today would win the fight,
 The fight which goes on through eternity?

MIMI LAWRENCE, '48

THE IMPOSSIBLE TRAVELING COMPANION

Oh! to be able to choose my own traveling companion, and not have to rely upon Circumstance! So often she is unpleasant about the whole thing.

Yet, when I consider the responsibility I place in my hands by that statement, perhaps there is good reason for feeling a few qualms. What type of person would suit the mood of a train trip? What type of person would suit my traveling mood?

When traveling alone, from the moment I step from the platform of the train station until I am in the loving arms that are welcoming me, at the end of my trip, I possess a traveling mood. (Doesn't everyone!) A trip on the train in the dark of the night is a real means of escape for me. In that little period of time, nothing matters. Time itself does not matter, except for meal time. Nothing is demanding my strict thought or attention, for my past and past responsibilities I have left behind me at the station, and obviously I have not yet collected new ones, for they are awaiting me at my destination, with my future. I am free! No one really cares whether I smile or whether I frown. I can read if I like, talk to fellow passengers if I like, or merely relax, and wallow in the joy derived from the knowledge that no one knows me or cares a hoot.

The interests I take up during my journeys-by-train are varied, as I have hinted in the preceding paragraph. At times I like the strangers around me and am a curious—even nosey—individual, interested in “where” that man is going, “why” he is wearing a purple tie with that brown suit, and “who” will meet him “when” he gets off the train. At other times, loaded with magazines, (any kind, from “True Love” to “The Atlantic Monthly”), I prefer to retire to the corner of my berth and spiritually wander away. Perhaps both of these moods may descend upon me in one evening, and baffling the victim chosen for my conversation, I may suddenly excuse myself, climb into my berth and proceed to read—in the middle of one of my own inquiries.

As for possessing that necessary gift in traveling, which I shall call Practicality, I fail. My tip for the porter is in one hand, my tip for the Redcap is in the opposite pocket, and somewhere in between are my hatbox, my overnight bag, and my largest purse. Regardless of how carefully I plan things upon arriving at my destination, in my great excitement the porter always gets the Redcap's tip, I drop my hatbox or my purse, and I run head on into someone in more of a hurry than I. I *always* lose my gloves.

Thus, my traveling friend must have the qualities to aid me in carrying out details, humor me during the variety of stages of my traveling mood, and above all, possess the virtues of understanding and sacrificing, for she would be traveling with The Impossible Traveling Companion.

MARY JANE FILER, '48

MOON MOOD

Over the hill tops crept the moon; and her light spilled head-over-heels, tumbling, dancing, tripping, falling toward me. The green grass turned silver as if by magic, and the shadows deepened and the crickets cried, and the owl hooted, and I stared. Softly, the breeze woke the leaves in the poplars and they whispered night-secrets to each other in hushed, mysterious tones. A fountain, shimmering, shining, bubbling, joined in the chorus of night music as the melody rose and fell in perfect harmony. The fragrance of a summer night, intensified by this silhouette—portrait of shaded beauty, wafted over the scene, intoxicating, unearthly.

Spellbound I watched and spellbound I remained—alone. It was as if I were waiting, waiting, caught in an eternal pause of anticipation for—I knew not what. At first, I believed these moments were a gift from above, and in them I was to find inspiration; but no inspiration befell me. Then I believed I was about to witness a wonderful and terrible happening; but none occurred. These moments stretched on, and my heart pounded in rhythm with the music of the night, and my eyes strained until they blurred with tears of frantic expectation . . .

And then, a cloud drew up beside the moon, sidled around it, and drifted by, unmindful, unaware of the tension it had just dispersed. When the cloud disappeared, there was nothing.

The fountain continued flowing, and the wind continued whistling faintly through the trees and the moon shone down unaltered, strong and bright, but the magic had vanished. All that was left was a slight chill in the air and the echo of the chimes of a clock in the distance. I turned home, following my shadow.

MARY JANE FILER, '48

TO SPRING

Spring, I praise you and your
 sisters, Sun and Rain;
 You beckon the light-in-heart
 to feed on your ecstasy
 And give to those afflicted, strength
 to bear their sorrow.
 Like a butterfly in Winter's icy
 grip,
 You quiver helplessly till pardoned
 by the Robin—
 Then fill with hope and joy
 our once chaotic life.

MARTHA DOW, '49

SUMMERTIDE

O patient water!

Lapping constantly the steaming shore,
Tossing seaweed in your foamy hair,
Caring not for time, but racing free,
Dashing to your fancy, here and there.

O Neptunian power!

You delight in filling castle moats
Worshippers have built in sandy piles,
Rolling sailboats madly on your breast,
Pounding rock reefs for coastal miles.

O mystic water!

Pushing moon and stars from unknown space,
Earning in reward nocturnal light,
Gilded paths be-tipped with golden lace
Reach to far horizons in the night.

O gypsy of the earth!

Roving moodily the earth's great floors,
Vagrant ways in nomads' songs are cried.
Strangely man still fears, yet still adores
Your watchful,

roving,

ceaseless summertide.

NANCY DAVIS, '48



PLEA

The stars are shining down at us—
(O, God, hear all poor mortals)
A thousand lovers watch the moon—
(And wide gape Hades' portals)

Through many years we've learned to live—
(What lives that they may be)
The restless, will they find their peace—
(They say God has the key)

Look now, each child, the moon is gone—
(O, mind—take heed— a shoal)
The blackness covers each and all—
(Pray God return my soul!)

ELIZABETH FILER, '50

BALLADE CHINOISE

The big brass gong in the Chinaman's shop
 Reverberates still after blows long stopped;
 Corroded by rust, in the corner it stands,
 Decades untouched by warring hands.
 Beneath a grey blanket woven by years,
 Who knows what sounds the gong still hears?
 Centuries ago, near the Yangtze mud,
 When willow tree shoots were beginning to bud,
 Suspended outside a goldsmith's home
 It swung in time to the wind's soft moan.
 Down from the hills came a ravaging horde
 Conquering hundreds by fire and the sword,
 Came to the smithy and ended his toils,
 Then added the gong to the rest of their spoils.
 With meager arms, the ferocious pack
 By bands of townsmen were driven back
 Back to the hills from whence they came
 And life, monotony, soon regained.
 And what of the gong that with them went?
 It hung before the chieftain's tent.
 Quite often in its bandit's life
 It sounded forth the call of strife.
 One night, while the moon was hidden in shame,
 To a Buddha temple, the robbers came.
 They sacked and pillaged it, burned it down—
 The only trace was blackened ground.
 They murdered the priests, these infidels,
 And stole the idols and golden bells.
 Back they rode through the trackless grass,
 Back to their caves and the bong of brass.
 Their hiding place was well-concealed,
 Their entrance by no path, revealed,
 They filled the air with their deep-toned laughs;
 As they counted their gains, their white teeth flashed.
 The night was warm, the sentries dozed;
 Then, from the distance, there arose
 A muffled clatter, the thudding beat
 Of a hundred thousand horses' feet.

Closer they came, and closer still,
 Galloping closer and closer 'til—
 In the plains spread out below the bluff
 Shadowy horses churned the dust.
 The bandits gathered and looking down
 Watched avengers the cliff surround;
 The chief, who realized their desperate plight,
 Said, "Only by silence, escape we might."
 Slowly, each star grew dim—was gone,
 A faint gray light proclaimed the dawn;
 And through the long hours, the searchers below
 Wondered where else their quarry might go.
 Then, in the stillness, the first signs of day
 Sent from the sun a bright golden ray;
 Swiftly it traveled and glanced from the gong
 And, marvel of marvels, started its song.
 It shattered the quiet and swung to and fro;
 Its deafening clang made it seem just as though
 A giant had struck it, and struck it again,
 But no living soul was near it just then.
 Up the steep rocks came the searchers in throng,
 Led, so it seemed, by the booming gongs.
 Straight to the caves, in the bright morning sun
 They discovered the bandits and spared not a one.
 The Chinaman told me this tale long ago
 And he says the Lord hit it, His vengeance to show.
 He hit it so hard, back in early Hong-Kong
 That there still is a dent in the side of the gong.

BARBARA SMITH, '48

PRE-SIGHT

The radiant sun is out today,
 The leaves are rustling high above;
 The world is shining out for me,
 And I walk, alone, to the spot I love.
 Days long ago I do recall—
 I took this road and saw the skies;
 I saw the flowers, the leaves, the birds,
 How lucky, then, when I had eyes.

ELIZABETH FILER, '50



School Notes

SCHOOL CALENDAR

February

- 21st—You lucky dogs, I wish I were going to that Andover Tea Dance, too!
Some people have all the luck *and men*.
- 24th—We're off to the ballet for an enjoyable evening.
- 27th—Another weekend at last—Davy, did I hear they had to hold you on the train during its stop in New Haven. Now, what's New Haven got that New York hasn't? (Besides Yale)
- 29th—Encountered several people donning football helmets. It seems they wanted to break through the lines formed at the telephones. Happy Leap Year, girls, it's now or never.

March

- 3rd—Who sat on that record of "Smoke, smoke, smoke," huh?
- 4th—They've done it again. Cae-Kava basketball game (30-7). Never say die, Kava. There must be some sport Veghte can't play.
- 6th—Men again, from a school somewhere in New Hampshire, Exeter I think they call it. Just a few more names in Ye Olde Adresse Booke.
- 7th—Mrs. Bush told us all about Hollywood and inhabitants. But Sue, Gregory's so casual.
- 10th—A present for the seniors, the undergrads let the seniors beat them in basketball 30-17. Ha! that's a laugh—it was a good game though.
- 12th—That day at last. Spring vacation and home.
- 30th—All have fun? Yessssss!!! (I've yet to hear someone say "No.")



CAE CLUB



KAVA CLUB



CAE HOCKEY TEAM



KAVA HOCKEY TEAM

April

- 1st—Hey Judy and Buh! that Florida tan faded awful quick—looks mighty suspicious.
- 2nd—Paint and Powder Club presents the Boston Pops Orchestra and would we miss it? Certainly not. An excellent performance, I might add.
- 3rd—Andover again. I don't think anyone envies you this time, seniors. Andover and college boards just don't mix. Good luck and if you can keep your eyes open, we're having a movie tonight. "Captain Caution" I think.
- 4th—Mrs Bond talks about authors and also shows pictures. That is, shows pictures for brief intervals—"Something seems to be stuck."
- 9th—Another concert, this time Joseph Battista at the piano entertained.
- 18th—"Splinters" is here. "Have you read the story by—?" "Yes, wasn't it wonderful?" "Wonder whose diary she swiped for that calendar."
- 23rd—At long last the roof is proclaimed hot enough and the sun bathing begins.
- 30th—"Stage Door Canteen." Stop crying, girls, it was only a movie!

May

- 4th—"Our pictures are here." "Don't forget you promised *me* one." "But, Miss Mulhern, I'll pay you tomorrow, please!"
- 5th—Look at all the sleepy teachers. Had a hard night? We have no sympathy; now you know what it's like after we go visiting.
- 6th—What fun! The Council sets forth in our new station wagon for Hartwell Farm—what food!!
- 7th—Happy Birthday, Miss Rogers. Thanks to you we have a holiday and a day leave. My, but Boston is a wonderful place in the rain.
- 8th—Founder's Day celebration and there was plenty doing. Cae won the badminton match in the morning and the school managed to show the alumnae that Miss Breeden can still teach basketball even though she is in love. An interesting talk by Mrs. Elizabeth Bruce was given after lunch on Rogers Hall away back when. The seniors topped it off with that perfect skit. (Laugh! I thought we'd die).
- 9th—If you didn't know your hidden talents before, you do now, because Miss Drew is an excellent handwriting analyst.
- 15th—There's only one word I could use to describe it and I won't bother because it's totally unnecessary. All you do is say the magic word "Prom" and people pass out all over the place.
- 16th—The clock strikes twelve and away they go. Those smiling faces have sure changed in half an hour but it was well worth it. If you'd managed to get your thoughts back to the business at hand you would have heard Mrs. Jones speaking about Garland School. Did you want to make a phone call, Joey?

- 18th—Congratulations, Kava, on winning the swimming meet. We knew you wouldn't let those Caes keep on much longer.
- 20th—Oh, no! They're back in the old routine. Cae won the baseball game.
- 23rd—Can't find anyone to talk to. They are all behind "Please Do Not Disturb" signs. You mean they are actually studying??
- 24th-27th—Look at all those people down on their knees. You'd think it was exam week or something.
- 27th—We have a genius in our midst. Sandy won the spelling match (a sophomore, no less).
- 28th—By the sea, by the sea—and Mrs. Leonard was the only casualty. Hope she can walk by Tuesday.
- 31st—Smiles and blushes as the seniors read their verses. Applause and tears for songs and awards after lunch.

June

- 1st—Good-bye, Seniors; it's been wonderful. Don't forget to write and come back and see us, but above all don't forget *us* because we'll never forget you!

B. F.

CAE-KAVA BASKETBALL GAME

After Sandy Eager and Bobby Hynssoon had recovered enough from their various handicaps to play, the Cae-Kava Basketball Game was waged. Ann Veghte and Polly Sisson as forwards for Cae performed some breathtaking passes and shots which completely fatigued their Kava guards. Although the Kavas fought valiantly, the Caes proved too much for them and they were forced to lose the game. Afterwards, with all rivalry dissolved, a banquet supper was attended, at which songs were sung lustily by both sides.

The Teams

CAE	KAVA
Abbott	Davis, Mgr.
Filer, MJ, Mgr.	Eager
Hynssoon	Hinckley, Capt.
O'Brien	McDonald
Sisson	Shutter
Veghte, Capt.	Wise
<i>Subs</i>	<i>Subs</i>
Keegan	Cashman
Scribner	Fletcher, A.
Talbot	Halsted

M. M.

EXETER CONCERT AND DANCE

On March 6th, while the rest of Lowell experienced just another day, Rogers Hall joyously entertained the Exeter Glee Club. After a concert given



THE COUNCIL



SPLINTERS' STAFF



KAVA BASKETBALL TEAM



CAE SWIMMING TEAM



KAVA SWIMMING TEAM



CAE BASKETBALL TEAM

by the Academy Glee Club, in which we ourselves played a small part, we all gathered in the candle-lighted dining room for a festive meal. The dance, held in the gaily decorated gymnasium after dinner, was one long to be remembered, and it was with sadness that we bade farewell to our Exeter "dates" when the fated hour had arrived.

B. L. W.

DRAMATICS

During the winter term the Dramatics Class gave two one-act plays, "Divided We Fall" and "He Ain't Done Right by Nell." Both of these plays gave the students really gay evenings.

The first play was the tale of two unfortunates living in a home for aged women. These two had arguments which were something to behold, but however terrifying, they were equally hilarious. They even went so far as to set up an imaginary partition in the middle of their room by drawing a chalk line.

The story of Nell was patterned after an old-fashioned melodrama. Oh, didn't the villain scare us to death! As all melodramas do, this one ended with the good forces happily united.

THE CASTS

DIVIDED WE STAND (Joint Owners in Spain)

by Alice Brown

CHARACTERS:

<i>Mrs. Mitchell</i>	Martha Dow
<i>Mrs. Fullerton</i>	Mary Jane Filer
<i>Miss Dyer</i>	Rusty Smith
<i>Mrs. Blair</i>	Judy O'Brien

SCENE: A room in the Old Ladies' Home

HE AIN'T DONE RIGHT BY NELL

by Wilbur Braun

CHARACTERS:

<i>Nell Perkins</i>	Mimi Lawrence
<i>Granny Perkins</i>	Dorothy Huse
<i>Laura (Lolly) Wilkins</i>	Ann Tankersley
<i>Vera Carleton</i>	Joan Stanley
<i>Burkett Carleton</i>	Betty Lou Wise
<i>Hilton Hays</i>	Beverly Fletcher
<i>Jack Logan</i>	Jean Osmun

FOUNDER'S DAY

Founder's Day this year was a gala occasion. For the first time since the war, the dining room was packed with alumnae, from 1947 graduates to our guest speaker, Mrs. Elizabeth Bruce, a member of one of the earliest classes of the school.

In the morning the school and arriving alumnae were entertained by an exciting Cae-Kava badminton match won by Cae's Ann Veghte and Mary Jane Filer. Jean Osmun and Nancy Davis were upholding Kava's end. The afternoon was celebrated by a School-Alumnae basketball game very well played by both sides, but unfortunately the graduates were a little out of practice and a slight slaughter ensued.

It was a happy occasion for all and a reunion to be remembered.

M. L.

PROM

Prom, for Rogers Hall girls, is a long-awaited and an exciting affair, and this year was no exception.

Andover, Exeter, Choate, Deerfield, Dartmouth and Princeton were among schools represented. That evening, after a buffet supper, the couples danced away the hours in the dining room decorated with lilacs and apple blossoms. The ever present May rain actually had withdrawn in favor of our loved Japanese lanterns.

Sunday morning appeared bright and sunny, too, and found the girls and their dates, eating "brunch" by the outdoor grill. The rest of the morning passed in fleeting idleness; in fact, all too soon came that parting hour of noon and the end of a wonderful weekend.

B. L. W.

CAE-KAVA BASEBALL GAME

Despite the showers and grey clouds, the annual Cae-Kava Baseball Game was played on Thursday, May 20th. Cae batted first and immediately jumped ahead of the Kavas. However, it soon looked as if Kava would equal its score as members of the club prayed that their team would stage the performance that Cae had put on the preceding two years. Yet Cae remained ahead and, again, won the baseball crown with a score of 17-10.

CAE	<i>The Teams</i>	KAVA
Abbott		Cashman
Filer, E.		Davis
Filer, M. J.		Eager
Huyssoon		Everett
O'Brien		Fletcher, A.
Scribner		Fletcher, Ba
Sisson		McDonald
Talbot		Osmun, Mgr.
Veghte, Mgr.		Shutter
Wild		Work
<i>Subs</i>		<i>Subs</i>
Clifton		Hinckley
Fletcher, Bev		Sylvestre, C.
Ranger		Wise
		M. M.



CAE BASEBALL TEAM



KAVA BASEBALL TEAM



KAVA BADMINTON TEAM



CAE BADMINTON TEAM



KAVA PING PONG TEAM



CAE PING PONG TEAM

CAE-KAVA SWIMMING MEET

Kava was fearful that this year she might have to forfeit her swimming title to the Caes. As the meet progressed, the girls of both teams were swimming equally well, and we were undecided as to which team would win. Nancy Davis and Dennie Work demonstrated some very nice dives for the Kavas, and Polly Sisson and Bobbie Huyssoon proved as capable for the Caes. However, Kava had devised a most effective formation under the supervision of Sandy Eager and the manager, Babe Shutter. For this reason, the team acquired points that pulled it ahead of the Caes and thus Kava gained its long-retained swimming title.

The Teams

CAE	KAVA
Abbott	Cashman
Butman	Davis
Davidoff	Eager
Dow	Fairbanks
Filer, E.	Lawrence
Fletcher, Bev	McDonald
Huyssoon, Mgr.	Monroe
Langevin	Shutter, Mgr.
Sisson	Sylvestre, C.
Sutherland	Sylvestre, D.
Veghte	Wise
Wild	Work M. M.

BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY

With many parents in the congregation, at 11 o'clock on Sunday, May 30th, the faculty and students of Rogers Hall gathered at St. Anne's Church, despite the rain, to hear Reverend Blackburn give his sermon on the three R's of religion. The service and the sermon were very thought provoking and will long remain in the minds of those who were present.

B. L. W.

CLASS DAY

In great excitement, the parents arrived for the Senior Luncheon. When all were seated in the dining room, the Seniors made a grand entrance, led by Mrs. MacGay, and placed themselves according to their diploma place cards. The songs were sung to each senior, who, in turn, showed her present and read her poem. Following the luncheon, Mrs. MacGay spoke briefly before inviting all into the study hall for the Class Day exercises. At the exercises, prizes were awarded and the quotations, Will and Prophecy were read by Jean Sutherland, Mimi Lawrence, and Rusty Smith, respectively. To end the program, the Undergraduate and Senior songs were sung.

Directly following the Class Day exercises, the parents were invited to see the movies of the year's activities shown on the new projector.

AWARDS

CAE CLUB

Hockey

Basketball

Baseball

POSTURE CUP (Most Improvement)—Ann Tankersley

BADMINTON AWARD—Mary Jane Filer

PING PONG AWARD—Barbara Huyssoon

ROOM INSPECTION—Nancy Davis, Sally McDonald, Jean Osmun, Julia O'Brien

KAVA CLUB

Swimming

R. H.'s

CAE—Susan Abbott, Elizabeth Filer, Mary Jane Filer, Barbara Huyssoon, Julia O'Brien, Elizabeth Scribner, Polly Sisson, Patricia Talbot, Ann Veghte, Anne Wild

KAVA—Marilyn Cashman, Nancy Davis, Sandra Eager, Ann Fletcher, Susan Halsted, Nancey Hinckley, Sally McDonald, Jean Osmun, Marguerite Shutter, Dorothy Sylvestre, Betty Lou Wise, Esther Work
N. D.

TRIAL BY JURY

The Commencement operetta was presented on May 31st at 8:30 o'clock in the Rogers Hall gymnasium. *Trial by Jury* is a dramatic cantata in one act, written by Gilbert and Sullivan and filled with colorful costumes and melodious songs. Judy O'Brien, as the foreman of the Jury, created side-splitting laughs. At the same time, Dorothy Huse portrayed a very beautiful bride. Parents of the graduating class consequently spent a very enjoyable evening and the seniors agreed that the operetta was a very nice send-off.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Judge NANCY DAVIS
Angelina, the Plaintiff DOROTHY HUSE
Counsel for Plaintiff BETTY LOU WISE
Edwin, the Defendant MILLICENT LAWRENCE
Usher MARTHA DOW
Foreman of Jury JULIA O'BRIEN

Chorus of Bridesmaids

JEANNE BUTMAN

MARILYN CASHMAN

MARCIA CLIFTON

ANN FLETCHER

HELEN GOSNELL

SUSAN HALSTED

CYNTHIA MOOBERRY

LYNNE PATRICK

JOANNE REED

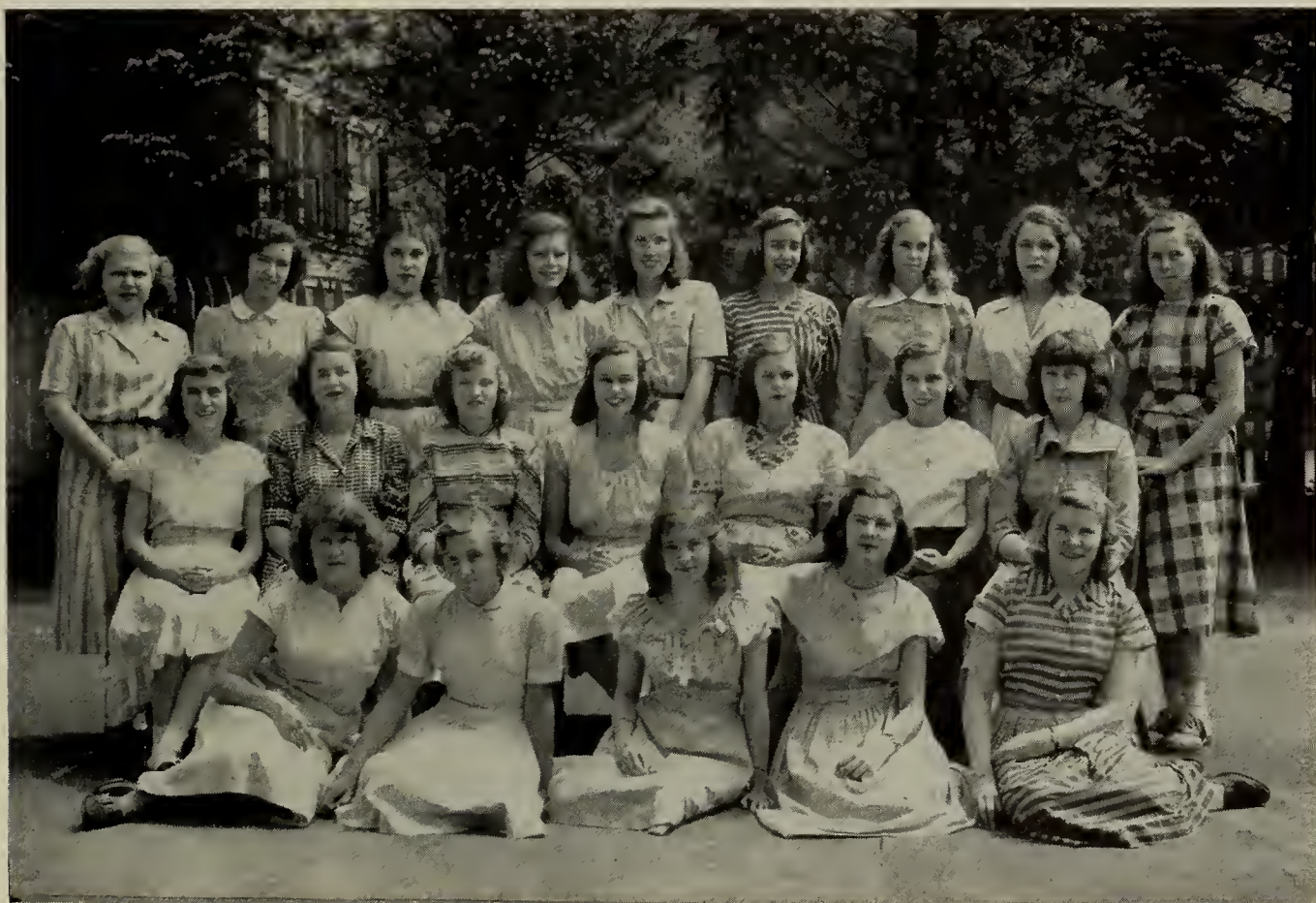
ELIZABETH SCRIBNER

JOAN STANLEY

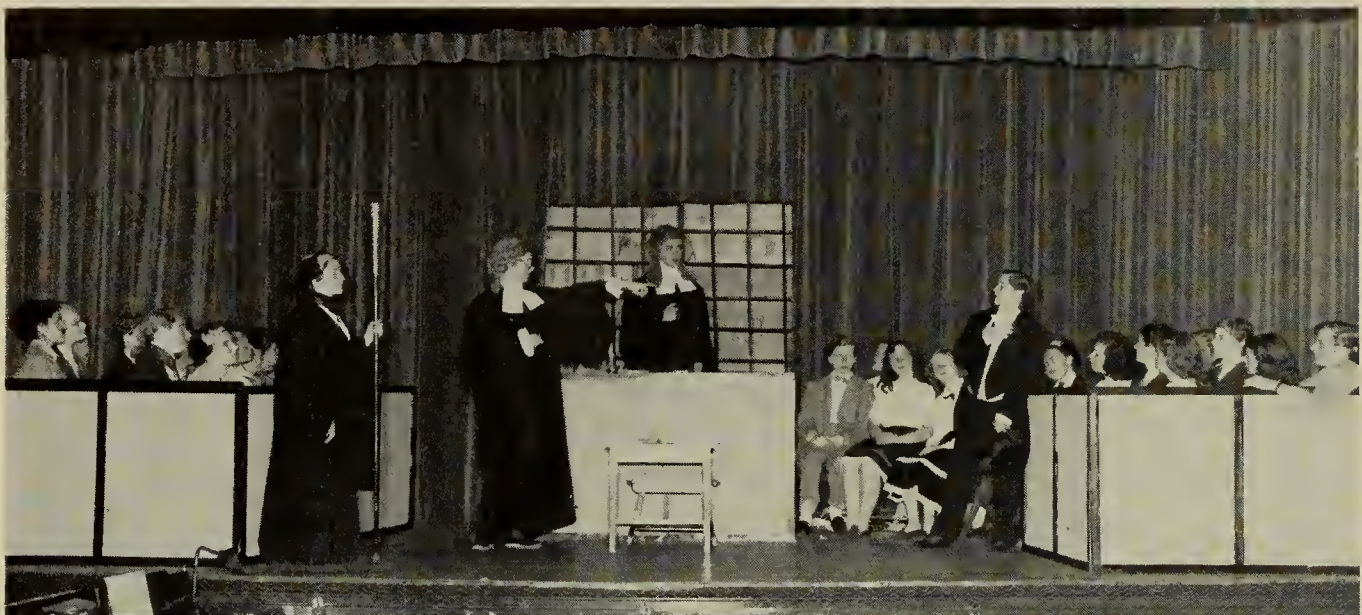
ANN TANKERSLEY



JUNIOR CLASS



FRESHMEN — SOPHOMORE CLASSES



DRAMATIC PRESENTATIONS

Chorus of Jury

SUSAN ABBOTT
ELIZABETH DEPOIAN
LORRAINE HOOD
BARBARA HUYSSOON
PATRICIA KEEGAN

YVONNE KENYON
SALLY McDONALD
JANE PARTELO
SUE SEARLE
BARBARA SMITH

ESTHER WORK

Spectators

JANE BUCK
EVELYN DAVIDOFF
SANDRA EAGER
ELIZABETH EVERETT
BARBARA FLETCHER
MARILYN HOWELL

ELIZABETH LANGEVIN
JEAN OSMUN
NANCY PARTELO
ANN REILLY
SUSANNE ROBERTSON
SYLVIA SISSON

JEAN SUTHERLAND

M. M.

COMMENCEMENT

Under a sunny sky, the year of 1948 drew to a close as the Senior Class walked down the aisle and out into the world to the beloved piece, "Pomp and Circumstance."

The commencement address, given by the Reverend Vivian T. Pomeroy, D. D., of the First Parish of Milton, Massachusetts, will long be remembered by not only the graduating class, but all the guests present. His four memorable wishes of strong advice and for good luck were deeply absorbed, despite the excitement that the day brought with it.

Mr. Philip Marden of the Board of Trustees handed out the long-sought, long-awaited diplomas, and they were received with mingled feelings of happiness, achievement, and, too, some pensive thoughts.

Marguerite Shutter, as president of the class of 1948, in behalf of her friends and classmates, presented Mrs. MacGay with a gift for the school, in hopes that the sound movie projector would be enjoyed by the future student bodies of Rogers Hall, as it has been this year. Mrs. MacGay graciously accepted the gift in behalf of the School, and then spoke to the Senior Class strong words of advice and courage, adding a fifth wish for her Seniors that will ever be remembered.

This was followed by the awarding of Rogers Hall honors by Mrs. MacGay:

AWARDS AND HONORS

The Underhill Honor—College Preparatory

MARY MONROE

SPLINTERS

Honor Roll—Average 85% or above

JANE BUCK	MARY MONROE
MARILYN CASHMAN	SUE SEARLE
SANDRA EAGER	BARBARA SMITH
BEVERLY FLETCHER	DOROTHY WINSHIP
PATRICIA KEEGAN	ESTHER WORK
JOAN MACDONALD	

*Helen Hill Award—SALLY McDONALD**Athletic Cup—NANCY DAVIS**Art Prize—JOANNE STEIN**Dramatics—DOROTHY HUSE**Music Appreciation—ELIZABETH DEPOIAN**Honorable Mention*

MARILYN CASHMAN	NANCEY HINCKLEY
ELIZABETH EVERETT	SUE SEARLE
BETTY LOU WISE	

Current Events

SUE SEARLE—History Class

JOAN MACDONALD—Non-History Class

*Spelling—SANDRA EAGER**Splinters**Short Story—BARBARA SMITH**Poetry and Essay—MARY JANE FILER*

The undergraduates joined the Seniors in a final singing of the school song, before the benediction given by Reverend Pomeroy.

Following the commencement exercises, a lovely buffet luncheon was served in the Hall dining-room, where most of the guests assembled to offer and exchange congratulations. With memories of the past year fond and clear, and with plans of reunions and future meetings in mind, goodbyes to the many true friends made during the years at Rogers Hall were lingering, but finally completed. Regardless of the time and distance covered by the individuals of the class of 1948, the happy memories that this year held for them will remain clear in the heart of each.

“Through summer, winter, spring, and also fall, . . .
No matter where we go, your memory.”

M. J. F.







Alumnae News

Engagements

Elizabeth Depoian to Mr. Charles W. Chicknavorian of Fitchburg, Massachusetts.

Marriages

September 12, 1947—Jean Lord to Mr. William B. Jones in Wilmington, Delaware

April 3, 1948—Mary Lou Rayburn to Mr. William C. McKay in Bay City, Michigan.

April 17, 1948—Virginia Woodall Hooker to Mr. Harold C. McPike, Jr., in Grosse Pointe Farms, Michigan.

May 10, 1948—Ann Lee Scott (Ann Kremers) to Mr. John McGill Currie in Hamilton, Ontario.

May 23, 1948—Nancy Mason to Mr. Charles E. Svenson in Chelmsford, Massachusetts.

June 5, 1948—Mary Lord to Mr. John P. Kline in Wells, Maine.

June 12, 1948—Iranette Leighton to Mr. Warren A. Lewis in Lowell, Massachusetts.

June 19, 1948—Blanche Southwell to Mr. Richard Bowe Shipton in Lowell, Massachusetts.

June 23, 1948—Phyllis Darling to Mr. Joseph H. Farnham, Jr. in Lowell, Massachusetts.

June 28, 1948—Gloria Hamel to Dr. Robert M. Spellman in Bradford, Massachusetts.

July 3, 1948—Margaret Ruth Bradley to Mr. Frederick A. Rice, Jr., in Glendale, California.

July 31, 1948—Adele May Wieber to Mr. Thomas M. Cuddihy in Stamford, Connecticut.

Births

A daughter, Maureen Deirdre, to Mr. and Mrs. William J. Murphy (Kathleen Dowd) of Mapleton, Maine, on March 15, 1948.

A son, Timothy John, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank DiPaulo (Barbara Tipton) of Tenafly, New Jersey, on March 23, 1948.

A son, Russell Markham, to Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur S. Brooks (Jane Boyer) of Vicksburg, Mississippi, on April 1, 1948.

A daughter, Nancy Jane, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Fitch (Beatrice Cutler) of Syracuse, New York, on April 16, 1948.

A daughter, Deborah L., to Mr. and Mrs. George D. Mullen (Eleanor Langevin) of Bloomington, Indiana, on May 17, 1948.

A daughter, Nancy, to Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Clark, Jr., (Nancy Parker) of Lowell, Massachusetts, on May 31, 1948.

Items of Interest

Anne (Haughton) Hansen has been taking courses at Marietta College, Marietta, Ohio, where her husband is also studying.

Patty Lynch was president of her class at Bouve in 1947-48 and is president of the Student government at Bouve for the year 1948-49.

Grace Reilly is a member of the Student Council at the College of St. Elizabeth and is on the editorial staff of the college newspaper.

Betty Reilly was photography editor of the yearbook at Manhattanville College in 1948 and is vice president of the English Club. Also, she is on the editorial staff of the college magazine and newspaper.

Raemary (Chase) Duryea has been an assistant buyer for Sears Roebuck Children's Department during the past year.

Among those graduating from college this June are: Barbara Bennett, Lowell State Teachers College; Margaret Bradley, Wellesley; Elaine Kite, Swarthmore; Mary Anne Leighton, Smith; Ellen O'Meara, Stanford University; Carolyn Parchert, Goucher; Mary Carol Nord, Marietta College; Margaret Donahue, Colby Junior College; Margaret Scribner, Briarcliff; Marcia Thomas, Katharine Gibbs Secretarial School; Barbara Beard and Lucy Norton, Bradford Junior College; and Sally Thomas, Pine Manor.

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Splinters
Rogers Hall School
Lowell, Massachusetts

Splinters

Mid-Winter Number

1949

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ALUMNAE NEWS



May we start the first issue of the 1949 Splinters with a most sincere welcome to the many alumnae who have subscribed to the magazine this year. We hope that they will not find things too changed and that the differences found are all for the better.

The general pattern of events in the last year has been much the same as always. from Initiation to Glee Club Dances, from Midyear Exams to the Winter Trip. The future, too, will no doubt be similar to other years—Spring Vacation will soon be here, then College Boards followed by the anxiously awaited Prom. Of course, we have certain exclusive events that belong to this year alone, such as the never to be forgotten production of *Of Thee I Sing* with Andover. This being an election year, we also attempted a preview of the national event, which only proved that anyone can be wrong. For a while we thought there would be no trip to North Conway, but at last the elusive snow arrived only to disappear again in record time. The choice of that few days was certainly lucky.

As for that future, who knows what pleasant personal memories it will hold for the senior class when they join the ever-increasing ranks of Rogers Hall Alumnae. Who knows what special events they will recall and, even more important, who knows what problems they will have to cope with as citizens of the world. We are sure that by taking advantage of the opportunities we have here now, we shall have made at least a start in our preparations to meet them.



Literary Section

NIGHT IN THE WHEELHOUSE

Sturdy stands the sailor
His hands grasp the wheel.
"Take her hard a-starboard, boy,"
Comes the skipper's stern appeal.
The compass needle trembles;
Moves five degrees at least.
The sailor's eyes seem magnetized,
"Sir, she's heading sou'-sou'east."
Way amid the darkness
Moves a masthead light—
"Aurora to the Southern Star,
Good sailing and goodnight.
The radio is quiet.
Eyes pierce through the dark,
The skipper gazes at the chart
As his ship speeds to her mark.
Eight bells cut through the fog;
Another watch appears,
And from far out in the distance
A foghorn greets their ears.
Across the sea dawn comes
And through the fog creeps land.
Night is through and land is near—
God has steered the sailor's hand.

PATRICIA KEEGAN, '49

MY CHRISTMAS OF '28

This is how it happened to me and why I was there in the first place. Back in '28 my family was a normal striving community in itself, with the six girls and me to support, my mother and father working together to keep us the way they thought necessary. Yes, that was the year Aunt Maggie's boy Pete was killed and she was sure that her only chance to create a successful lawyer in the family was gone completely, that is until she thought of me. Of course my folks were overjoyed when Aunt Maggie appeared at the door, offering her savings then and there to ship me off in Pete's place to boarding school, "where an education was sure to turn you into a great success in life, yes, a great lawyer I am sure!" she told us. So, with this in mind, although I was but slightly impressed at the time, I boarded the train the following September, prepared to burst into my freshman year at a new school. Yes, '28 was quite a year. I met Edward the second week there, a boy of thirteen like myself. He was alienated by the other boys from their groups and games, and I soon became known as his only friend, finding no characteristics which I thought strange in him, although I knew very little about people's ways.

The phone call which changed all my plans came shortly before the Christmas holidays. My father explained to me that Agyselle, my oldest sister, was in bed with scarlet fever and it would be impossible for me to return home for the vacation. However, plans were made that Aunt Maggie was to pick me up at Edward's home the evening before Christmas, and I could spend the latter part of the holidays with her. Edward's invitation sounded very nice indeed, and I was looking forward to seeing his home, for curiosity had the best of me, and his complete silence and evasion of his home life seemed quite odd to me, because I was so talkative about my own home and so very proud of the little we had.

I still can feel the strange atmosphere that hovered over us the night before we left for his home. I was packing my clothes in Mother's suitcase as best I could, and Edward was in the corner of the room, looking very moody and grave. I looked his way from time to time, expecting some explanation for the silence he maintained as my questions and exclamations remained unanswered, but so it prevailed until the master appeared to turn out my lights. Whatever it was he might have told me remained unsaid.

We arrived at Bridgewater, after a very tiresome all day train trip, and a huge black car greeted us as we stepped off the train. Edward settled within himself and said nothing save an explanation to the driver for my presence which in itself was brief, but conclusive.

Youth is known for its ever-present curiosity, and this is the state in which I found myself upon reaching the cold dark house that Edward knew

as home. The whole picture explained why other boys thought him different from themselves, and showed decisively something that before had not entered my mind, that a home life has a great deal to do with one's outward appearance, and all to do with one's inward feelings and emotions.

From the big, oak bed I lay in that night I could hear Edward's father talking in a loud voice to his wife, who answered nothing to his ragings, although now and then I was sure I heard her sobbing. The whole mysterious atmosphere was too much for me and I was ready for Aunt Maggie to appear, no time being too soon. The voices were loud and very distinct, and not one word did my frightened ears miss, though the meaning of it all was too vague for me at the time.

"The Chinese are brilliant and never wrong!" was a sentence I kept hearing Edward's father repeat again and again. The names Mary and Noel and Ling Hou were mentioned in low undertones, with occasional bursts of hysterical laughter lighting the stillness, then dying away.

The next day, upon questioning Edward and telling him what I had heard, I learned what the mystery was mostly about, but the details remained filmy. This is the way he explained it to me, in a tired voice, too tired for a boy of his age.

His father had been married many years ago to a very lovely woman named Mary. She had borne him a son who had outlived her by three years, and who had passed away on Christmas Eve at the age of six. He had been named Noel and had been brought up in the big home by a Chinese servant, Ling Hou. No direct reason for his death was given, other than he was brought to the great hall in the arms of Ling Hou on that fatal Christmas Eve, and a prophesy made from the very quiet Chinese man. In twenty years he was to appear at this same moment, just as he had appeared then in Ling Hou's arms, and his age would not be changed. The Chinese man had disappeared shortly after Noel's burial, and was never seen again. Edward's father had turned to his bed and for many weeks was not seen by any one. His orders had been that nothing of Noel's belongings were to be moved and everything in his room was to remain untouched.

The twenty years were up. Noel was returning. Edward's father remarried quite suddenly very soon after he recovered from his illness (so the servants called it) and Edward was born and brought up in the same house, but his father always held him at a distance and had a distinct dislike for him. Edward learned to pass this off as one of his father's ways, and naturally retreated to his mother's confidence.

My few days in the house went on very slowly and all the preceding facts I learned bit by bit, and some of them were left for the imagination to shape into some tangible form.

I shall never forget that last evening as long as I live. As I packed that suitcase once more, I could hear Edward crying and his father shouting at him. Such things were very new to my ears. I shivered and continued my duties in my room, where I had remained a great deal of the time by myself during my whole visit. As I descended the stairs upon hearing the dinner gong, I found Edward's mother racing past me, her long skirts flowing behind her, and her face a flaming red, with tears sliding down her cheeks. I wanted to run from the house, but instead I slowly continued down the stairs and turned into the dining room, to find Edward standing by his chair, long-faced and shaken, and his father dressed in some strange costume, probably one that had been worn at a gala ball twenty years ago, grinning from the huge master chair at the head of the table. Upon the much later arrival of his wife, whom he summoned to come directly to the table, we sat to supper. Edward ate little, as did his mother, and I ate nothing at all. I kept an eye on the great doors hoping to see Aunt Maggie tag in at any moment, and I was ever so ready to run to her arms.

A very strange odor crept about the room, something that I later thought of as very Oriental. Little objects that had never adorned the table before could be seen there. A great bronze bell hung over the fireplace, its tongue waving back and forth, yet remaining silent. It was perhaps the strangest bell I have ever seen. Edward's father kept laughing and patting a small chair beside him, and drinking a great deal. He kept an earnest eye on his watch and repeated twelve o'clock time and time again, almost hysterically. It was terrible!

I shall never forget the relief I felt as the butler appeared at the door announcing the arrival of my good Aunt Maggie, who was ready to take me home. I mumbled my thanks to Edward's father and mother as quickly as possible, although I think his father hardly noticed me for he was smiling so broadly into space, almost too broadly I thought, and his poor mother looked so frightened that I would have gladly offered a return invitation then and there for her to come and bring Edward to my Aunt Maggie's, but then I thought the better of it and hustled off. Edward accompanied me to the door and we exchanged glances, saying a great deal, but neither really comprehending the other. As I turned back to look at the house once more, I saw Edward still standing in the door, looking very, very small, almost silly, but I didn't laugh.

Aunt Maggie and I were driving along a very dimly lighted highway when the chimes announced twelve o'clock by their loud clanging. I shivered a bit and sank lower in my seat next to my aunt. She reached over and patted my hand, and said, "Merry Christmas, dear!" and we continued on into the night.

ELIZABETH FILER, '50

SPLINTERS

THE CROUCHED INDIAN

Crouched by the fire—the Indian bold,
Humbled now, and out of the cold,
Home from the forest, down from the hill,
Back from the deep blue waters, still.

Home from the hunt, home from the fight,
Alone with his fire, alone in the night.
The firelight flickering shows on his face
A sweet quiescence, a manly grace.

Yet this Indian, so grand, is too small,
For he's only a picture hung from the wall.
He will not speak; he will not move,
But will rest on the canvas, brown and smooth.

This was an Indian, an Indian bold,
Humbled now and out of the cold.
Home from his forest, down from his hill,
His heart and his body—both are still.

KAREN HANSEN, '50



SOLACE

One day, while lonely wandering over hill and vale, I came upon a quiet knoll half hidden at the edge of a wide meadow. Here I stopped for a moment to listen to the trees whispering the secrets of the wind. Around me the weird shadows of evening were slowly creeping, enfolding everything in their filmy blanket.

For a second the birds paused in their flight to huddle in the swaying branches of the lofty tree-tops. Even the sea of tall grasses at my feet was motionless. The whole countryside was held by the mysterious hush of evening. It lasted for only a minute, like a leaf caught in a swirling gust of wind, soaring into the air only to fall again.

Then the shades about me deepened. Soon everything was wrapped in the inky cloak of darkness. Only the lone wolf dared break the utter silence as he stood silhouetted against the sky, howling his mournful wail at the pale moon. Yet I was lonely no more, for the night had come.

ANNE RUSSELL, '49

THREE POEMS

"Twelve Lines"

Small little ball
 Whirling about
 Lost in the spaces of time.
 Crowded with life,
 Spattered with hills,
 Mountains, and rivers of lime.
 Wild airy hopes,
 Sweet mystic dreams
 Rise from the planet and go
 Up in the air
 Out from all hearts
 So that the heavens will know.

"A December Morning"

Crystal covered bushes bending to glassy bubbles of ice;
 Glittering mounds of pure white reflecting early morning sunlight;
 Fresh plowed furrows of a playful puppy through oceans of spun sugar;
 Blowing, biting winds sweeping veils of snow across the land.
 Winter!

"Herald"

The smell of pine,
 The bite of frost,
 A winter gained,
 A summer lost.

MARGARITA FILER, '50

WHAT PRICE PARNASSUS

Oh dear Lord, please don't let me cry! Please, please, don't let them see that I care. I wonder if they notice that my mouth is trembling? Oh, Father, if I ever needed your strength, I need it now! Are they talking to me? I must collect myself. I must be adult about this thing. After all, what does it matter? I can always go home and live with my parents. I

would rather die than go home! Yes, I would! I couldn't stand to face those people who believed in me. All my life, ever since I was old enough to dream, I have thought of nothing but my career and now—. What is that man saying? Other people have had disappointments. I must remember that—other people have had disappointments. It's part of growing up. Oh, Lord, I wish I were dead. What is the use of living when your heart is taken from you? I have got to pull myself together. I have got to listen to what they are saying to me. Everyone is looking at me! Oh, God, don't let them know what I feel! What is he saying—?

“You need more experience. This play is too deep for you.”

I do understand it! I do, I do! Just give me time! I can never read a part well at first. But I'll try. Oh, I'll work so hard! I must stop thinking about it. I've lost the part, and that's all there is to it. Now, what I have to concentrate on is walking out of here with some degree of pride—pride, that's the only thing that keeps me from crawling to the director and begging him to give me the part. Pride, I'll always have; perhaps it is a good thing. There, I've made the door. Why is everyone staring at me? I hate them, the director, the casting agent, the playwright. They're so smug in their sophistication and poise. They're all making fun of me; I know it. What is there about the stage that makes me keep coming back for more? They insult me; they ridicule me; they ignore me; and yet I keep trying to be one of them. I feel utterly numb. What is there left for me? When you take away a person's dreams, what do leave him?

SUZANNE GRANFIELD, '49

FALL

The blue of the sky as it comes through the trees,
 The leaves beyond compare,
 The white of the clouds that mingle with
 The haze that floats in the air,
 The smell of the rain that fell in the night,
 The sight of the birds on their southern flight,
 The taste of an apple picked from a branch,
 The crackle of twigs that protest,
 The change in flowers that have done their best
 And are slowly turning to brown—
 These sensations thrill all every year
 When summer is gone and winter is near.

BEVERLY FLETCHER, '49

PRAYER FOR A DREAMER

Dreamer of dreams, lost in your world,
 Traversing ever so far,
 Some day, perhaps, all will be gone,
 Hang, then, on well to your star.
 Heavens of black, studded with gems,
 Drawing her upward to you.
 Merciless taunts! Wicked with spite,
 Brim not her eyes with their dew.
 Leave her in peace, let her go on,
 Snatch not the last joy she owns!
 Soon even that, treasured so high,
 Time will erase. Then alone.

MARGARITA FILER, '50

FROM DARKNESS INTO LIGHT

In the little town of Louvre in France, there lived a small boy named Pierre Vereaux. Pierre did not have a mother or father. He lived by himself in a ramshackled hut by the road. There were not many people living there, and those that were did not have much to give the poor little fellow. As in many parts of France, the village was almost demolished. The Germans had come and gone and now there was next to nothing.

There was a river that flowed by this town. There Pierre got his food. He fished a good part of each day and he always came home with a fish, no matter how small it might have been. This was his existence.

One day a murmur went through the town that the Americans were coming again. Pierre sat in front of his hut and waited. He remembered so well seeing the Germans go with the Americans close behind. That was only a few months ago but it seemed like years. He wanted to see them again.

Pierre must have sat there for over three hours. Finally, in the distance he could hear the rumble of trucks and heavy motor vehicles. As the soldiers came around the bend and down into the village, the people moved quietly out to watch. There was no cheering, no crying, or rejoicing. They merely watched these men come in and marveled at the huge trucks and other vehicles.

The soldiers pitched their tents wherever there was not a bomb crater, and the commanding officer and his few aides made their quarters in an old building partially bombed out. Pierre just sat and watched.

Among the group of Americans there was one young soldier who could not help but notice the boy. It seemed to him that this boy was just about the age of his little brother back home. At first the soldier did not talk much but as the days went by and they had been there for a week, he talked often

with Pierre. He told Pierre about America and what it was like to live there. He told him of the big cities and the trains and airplanes. As he, himself, became warmed to the subject, he saw a new light come into Pierre's eyes. No longer was he listless and rather like a lifeless thing. He began to perk up and to ask questions. This soldier brought him a new world.

The Americans stayed there only a month and during that time Pierre changed. Not only did he regard his friend with awe and admiration, but he became friendly with the other soldiers and officers. They loved the boy and he was treated as royally as was possible within their means.

It was a sad day when the trucks left with Pierre's treasure. He did not want them to leave and yet it was inevitable. They left him food, candy and a few warm blankets and some clothes. But most important of all, they left him with a memory locked in his heart, never to be forgotten. He was never destined to see the marvels of America and the other big countries that his soldier had spoken of, but within his heart and vision there were pictured the everlasting glories of sights unseen. He was given the courage to live and a purpose to live for. It was no longer a valueless world with emptiness in the future.

Pierre had received the greatest gift possible to man and he would never lose hold of it. He turned his back on the fading dust and walked back to his hut. But now there was life in those steps and a spirit backing them up to carry him through what he might meet along the way. Pierre was changed as so many others have been and will continue to be. For now he had nothing to fear as he went his way along the rugged path through life. With a steady eye, a firm hand, and a purpose in his heart, he headed out upon the road to never-ending peace and happiness.

MURIEL GLASGOW, '49

WHAT IS YOUTH?

Youth is the freeness in life,
 The jalopies with their everlasting honks;
 Youth is a group of daisies, bowing and swaying in the wind,
 The sunrise in all its glow,
 The half blind pups getting their first peek at life,
 The baseball games and cries of "Hold that line;"
 Youth is all these things.
 Then lo, it is a challenge; it is goals to be won,
 The goals of peace,
 security,
 and understanding.

MARTHA DOW, '49

THE GOLDEN ALTAR

Far, far away in the lonely gloomy shadows of the surrounding trees stand the ruins of a great city. This city is "Old Panama," now a place where only tourists and people who want a nice picnic site go. The gay chatterings of the monkeys and parakeets, the roar of the rumbling Pacific Ocean, which sweeps so high on the nearby sandy shores, are the only sounds that can be heard from within the vast walls and yet, although it seems almost impossible, these quiet sad ruins are the only remains of a city that once was world renowned for its fabulous wealth and gay, high-spirited people. Here lived all the wealthy Spanish merchants in their lavish, luxury-splashed homes and, in a sharp contrast, here also lived their poor miserable slaves in small straw thatched huts, for "Old Panama" was one of the most important trading posts of the Indies, as well as Central and South America.

My story begins way back in the times of the dashing cavaliers, and charming ladies, when the pirates were the worst misfortune of the people and England was in the greatest glory of her history. Panama was, as I said before, a rich flourishing city, and long lines of ware and storehouses could be seen standing along the sea shore. Here, too, was one of the strongholds of the Catholic Church and great convents and Cathedrals were scattered everywhere. It was in one of these Cathedrals that the main topic of my story stood, an enormous bejeweled altar of pure gold. It was and still is one of the most beautiful pieces of art ever created, and as the traders and merchants came and went, its fame spread so that people came from great distances to see and admire it.

This great altar turned out to be one of the reasons that Panama was destroyed. As you can imagine the pirates had heard of these tremendous riches that this city contained and as a result many attempts to loot it were made. However, the great stone wall which had been built along the water front for protection served its purpose and try as they did, the pirates could not penetrate the strong wall. It was not until a certain English buccaneer called Sir Henry Morgan began his plundering career that anything caused the city to cease flourishing. Now Sir Henry Morgan, after hearing of the vast treasures in the city, had wanted more than anything to get his hands on the riches and after failing in his first two attempts to break the wall, he finally decided that the only way was to travel inland, up through the jungles. So, after much preparation, and planning, he organized a surprise attack and followed a trail (that now is very famous) called "La Cruzes Trail" straight into the heart of the city.

The terrible destruction which befell the poor surprised people that night was one of the cruelest imaginable. Everything was plundered. The city was burnt to the ground and, if it had not been for two clever quick-

thinking monks, the golden altar would probably not be standing today. These monks, upon hearing of the disaster which was to befall them, secretly painted the altar a dull gray. The pirates naturally searched up and down for the altar, but since they were in such a hurry to get out of the city with their loot, the dull gray altar passed unnoticed. Soon after, the altar was buried and, as years passed by, the secret of the burial place was passed from monk to monk, until finally, when the new city of Panama was erected, and the pirates no longer were a threat, the altar was removed from the earth and all the gray paint was carefully chipped off. A great church was then built for it, and now, it is still standing for people to see, magnificently beautiful in all its golden beauty.

ANITA ELLIOT, '51

FEED ME

I am walking through green valleys and over lush meadows. As I touch the grass it withers and turns brown. I see a plow in a field of waving grain. When I move toward it the grain dies and moulds on the ground. When I touch the plow the wooden handle rots and the iron turns to rust.

I see a house in the distance. As I pass over a stream, it stops flowing for its waters become clogged with debris. The rich soil bakes, cracks, and finally turns to dust. I am nearing the house. I touch a gate. It disintegrates in my hands. When I pass near the well, the rope and bucket rot and water turns sour. I come to the little vine-covered house. My hand touches the door and suddenly the house is in ruins. All that is left is the charred framework—standing out against the sky as a grim reminder of my work.

I see children playing while their mother happily watches them. As I advance, the children disappear. I see a woman gaunt and sad dressed in black. She is staring vacantly at new stones in the little graveyard.

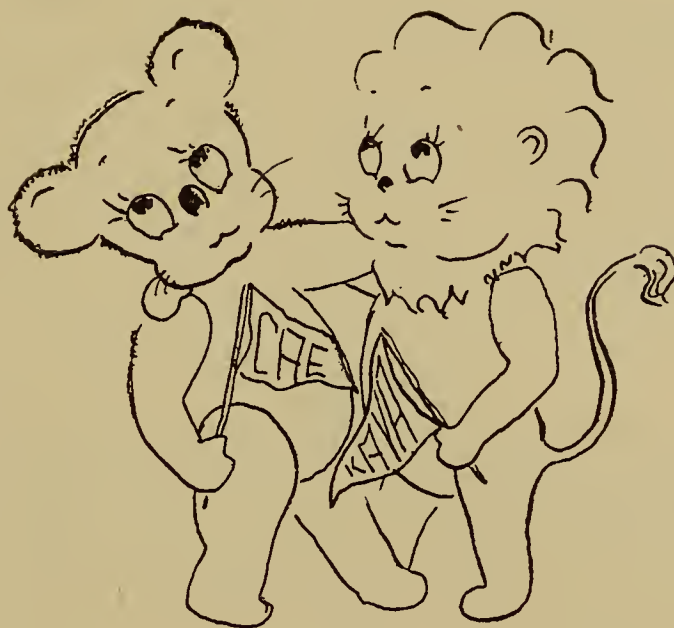
Still I continue on. Nothing is spared from my path of destruction. I feed on the hate and greed of men. I wallow in their selfishness and distrust. I menace all as long as I do not grow hungry. Come, feed me. My name is War.

DEBORAH SMITH, '50

SUCCESS

An elusive sprite
 that beckons us to follow;
 Like a beacon, her light
 flashes in every hollow;
 And like the light
 whose beams broaden at a distance,
 Her virtues are magnified
 beyond all existence.

MARILYN CASHMAN, '50



School Notes

SCHOOL CALENDAR

September

- 22nd—So this is Rogers Hall! Hi, where do you come from? No not really!
Say do you know . . . ?
- 23rd—Where did all these books come from?
- 25th—Whoops, wrong way—how on earth do you get to Manchester-by-the-Sea?
Here at last. Quit kicking sand in my coke!
- 26th—Weren't those movies on New England beautiful?
- 28th—Hi ya, Governor Warren!

October

- 2nd—"To be or not to be—" Isn't Laurence Olivier darling!
- 3rd—How's college, girls? Well, well, at last I found out what a harpsichord is! Which way was I better off?
- 5th—"Take off that blue!" "Off with that red!"
- 6th—Ma, if you could only see me now—I never knew that I could get into a gym suit that was both backwards and upside down. At last we know what club we're in and it was worth the initiation.
- 7th—Isn't "Destination Tokyo" thrilling! How they ever got out of that harbor, I'll never know.
- 10th—Off to Andover, lucky. Why don't I have a good voice!
- 11th—Too bad Martha, the Indian won.
- 13th—Seventy-nine per cent, evening study hall here I come.
- 14th—Club presidents announced, congratulations Ann and Sue.

- 17th—What, Andover again! Mrs. Taylor certainly makes current events very interesting.
- 18th—Where is the fire? It's a long way down there. Hope the rope doesn't break.
- 21st—Those privileged seniors! The sleepy heads were in bed until nine o'clock this morning.
- 28th—Off to learn about the U. N. Cashman's got an inquiring mind.
- 30th—"Boo." Watch out for witches. What fiend wrote these verses! More cider, please.

November

- 2nd—Rogers Hall election returns. Guess who won? Dewey, of course.
- 3rd—National election returns. Guess who won? Truman, of course. Never mind, Mrs. MacGay, only 1461 more days until 1952.
- 9th—Hockey game. Better luck in basketball, Kava. Weren't those place-cards darling! It was hard to choose which was the better song.
- 11th—"Let's go and cheer for the House-Hall game." Cheer up House, there are only nine points between thirteen and four.
- 12th—The oldsters got beaten today. "Best you pull yourselves together. Seniors!"
- 13th—Gee, the Andover-Exeter Game was fun in spite of the weather—and those lucky girls with dates for the tea dance.
- 14th—Look at the pretty boid! Most interesting, those lectures on wild life.
- 15th—Who rang that bell? Where's the fire? Where's my coat? For Heaven's sake, turn on the lights!
- 16th—Brrr. What does Miss Johnson think we are? Fur-lined arctic seals?
- 19th—Boy! Do those councilors rate, eating at Hartwell Farms!
- 20th—Bravo! actors and Miss Beever. Broadway, here we come!
- 24th—Well, whatta ya know! Home sweet home. Where's that turkey?
- 26th—Tired and stuffed with turkey, I feel just about as much like singing as eating a raw clam. But the show must go on!
- 27th—Andover—"Of Thee I Sing." Loads of fun and great performance. Too bad it's over.
- 28th—We hope the music in heaven is as lovely as that of the harpist we heard this evening.

December

- 1st—Hey, Pat, who's my date?
- 2nd—Where's that list?
- 4th—Who've you got? You lucky girl! Look at what I drew! Doesn't the gym look lovely? If only my date would get off my feet!
- 12th—Beautiful stories, beautiful carols, beautiful rings—in short—beautiful Christmas vespers.

14th—Hope you remember to leave your evening dress out of your trunk. Christmas banquet tonight with more of that talented acting and singing afterwards.

15th—This is it, kids! Have been looking forward to this day for almost three months now. Hope the next three weeks come up to all your expectations. Have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, everyone.

January

6th—Back to the grind—what, seven already?

15th—What happened to that bone, Cinnie? Did he teach you any tricks, Polly? Happy New Year, Mrs. MacGay!

16th—Just shove everything under the bed—she'll never know the difference!

24th and 28th—Cornelia Otis Skinner and Rise Stevens—no more need be said!

30th—And now we know what a marimba is! And *what* patter!

31st—Here it is, girls—courage and good luck!

S. G.

THE OPENING NIGHT

From the moment I arrived here at school until the last bell for bed (and even later, illegally) the constant screaming remarks of surprise, ecstasy, and disappointment flew back and forth through the halls. They varied from the popular topic of men to the summer's delightful vacation, and even to, "My roommate is really terrific! Come see her."

Over in the house after supper I heard a commotion on the top floor that seemed to be coming from the new gym teacher's room. Everyone ambled in to get acquainted and maybe hang up a blouse or two in the midst of the scattered newspapers and such on the floor.

The music in the library boomed out that evening, but strangely enough, there was no dancing. The senior corridor was completely blocked by trunks and cartons.

One of the first objects to rest on every bureau or desk was either *his* picture or some of last year's senior pictures.

I even noticed all the new girls from the very tallest to the smallest freshman. I imagine they were most bewildered and maybe even somewhat alarmed at all the comments.

Far into the night, I am sure these "confabs" went on and into heavy detail in each room of the students. Probably the faculty members were greatly amused and had tales to talk over among themselves.

The password, I am safe in saying, was definitely, "Boy, am I ever tired!"

S. E.

MANCHESTER-BY-THE-SEA

Rogers Hall-ites, one and all, hurried through the door at a prolonged honk from the bus horn. Shouts of, "Hey, save me a seat!" and "Here's one back here!" rose as the be-jeaned groups came hurrying to the busses and subsided only when the almost frantic counting of bobbing heads began. Finally we were off on the first picnic of the year. Next stop—Manchester!

A short scenic ride and finally, "We're here!" The blue Atlantic stretched before us, broken only by the rushing waves which sent the white foam sprawling over the sand and now and then over small rocky islands rising above the blue surface.

Long walks on the sands, then the keypoint of the day: luscious hot-dogs roasted over the charcoals, large helpings of potato salad, cokes and the always necessary dill pickles.

Relaxation which descended upon the girls was interrupted at intervals by those brave souls trying the icy water. Finally we started the trip home, thinking of the wonderful time we'd had and looking forward to the far off June trip.

D. W.

GOVERNOR WARREN ON THE PLATFORM

The sun was hot making the station even hotter. The people kept coming in a continuous stream of interested little groups. After they arrived they stood quietly for a while surveying the situation, shifting their feet, and then searching for the non-existent position that was out of the sun yet in full view of the rear platform of the anticipated train.

Creeping up from behind, the train slipped past the station leaving only the last car in view. Forward toward that objective the crowds of people surged.

With his appearance everyone relaxed, for prior to this no one knew what to expect of this Sunny Californian. His speech was light, uncluttered, and even humorous.

But, from every appearance, it was evident that Governor Warren was not the center of attraction. Each face was straining for a glimpse of Mrs. Warren and their daughter. The Governor couldn't help but know that this would be the case and was content to play a proud second fiddle.

It was a simple matter to overhear comments that flew about such as, "Oh, there they are," and from one young lad to another, "Yup, that's Virginia all right."

M. C.

HAMLET

We had heard various "pros" and "cons" concerning Mr. Shakespeare's masterpiece but in regard to the Olivier production, they were mostly "pros."

For once Shakespeare sounded more than a hodge-podge of high-sounding phrases; here was a real story that could be followed with interest.

All waited expectantly for the celebrated "To Be or Not To Be" soliloquy which was met with considerably more enthusiasm than during the week of December 4th, eh, English IV?

As the soldiers bore the body of the young Dane from view a contented sigh echoed throughout the Rogers Hall section of the Astor Theatre.

"The rest is silence."

M. D.

CAE-KAVA HOCKEY GAME

Beneath dull skies on November ninth, Cae and Kava met for their traditional hockey game. Although the day was dismal the cheer leaders and spectators made up for the lack of color and added their lusty cheers to the scene.

Both the teams seemed evenly matched as the exciting game progressed. By the half Cae was in the lead as they were when the final cheers went up. The score of the 1948 hockey game was Cae 12 - Kava 4. Even though the score seems rather one-sided, both the teams showed excellent ability and sportsmanship.

The same evening the entire school assembled in the dining room for a banquet at which speeches were made by Mrs. MacGay, Miss Johnson and the two club presidents, Ann Veghte and Sue Halsted. When the clubs had sung their original songs the faculty voted and after a difficult choice the prize was awarded to Cae.

Another hockey game was played and sticks and shin guards were put away for the next year.

TEAMS

CAE	KAVA
Abbott	Cashman, Capt.
Earle	Downes
Filer, E., Mgr.	Duane
Jones	Eager, Mgr.
Mooberry	Glasgow
O'Brien, Capt.	Halsted
Veghte	Russell, A.
Wild	Sylvestre

SPLINTERS

SUBS

Howell, M.
Keegan
Robertson

SUBS

Heyer
Patrick
Smith
P. K.

DRAMATICS

The plays given by the Dramatic Club on November 20th were a big hit. The girls did a delightful piece of acting and the audience thoroughly enjoyed their evening.

The first play was a comedy by Charles George entitled "Among Us Girls." A new bride is confronted by some gossiping visitors who complain bitterly of their awful husbands. They upset the poor newlywed so completely that she almost goes home to her mother. All ends happily as the young woman again sets out into married life.

"Easy Exit," a mystery by Valrose Lindley, told of a German spy plot. Miss Viner, the woman spy, was taking information from an Atomic Research Station in England. She is finally discovered but dramatically ends her life by poison.

CASTS

AMONG US GIRLS

Mrs. Darling, a young bride.....Margarita Filer
Mrs. Seymour, and she does.....Dorothy Huse
Mrs. Noyes, who lives up to her name.....Yvonne Kenyon
Miss Birdie Talcum, a maiden lady.....Marilyn Cashman
Marie, Mrs. Darling's maid.....Deborah Smith

EASY EXIT

Miss VinerMarilyn Cashman
Diana CurtisSue Granfield
Miss RileyPauline Jones
Betty ArnoldMartha Dow
Mrs. LeeningDorothy Winship
Miss StacyYvonne Kenyon
S. A.

"OF THEE I SING"

"Is my leg make-up even?" "Won't someone *pulease* pin on my ribbon!" These were the pleadings emanating from the makeshift dressing room in George Washington Hall, which contained sixteen Rogers Hall girls who were to take part in a performance of Gershwin's "Of Thee I Sing" with a group of Andover boys.

The big night had finally arrived after weeks of rehearsing. All that remained was the performance and accompanying silent prayers. Mr. Hallowell, Mr. Howes and Miss LeButt had done their part; it was up to us now.

As the musical unfolded we all breathed a sigh of relief. The audience liked it! The chief characters, Diana Devereux, Wintergreen, Throttlebottom, and Fulton, entered into the spirit of the play with the air of troupers.

To be sure, there were a few minor errors (yes, Terry, you *were* right) but the show as a whole went smoothly and the audience showed warm enthusiasm.

The party for the cast which followed put a final flourish on the evening's fun. After consuming numerous hamburgers and bearing various souvenirs, we rode happily back to school, feeling that we had contributed to the success of a great show.

M. D.

ANDOVER DANCE

With a whirl of excitement and anticipation, December fourth descended upon Rogers Hall bringing with it the first Andover dance of the year.

The gym was never lovelier with Christmas decorations carrying the first breath of holiday spirit with them. They were complete to the last detail—Santa Claus, confetti, Christmas trees and all.

With the playing of "Thanks for the Memories" another never-to-be-forgotten Andover dance was added to the happy memories of the year.

E. F.

VESPER SERVICE

A hushed silence fell over the student body as we entered the candle-lit school room. It seemed that the Christmas season had truly arrived as we looked around at the gently flickering candles and heard the soft Christmas music playing in our ears. During the entire service there was an atmosphere of dignity and reverence, truly befitting the time and occasion.

We were brought close to tears as some of the students read their original compositions dealing with Christmas. The program was as varied as it was interesting with selections by the Glee Club led by Miss LeButt and carols sung by us all.

Nearing the end of the service, Mrs. MacGay prepared to give the seniors their rings. Certainly this was a moment of tense expectation and excitement. The motto "Nos nostraque Deo" was explained to us and each senior walked proudly up to get her ring. Miss LeButt began to play the familiar strains of "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing" and the service was over. Over, yes, but it shall forever hold a place among our shining memories of Rogers Hall.

J. G.

THE CHRISTMAS PAGEANT

The joy of Christmas was certainly in the air as the guests at Mrs. MacGay's table watched the girls enter the dining room singing "Deck the Halls."

After the delicious dinner and lovely carols, a simple but beautiful play, *Why the Chimes Rang*, was presented by the dramatic group under the able direction of Miss Kathleen Beever. This play is the story of how the faith of a poor young boy surpassed the gorgeous gifts of the much wealthier offerers.

THE CAST

<i>Skeen</i>	Dorothy Winship
<i>Holger</i>	Suzanne Granfield
<i>Bertel</i>	Martha Dow
<i>Old Woman</i>	Margarita Filer
<i>Sage</i>	Lynne Patrick
<i>Angel</i>	Anita Elliot
<i>Rich Man</i>	Lynn Hamby
<i>Pretty Young Girl</i>	Mercy Haskell
<i>King</i>	Judy O'Brien
<i>Priest</i>	Pauline Jones
<i>Beautiful Lady</i>	Cornelia Howell

Then, as the lights went on again, both guests and students realized that this evening at Rogers Hall would always be a pleasant memory.

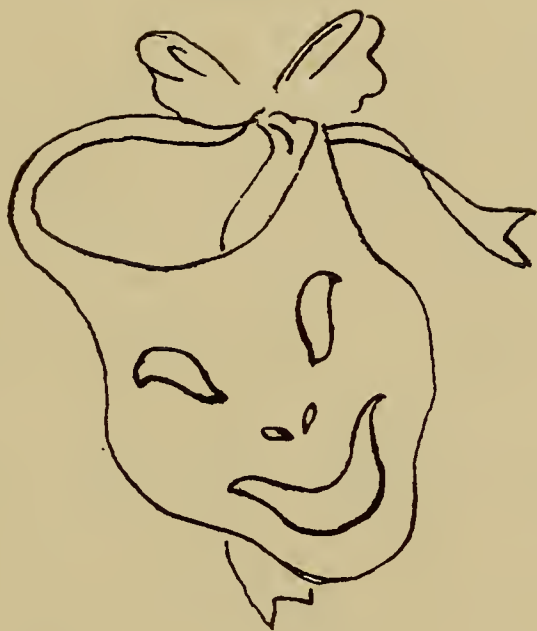
J. M.

THE ANDOVER RETURN

With much *savoir faire* and graciousness the student body of Rogers Hall was entertained by the Phillips Andover Glee Club at its annual return dance, held on January 15th. Andover must be given credit for such a well-mannered affair, making each guest feel individually welcome. To Ken Reeves' music, the evening drifted away, and all too soon another dance had gone by, but remained as one of those never-to-be-forgotten moments to be put aside with many other happy remembrances of Rogers Hall, '49.

E. F.





Humor Section

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS OF A ROGERS HALL GIRL

1. Thou shalt not covet thy roommate's wardrobe—especially if she doesn't sanction a loan.
2. Thou shalt not tear out of the dining room upon receiving a phone call—the Marathon is for those Fort Hill Fellows.
3. Thou shalt not wear ballet slippers—piano legs were made expressly for pianos.
4. Thou shalt not mention these names more than 50 times daily: Peter, Staats, Fred, Duncan, and Birmingham, we might add.
5. Thou shalt not tantalize thy comrade with bubble gum.
6. Thou shalt not poison the faculty—CRIME DOES NOT PAY!
7. Thou shalt write thy father and mother—especially when in need of financial aid.
8. Thou shalt not lose weight at school—it's too demoralizing.
9. Thou shalt not cast sheep's eyes at Andover boys—they have a reputation to uphold.
10. THOU SHALT NOT!

M. C.
E. F.



There was a young teacher from Kent
Who was looked up to wherever she went
When she came 'cross the sea
To teach you and me
We found that she said what she meant.

It Has Been Said That . . .

"Two heads are better than one." This fact can be proved in a test.

"Silence is golden." Don't you study hall teachers agree?

"He who hesitates is lost." Our motto for Sunday night's supper.

"A man's best friend is his dog." At Rogers Hall it's the first study period on the morning after no homework has been done.

"To lend your money is to lose your friend." Are you kidding?

"When I was your age . . ." Sounds familiar, doesn't it?

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating." At Rogers Hall it's the College Boards.

"Until a fish bites there's only one jerk on the end of a fishing line."
(No comment.)

M. H.



There was an old woman of Kent
Who never could pay her rent
Her landlord said, "Mam
I must ask you to scram."
And now she lives in a tent.



Broken Record of The Rogers Hall Faculty:

1. Mrs. MacGay . . . There, I've said it again.
2. Miss Ramsay . . . She wouldn't say yes, She wouldn't say no.
3. Mrs. Jones . . . That's what I like about the South.
4. Mrs. Hopper . . . Onezy Twozy.
5. Miss Van Reet . . . When Day Is Done.
6. Mrs Hale . . . Hale, The Conquering Hero.
7. Miss Phelps . . . Ain't Misbehavin'.
8. Miss Mulhern . . . The Best Things In Life Are Free.
9. Mrs. Tremble . . . All The Things You Are.
10. Miss LeButt . . . Don't Blame Me.
11. Mrs. Leonard . . . Don't You Think I Ought To Know?
12. Mrs. Vickers . . . Sunny.
13. Mrs. Bently . . . I'll Never Walk Alone.
14. Miss Kennedy . . . Fun And Fancy Free.
15. Miss Beever . . . Far Away Places.
16. Mrs. Hanson . . . Linger Awhile.



"It"



TARZAN



Our BRIGHTER MOMENTS



OF THEE I SING—(baby)

This is especially for those who yodeled away for weeks on end at Andover. During this time it was proved, among other things, that:

1. No matter what folks say, Anita is still "stranger Elliot" to the people that don't want to be.
2. Headlights can be *most* annoying!
3. Miniature argyles are really the way to a man's heart—not through the proverbial stomach, eh, Toots?
4. French soldiers don't always have a hard time making themselves understood.
5. The back room got a trifle crowded with the piano taking up so much room.

WITH ALL DUE APOLOGIES TO SHAKESPEARE
WE PRINT THE FOLLOWING:

Is this a letter which I see before me,
The return address toward my hand?
Come, let me clutch thee;
I have thee not and yet I see thee still;
Art thou not, lovely vision, sensible to feeling as to sight?
Or art thou but a creature of necessity,
 a false creation proceeding from this sore-neglected box?
Ah well—tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow—

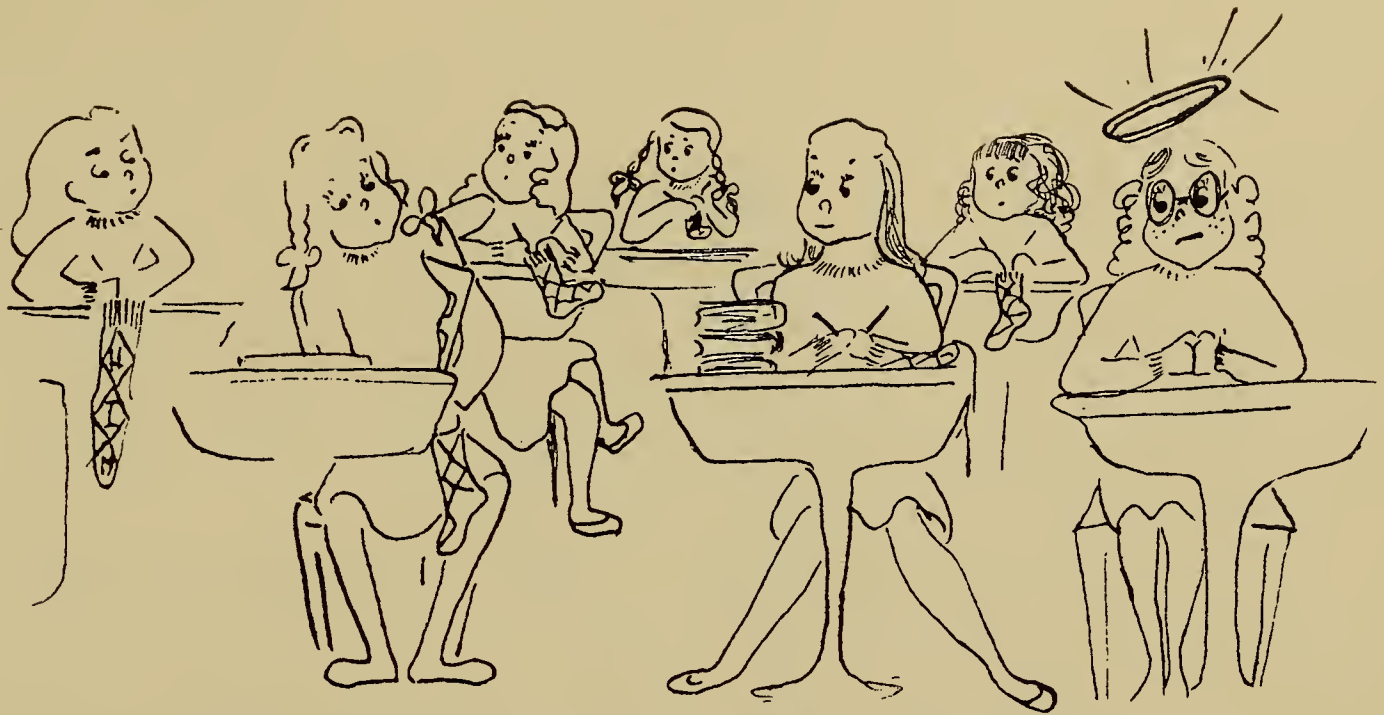
And just before a special weekend or a dance, sighs to this effect are heard:
Oh, that this too, too, solid flesh would melt.



There was a young girl named Kate
Who never could learn how to skate.
 She fell on her back
 And was rescued by Jack
Now she says that it must have been fate.



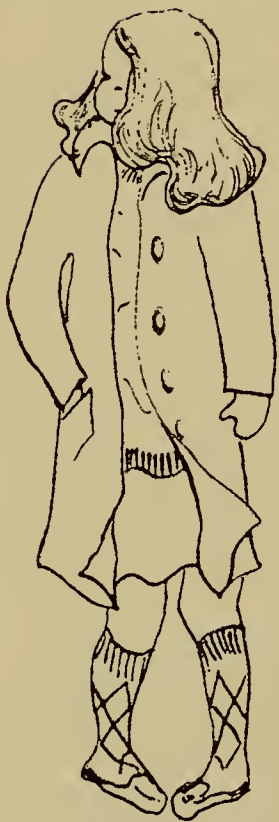
There was an old miser of Yale
Who had spent half his life in a jail.
 When released from this house
 He went back to his spouse
But she sent him back without bail.



IN R. H. NEARLY EVERYONE KNOTS ARGYLES



And too — They Start Young



LADIES —
You too CAN BE
CASUAL!



ARE YOU JILTED?
ARE YOU WILTED?
YOU'RE ELIGIBLE

ROGERS HALL

In these few lines we shall attempt to jot down a few definitions of Alma Mater. Oh yes . . . there are a number of them. For instance, it is without a doubt the easiest place in which to achieve notoriety. One can go to bed at night, blissfully unaware of a thing, and then wake up to find that she is famous—after Student Council meeting.

And probably the only people who realize that Rogers Hall is really a progressive school are the students themselves, who very nearly succeeded in electing Henry Wallace to the Presidency.

It is the shortest-wave telegraph system ever heard of. There isn't one bit of interesting information (or any kind of information at all) that isn't community property in a flash. For that matter, student life (and possibly even faculty life) is based on, though unintentionally, mind you, Communistic principles. What we don't ourselves have, we can easily pick up from the comrade on our left, here. Things such as gum, stamps, answer to question #4 and so forth.

And R. H. must be pure paradise for underweight gals!



There once was a little red ford
Which seldom was used by its lord
For he had two boys
Who found many joys
In driving that little red ford.



PEARLS OF WISDOM

"What! You haven't done it again? You couldn't have. It's too bad you can't start all over again! You must admit you do the craziest things."

"Yes, I know you try hard and everything seems to go wrong, but still I should think if you were a little more careful."

"Of course I'll listen, sit down and relax a minute. Now, start from the very beginning and tell me exactly what you did and I'll see if I can be of any assistance. I'm sure it isn't as bad as you make it seem."

"O. K." . . . "That sounds all right" . . . "Oh, oh, that's it. Knit *this* one red, *that* one black, purl back and you're ready to do the heel."

B. F.



Alumnae News

Engagements

Marilyn Dorothy Higgons to Mr. Frederick Cornelius Weiss, Junior, of Richmond Hill and Amityville, Long Island.

Marcia Thomas to Mr. Arthur H. Walker of Newton, Mass., and Five Islands.

Marriages

July 28, 1948—Florence Severance Tornquist to Mr. James Gates Tuthill, Lieutenant of the United States Army, at Greenville, Maine.

July 31, 1948—Adele May Wieber to Mr. Thomas Murray Cuddihy at Noroton, Conn.

August 16, 1948—Anne Gray Harvey to Mr. Alfred Muller Sexton, II, at Sunbury, North Carolina.

August 22, 1948—Mary Carol Nord to Ensign Donald William Haggerty, U.S.N., at Jamestown, New York.

August 28, 1948—Constance Winnette to Mr. Arthur J. Frank at Chelmsford, Mass.

September 3, 1948—Susan Tuttle to Mr. Herbert Franklin Griffith at Wakefield, Mass.

September 6, 1948—Patricia Ann Blackmer to Mr. Roger Leason Kellner at Bennington, Vermont.

September 15, 1948—Priscilla Treadwell Warren to Mr. Charles Pearson, III, at Buffalo, New York

SPLINTERS

October 9, 1948—Sally Scott Gerber to Mr. Robert Hopewell Phinny in New York City.

October 23, 1948—Barbara Leland to Mr. John Howard Pearson. At home at 9 Astor Street, Lowell, Mass.

November 13, 1948—Elaine Brinsmade Putnam to Mr. Thomas Duston Bailey, in Lowell, Mass. At home at 210 Main Street, Winthrop, Mass.

November 13, 1948—Katharine Wood, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Philip Shaw Wood of West Gouldsboro, Maine, to Mr. John Duane Van Amburg of the United States Air Force.

November 25, 1948—Elizabeth Scalise to Mr. Eugene Francis Kilham in Lowell, Mass.

December 21, 1948—Sarah Jane Thomas to Mr. Swift Harrison Godshalk at Grosse Pointe Farms, Michigan.

December 18, 1948—Betty Jordan Suor to Mr. Joseph F. Rominger in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Mrs. Kate Wilbur Lahm to Mr. John Tracy Amsden at New Rochelle, New York.

Margaret Ruth Bradley to Mr. Frederick A. Rice, Junior, in Glendale, California.

January 5, 1949—Deirdre Mary O'Meara to Mr. James John Grady in New York City.

January 8, 1949—Joan Dursthoff to Mr. William Davidson Morrison in Chelmsford, Massachusetts.

Births

A daughter, Jacqueline Beau (called "Beau") to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Charles Sweeney (Ethel Louprette) of 521 Gilbert Street, Peoria, Ill., on September 8, 1948.

A son, John Downing Fripp, Junior, to Mr. and Mrs. John Downing Fripp (Virginia Henline) of Bronxville, New York, on October 3, 1948.

A son, Peter Lawrence, to Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Morell (Ruth Berger) of Jamaica, New York, on October 3, 1948.

A daughter, Carol Ann, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cutler (Jayne Cutler) of Newton Highlands, Mass., on November 23, 1948.

Deaths

May, 1942—Mrs. Elizabeth James Sloan at Cleveland, Ohio, leaving her husband and two sons.

October 24, 1942—Mrs. Sarah Painter Donworth, '21, at Pittsburg, Pa.

November, 1943—Mrs. Arthur Huguley (May Wilder, Class of 1900).

December, 1944—Mrs. Julia Adams Shepard, in Montpelier, Vermont.

February 21, 1946—Mrs. Cornelia La Vie Nason, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa.

September, 1946—Mrs. James F. Syme (Edith Gates), West Yarmouth, Mass.

Winter, 1947—Mrs. Katherine Magee Cannon, at Haddonfield, New Jersey.

June 16, 1948—Miss Frances MacBrayne, '28, at her home in Belmont, Mass.

July 13, 1948—Mrs. Cora Robertson Bickham, '16, in North Tarrytown, New York, leaving her husband and two sons.

November 3, 1948—Miss Susan Hieduth Webster, at Lowell, Mass.

Items of Interest

The post card which we sent you asking for information about yourselves and your families has brought us much material of great interest. Our hats are off to all of you who describe your occupation as housewife, home maker, "chief cook and bottle washer," etc. Certainly, in these last difficult years it has been true that "of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Also, we salute with pride and pleasure those who have told us of your "grandmothering" as a major occupation. There is more truth than jest in the statement that "The Grandmothers won the war." We have chosen a few who seem to have found a somewhat individual and interesting field for their efforts, feeling that you will want to know of their activities.

Helen Pope Guthrie is busy with a guest house for skiers at Stowe, Vermont.

Beth Hoffman, '28 is a school social worker in West Hartford, Conn.

Lillis Towle Jordan, '13 is the Publisher of the Bangor (Me.) Daily News.

Elizabeth Scalise Kilham, '42 is an instructor in radio at Emerson College.

Elizabeth Essick Kimberly, '22 gives her occupation as "housewife and farm manager."

Katherine Steen Larmon, '14 reports herself, "Buzzing." She is as busy as a bee without doubt, one of her jobs—being an active and able trustee of Rogers Hall.

Rosemary Chase, '44 (Mrs. John C. Duryea) is a merchandiser, working in the Specification Department of Sears-Roebuck Co.

Katherine Clapp, '28 is a Service Representative with the New England Telephone and Telegraph Co.

Helen Eveleth, '15 is Principal of Belvidere School in Lowell. Alice Brock, '22 is teaching at Upper Montclair, New Jersey, and Sara Stevens is a teacher in the Chicago public schools.

Marion Douglas Felker, '22 is a registered nurse living in Tucson, Arizona.

Elizabeth Mann, '21 is an R.N. at Brattleboro, Vermont.

Virginia Furber, '34 is a Room Clerk at the Hotel Statler in Boston and doing a grand job.

Alice Joy who lives at Newton Highlands, Mass., is a chemist with the Winthrop-Stearns Drug Company.

Mona C. Mehan, '27 is a physician (M.D.) practicing in Lowell.

Virginia Rogers Miller, '27 gives her occupation as "College Professor." From one of her classmates we learn she is a teacher of "speech" in Boston College.

Mary and Louise Sargent have a lovely shop in Carmel, California, called "Twigs of Carmel." They, with their mother, are building a home at Pebble Beach.

Clarice Connelly Tanner, '27 gives her occupation as "housewife and lawyer." She has two little daughters, aged 6 and 7, so her life seems a full and active one.

Betty Jean Hutchins, '43 who majored in Globular Geography, Mapping, etc., at the University of Michigan, receiving her Masters Degree last June, has an excellent position with Standard Oil Company in Chicago.

Alfrida Harris, '41 who is an occupational therapist by profession, is now doing graduate work in art at the university of California at Berkeley.

Ethel Frost, '24 (Mrs. Frederic Carleton Peck) tells us of the marriage of her daughter, Judith, to Mr. Harold Bulkley Erdman on Sept. 25th, 1948, at Saint James Church, New York.

Another marriage of interest to Rogers Hall was that of Rosalyn Constance Breeden (Rosy, to us) to Mr. John A. Brainerd, June 26, 1948, at St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Spotswood, New Jersey.

We learn that Dr. Anna Kuttner, '11 is having a very interesting career in pediatrics. She is head of the Irvington Hospital for children who have heart ailments, at Irvington-on-Hudson, New York.

Barbara Bennett, '44 is Supervisor of Music in the schools at Lowell.

Bonney Lilley Dunbar, '11 refers to herself as an Inn Proprietor. She runs the delightful "Brook and Bridle Inn" at Wolfeboro, New Hampshire.

Anne Biggs Nelson, '40 is secretary at California Institute of Technology, where her husband is a graduate student.

Mary Agler, '44 is a case worker with the American Red Cross at Youngstown, Ohio.

Frances Hamilton Byers who has two sons, reports that she is "daily thanking God for a home in the country." Her post office is New Castle, Penna.

Martha Howell Crinnion, '19 is Executive Secretary of the Travelers Aid Society at Newark, New Jersey.

Thelma Berger Dulles, '14 is in the Book Department at John Wanamaker's in Philadelphia.

Lucy Haviland Pond, '10 is associated with Winfield Pottery of Pasadena, California.

Mary Bailey, '26 is Beauty Editor, Fawcett Publications, in New York City.

Adele Wieber Cuddihy, '47 is attending Erskine School in Boston while her husband is completing his work at Harvard.

Mary Jane Mancourt, '20 (Mrs. Charles J. Downing) is secretary of the Denver Art Museum, Denver, Colorado.

Anthy Gorton, '05 is living in Washington, D. C. where she is engaged in the promotion of Army entertainment.

Marcella Chalkley Holmes, '19 has an executive position with J. Walter Thompson Company in New York City.

Anne Matthews, '47 is secretary to the Director of the Erie (Penna.) Day School.

Katherine Safford, '43 who is now Research Assistant to Dr. Skinner of Harvard, will soon complete work for her Doctorate, after which she will have a Teaching Fellowship at Radcliffe and Harvard.

Charlotte McDowell Burlington, '39 reports that she has found an interesting hobby to keep her entertained the evenings that her husband has to work. She is a member of the Industrial Rifle League and is able to shoot well enough to furnish some competition for her father and her husband, both of whom are enthusiastic "shooters." She is also active in the Syracuse Chapter of the National Secretaries Association.

Constance Winnette Frank, '36 is Elementary Art Supervisor in the schools at Nashua, New Hampshire.

Catherine Leonard O'Halloran, '24 is in child-care work in New York City, and refers to herself as a "Proxy parent."

Rachel Jones Robinson, '11 is manager of Cushing House at Hingham, Mass.

Mary Sponable Roche, '25 is operating the Mary Roche Uniform Shop at Syracuse, New York.

Edith Russell, Class of 1900, is Associate Director of the Peoples Settlement Association, Wilmington, Delaware.

Priscilla Hall Thomas is Associate Director of Personnel for the McCall Corporation in New York City.

Clare Thompson, '45 who lives in Scarsdale has a position with Lord and Taylor in their White Plains store.

Amy Curtis Romero-Hermoso, '18 writes interestingly of her life on a farm near Santiago de Chile, South America, where she and her husband raise thoroughbred goats.

Sally Watters, '46, a Junior at Smith College, is spending this year in Geneva, Switzerland, one of a group of twenty-eight girls.

A welcome letter came from Mrs. Frederick W. Ahlborn (Marion Ashley) of the Class of 1897. She writes, "Your letter made me quite homesick to see

Rogers Hall again." She also mentions that all but one of the Class of 1897 went to Smith College. We are proud of our alumnae of the "eighteen nineties."

Miss Julia Stevens, who attended Rogers Hall from 1892 to 1897, is a valued member of our Board of Trustees. Mrs. Daniel O. Swan (Louie Hooke Ellingwood), a graduate of the Class of 1900, attended Rogers Hall from 1891 to 1900.

Mrs. Louis A. Olney (Bertha H. Holden) attended from 1895 to 1897. She reports "8 grandchildren." Mrs. Alexander R. Magruder (Elinor Palmer) graduated in 1900 and attended from 1895. Mrs. Harold M. Bruce (Elizabeth St. John Taylor) attended Rogers Hall from 1892 to 1896. She gives her occupation, "Lecturer; Custodian Harlow House, Plymouth; Housewife." A busy person doing a worthwhile job. The strong school spirit of these alumnae is an inspiration to the students and staff of Rogers Hall today.

Daughters of Alumnae in school now:

Mercy Warren Haskell, '52, daughter of Emily Hussey Haskell of Moosup, Conn.

Pauline Jones, '49, daughter of Ethel Stark Jones of Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Julia May (Judy) O'Brien, '49, daughter of Katherine Smith O'Brien of St. Paul, Minnesota.

The Class of 1948 is represented at the following schools and colleges: Nancy Davis and Dorothy Sylvestre at Bradford; Elizabeth Depoian and Marilyn Morse at Lasell; Elizabeth Everett at Rosemont; Mary Jane Filer, Ann Fletcher and Barbara Huyssoon at Pine Manor; Helen Gosnell at Keuka; Nancy Hinckley at Colby; Millicent Lawrence at the University of Vermont; Mary Monroe at Smith; Susan Searle at Stanford; Marguerite Shutter at Skidmore; Sylvia Sisson at Simmons; Barbara (Rusty) Smith at Swarthmore; Joanne Stein at Stephens; Jean Sutherland at Connecticut College; Patricia Talbot at Colby Junior; Betty Lou Wise at Wheaton; Sally McDonald and Elizabeth Scribner at Mt. Vernon; Joanne Reed and Joan Stanley at Garland; Ann Tankersley at Ogontz; Jean Osmun, professional training in child care.



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Splinters

Rogers Hall School
Lowell, Massachusetts



SENIOR CLASS, 1949

Splinters

Commencement Number

1949

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SCHOOL NOTES

ALUMNAE NEWS



VOL. 56

COMMENCEMENT, 1949

No. 2

On June 7, 1949, another class graduated from Rogers Hall midst tears and smiles of classmates and friends. The tears signified that those not coming back would miss Rogers Hall and be missed by those remaining. The smiles were reminiscent of all the things we'd shared through the years. This last term had been crowded with busy goings-on from Proms to exams, and then the final Commencement weekend offering much for fleeting thoughts to dwell upon. To hear many of us talk, it truly sounded like a social whirl but there was, we had found, no social life unless the scholastic was up to date and properly.

Now that some are through school and others one year nearer to that day when they will join the graduates, we begin to realize how very much all this has meant to us. We begin to understand how the little things we often thought so unreasonable are going to be very helpful in the future when we have no one but ourselves to make decisions for us. As every day passes, we become more grateful to our school for its many lessons in getting along with people as well as for the academic lessons we have learned.

One thing we are sure of is the fact that leaving will not be a final parting, for the memory of Rogers Hall is always with us and we all look forward to our return.



Senior Class Section

SENIOR SONG

Tune: "Blue Moon"

Time's gone—
The end is now drawing near,
And we will think of you oft
As all the years disappear.

Time's gone—
And soon the columns will part;
We'll pass together on leaving
The friends of school days behind.

We'll always remember your faces
And never forget your aims;
Your devotion and spirit convinced us
That the columns of white will stand strong.

Time's gone—
Our days at R. H. are through
And though the future's before us
The past holds memories of you.

JULIA MAY O'BRIEN
1567 Summit Avenue
St. Paul, Minnesota

President of the Senior Class

Cae Club; Hockey, '48, '49, Captain, '49; Basketball, '48, '49, Manager, '49; R.H., '48-'49; Glee Club, '48, '49; Operetta, '47, '48, '49; Committee of Old Girl-New Girl Party, '48; Committee of Halloween Party, '49; Chairman of the Senior Luncheon Committee, '48; Andover Dance Committee, '49; Chairman of Prom Committee, '49; Dramatics, '48; Christmas Pageant, '47, '49; Christmas Vespers, '48, '49; Student Council, '47, '49; Softball, '49.

"One inch of joy surmounts of grief a span."



ANNE F. RUSSELL
713 Boston Post Road
Weston, Massachusetts

Vice-President of the Senior Class

Kava Club; Vice-President, '49; Basketball, '49; Swimming, '49; Manager, Baseball, '49; Prom Committee, '49; Glee Club, '49; "Of Thee I Sing," '49; Christmas Vespers, '49; Operetta, '49; Christmas Pageant, '49; "Splinters" Business Board, '49; Honorable Mention for Current Events, '49; Tennis, '49; R.H., '49; Honor Roll, '49; Helen Hill Cup, '49.

"Distinction without a difference."





SUSAN RAND ABBOTT

Topsfield, Massachusetts

Cae Club; Vice-President, '49; Hockey, '48, '49; Basketball, '48, '49; Swimming, '48, '49; Softball, '48, '49, Capt.; Glee Club, '48, '49; Operetta, '48, '49; "Of Thee I Sing," '49; Senior Prom Committee, '49; Chairman of Halloween Party, '49; Christmas Vespers, '49; Senior Editor of "Splinters," '49; R.H., '48, '49; Music Appreciation Prize, '49.

"By many a happy accident."

EVELYN NOEL DAVIDOFF

32 East 61st Street
New York, N. Y.

Cae Club; Swimming, '48, '49; Ping Pong, '48, '49; Operetta, '48, '49; Glee Club, '48, '49; Senior Reception Committee, '48; Andover Dance Committee, '49.

"No better than you should be."



MARTHA DOW
11 Oxbow Road
Wellesley Farms, Massachusetts

Cae Club; Swimming, '47, '48; Cae Cheerleader, '49; Christmas Vespers, '48, '49; Operetta, '47, '48, '49; Christmas Pageant, '47, '49; Dramatics, '48, '49; Student Council, '48, '49; Secretary of Student Council, '48; Literary Board of "Splinters," '49; Undergraduate Song, '48; Marshal for Faculty, '48; Senior Placecards, '49; Senior Luncheon Committee, '48; Senior Reception Committee, '47; Senior Prom Committee, '49; Softball, '49; Poetry Prize, '49.

*"Choice word and measured phrase above the reach
of ordinary men."*



JOAN DOWNES
Westford Road
Tyngsboro, Massachusetts

Kava Club; Hockey, '49; Basketball, '49; Glee Club, '49; Exeter Dance Committee, '49.

"Better late than never."



BEVERLY FLETCHER

249 Chestnut Street
Englewood, New Jersey

Cae Club; Hockey, sub, '48; Swimming, '48, '49; Dramatics, '48; "Splinters," Literary Board, '48; Editor-in-Chief of "Splinters," '49; Senior Marshal at Commencement, '48; Halloween Party Committee, '48; Senior Luncheon Committee, '48; Senior Prom Committee, '49; Honor Roll, '48, '49; Ping Pong, '49; Tennis, '49; R.H., '49; Underhill Honor, '49.

"A workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

MURIEL GLASGOW

Dunroving Ranch
Chilmark, Massachusetts

Kava Club; Swimming, '49; Baseball, '49, Manager; Hockey, '49; Glee Club, '49; Operetta, '49; Andover Dance Committee, '49; "Splinters," '49; R.H., '49; Tennis, '49.

"Of blessed consolation in distress."



SUZANNE GRANFIELD
82 LeMay Street
West Hartford, Connecticut

Kava Club; Glee Club, '49; Operetta, '49; "Splinters" Literary Board, '49; Dramatic Club, '49; "Of Thee I Sing," '49; Student Council, '49; Christmas Vespers, '49; Exeter Dance Committee, '49; Posture Cup, '49; Honorable Mention for Music Appreciation, '49; Dramatics Prize, '49; Essay Prize, '49; Honor Roll, '49.

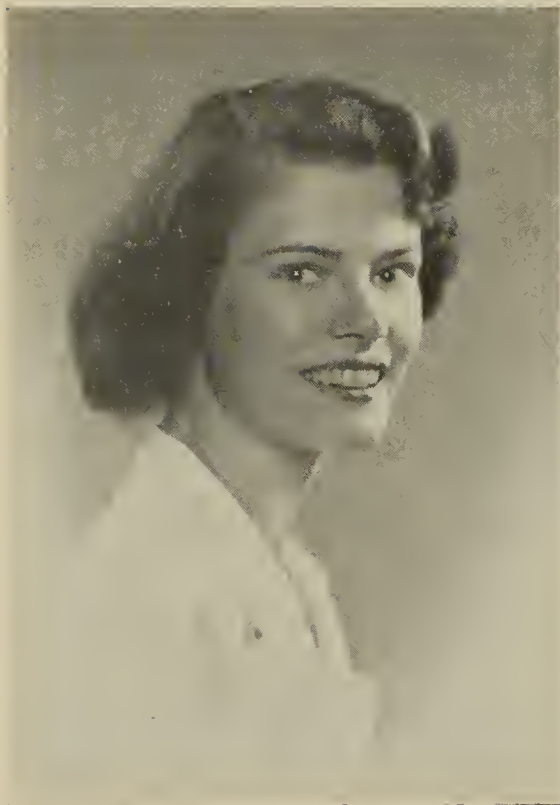
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1098 Fairfax Road
Birmingham, Michigan

Kava Club; President of Kava Club, '49; Hockey, '49; Basketball, sub., '48; Basketball, '49, Captain, '49; Swimming, '49; Badminton, '49; Ping Pong, '48, '49; Baseball, '49; Operetta, '48, '49; Glee Club, '48, '49; Usher at Commencement, '48; Exeter Dance Committee, '49; R.H., '48, '49; Ping Pong Award, '49.

"I have not slept one wink."



MARILYN HOWELL
340 High Street
Medford, Massachusetts

Cae Club; Senior Reception, '48; Glee Club, '48, '49;
"Splinters" Business Board, '49; Business Manager of
"Splinters," '49; Sub Hockey, '49; Commencement
Marshal for School, '48.

"She walks in beauty like the night."

DOROTHY MAE HUSE
476 Pine Street
Lowell, Massachusetts

Cae Club, '47, '48, '49; Glee Club, '47, '48, '49;
Operetta, '47, '48, '49; Dramatic Club, '47, '48, '49;
Christmas Pageant, '47, '48, '49; Christmas Vespers,
'47, '48, '49; Senior Prom Committee, '49; Cae Song,
'49; Commencement Exercises, '47, '48; Dramatic
Award, '48.

"The rude sea grew civil at her song"



PAULINE ETHEL JONES
2216 East Kenilworth Place
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Cae Club; Hockey, '49; Basketball, '49; Swimming, '49; Badminton, '49; Tennis, '49; Ping Pong, '49; Baseball, '49, Manager; Glee Club, '49; Dramatics, '49; "Of Thee I Sing," '49; Operetta, '49; Exeter Dance Committee, '49; Christmas Pageant, '49; Operetta Stage Set, '49; Tennis, '49; Tennis Cup, '49; Badminton Award, '49; Athletic Cup, '49; R.H., '49.

"Charms strike the sight but merit wins the soul."



PATRICIA KEEGAN
Nutwood Farms
Wickliffe, Ohio

Cae Club; Hockey, sub, '49; Basketball, sub, '48, '49; Glee Club, '48, '49; Operetta, '48, '49; "Of Thee I Sing," '49; Christmas Vespers, '48, '49; "Splinters," Literary Board, '48, '49; Undergrad Song, '48; Senior Luncheon Committee, '48; Chairman, Andover Dance Committee, '49; Chairman, Exeter Dance Committee, '49; Commencement Marshal for Mrs. MacGay, '48; President of Student Council, '49; Honor Roll, '48, '49; Award for Neatness, '49.

"The eye is not satisfied with seeing."



ELIZABETH LANGEVIN
150 Holyrood Avenue
Lowell, Massachusetts

Cae Club; Swimming, '48, '49; Ping Pong, '48; Badminton, '48; Swimming Pageant, '46, '47, '48, '49; Glee Club, '46, '47, '48, '49; Commencement Usher, '46, '48; Usher at Class Day, '47; Andover Dance Committee, '49; Cheer Leader, '49; Christmas Pageant, '46, '47, '49; Operetta, '46, '47, '48, '49.

"Have you summoned your wits from wool gathering?"

JOAN MELANSON
North Main Street
Wolfeboro, New Hampshire

Cae Club; Swimming, '49; Glee Club, '49; Operetta, '49; "Of Thee I Sing," '49; Andover Dance Committee, '49; Cheerleading, '49.

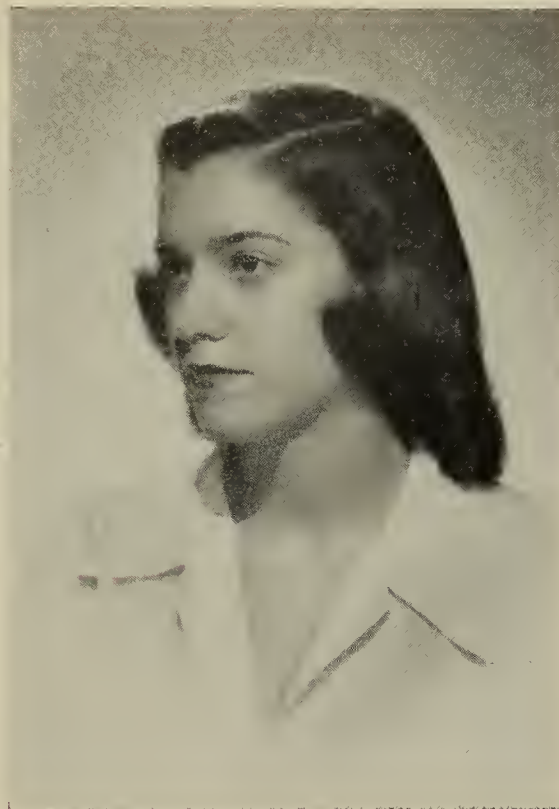
"Nothing is impossible to a willing heart."



MARTHA MITCHELL
47 Colony Road
Springfield, Massachusetts

Cae Club; Basketball, sub, '49; Glee Club, '49; Operetta, '49; "Splinters," Business Board, '49; Cheerleader, '49; Exeter Dance Committee, '49; Christmas Vespers, '49; Softball, '49; Honorable Mention for Music Appreciation, '49.

"Thy eternal summer shall not fade."



JANE MADELINE PARTELO
118 Butman Road
Lowell, Massachusetts

Cae Club, '46, '47, '48, '49; Glee Club, '46, '47, '48, '49; Operetta, '46, '47, '48, '49; Class Day Usher, '46, '47, '48; Exeter Dance Committee, '49; Christmas Pageant, '46, '47, 49.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed."



ANN RANGER
155 Clyde Street
Brookline, Massachusetts

Cae Club, '48, '49; Commencement Receiving Committee, '48; Andover Dance Committee, '49; Student Council, '49; Baseball, '48, '49; Swimming, '49; "Splinters" Advertising Board, '49.

"O how full of briars is this working day world!"

FRANCES ELIZABETH ROGERS
730 Weldon Street
Latrobe, Pennsylvania

Kava Club; Swimming, '47, '48; Ping Pong, '48, '49; Baseball, '49; Glee Club, '47; Operetta, '47; Head Usher for Commencement, '48; Andover Dance Committee, '49.

"Let not your heart be troubled."



ANN VEGHTE
416 Ridgewood Avenue
Glen Ridge, New Jersey

Cae Club; President of Cae Club, '49; Swimming, '48, '49; Hockey, '48, Manager, '49; Basketball, '48, Captain, '49; Baseball, '48, Manager, '49; Badminton, '48, '49; Halloween Party Committee, '49; Head Usher for Operetta, '48; Usher at Commencement, '48; Prom Committee, '49; R.H., '48, '49; Tennis, '49; Honorable Mention for Athletic Cup, '49.

"Ease adds to the length of life's pleasures."



UNDERGRADUATE SONG

Tune: "Going Home"

'49, Rogers Hall,
Time is passing by,
Though you leave, still we'll be
Holding memories high.
Fading lights, darkened paths,
Bring mists that hide from view
Tireless joys, pleasures rare,
That link our friendships true.
But never will our parting here
Bring forth a sad adieu,
Too much has passed from heart to heart
To end our hours with you.
Rogers Hall, '49,
We'll join hands soon again
And share once more these moments dear—
Fate will tell us when.

<i>Name</i>	<i>Alias</i>	<i>Crime</i>
Susan Abbott	"Toots"	Air mail stamps
Evelyn Davidoff	"Davy"	New Haven
Martha Dcw	Martha	Jolson's program
Joan Downes	"Downsie"	Cheers of Lowell High
Beverly Fletcher	"Bev"	Connecticut's shores
Muriel Glasgow	"Terry"	Bobs
Suzanne Granfield	"Sue"	Platform known as stage
Susan Halsted	"J's"	Branding cattle in the A.M.
Marilyn Howell	"Lyn"	Strawberry Sodas
Dorothy Huse	"Dotty"	High notes
Pauline Jones	"George"	What Milwaukee is famous for
Patricia Keegan	"P. K."	Knowing
Betty Langevin	Betty	Week-ends
Joan Melanson	"Jo"	Football players
Martha Mitchell	"Martie"	"Miss Martha Mitchell, please"
Judy O'Brien	"Jud"	Swedes
Jane Partelo	Jane	Sunday's visitors
Ann Ranger	Ann	The radiator
Frances Rogers	"Franny"	Jim
Anne Russell	"Sister"	Our rah! rah! boy
Ann Veghte	"Vect"	Having picture taken

Statistics

<i>Death</i>	<i>What St. Peter Said</i>
Last semester's dues	"I'm quite all right, Miss Johnston"
Wrestling	"We'd best plan."
No C.B.S. Monday nights	"Who's got Life magazine?"
Tardiness	"Well, I mean!"
Ripping out argyles	"You <i>could</i> have"
Pony Express	"Hey, Nitwit!"
Twenty-seven	"So I went into the theatre with a rose!"
Calling Johnny	"Davy, in here and clean up the debris"
Saturday night, 9:30	"Judy, the 2nd bell just rang"
Dotty's temper	"We should have socialization of medicine because"
The infirmary	"Know anyone from M'Waulkee?"
Monday nights	"What's happening, huh?"
Books in English IV	"He'll kill me!"
Gym	"Let's take a day leave"
Empty mail box	"Oh, P. K.!"
Waiting for a quiet riot	"Kitty, will you PLEASE leave!"
Mutual taste for clothes	"I just don't know it!"
No coffee	"Hello, little one!"
Elizabeth's ghost	"Did you hear this one?"
No history notes	"Mister Finkus"
Sue's stories	"Shoo!"

SENIOR PARTIES

On the memorable day of May 28th the Senior Class decided to spend the day at the Abbott Country Club in Topsfield. The managers of the club, Mr. and Mrs. Abbott, greeted us at the door for an outdoor luncheon and plenty of sports. The badminton and basketball courts and the baseball diamond were open to all as well as the swimming pool and excellent riding facilities. We were shown the points of interest from a luxurious convertible though a few hay fever victims were more intent upon finding the Kleenex box. After a casual sing around the piano, we left with promises of returning some time again to their beautiful old New England home.

The evening gowns were donned on Friday the 3rd by the Seniors to enjoy the lobster and hospitality of Mrs. MacGay at her home. Everyone made sure that no food was left and then settled down to hear Mrs. MacGay's predictions of our future.

At nine o'clock we returned to the Hall to hear and sing the songs of parting, after which the tears were brushed away to view the intriguing movies that Mrs. Tremble had taken during our school year.

And here are the place cards we found at Mrs. MacGay's Party:

S. A.

MRS. MACGAY

Towering sand castles
Queen Anne's lace
Stately elms

ABBOTT

Wood fires
Newly-cut grass
Black-eyed Susans and country
roads

DAVIDOFF

French poodles
Imagination
Knitting needles
Covered bridges

DOW

Snatches of poetry
Scented mist on a still night
Tangy cider

DOWNES

Spinning tops
Bright banners
Crowded beaches

FLETCHER

Sunlight through trees
Irish terriers
Red oak leaves and autumn skies

GLASGOW

White lilacs
Wind-blown hair and laughing
eyes
Evening stars

GRANFIELD

Ballet slippers
Weeping willows
Black Persian cats

HALSTED

Fleecy clouds
Spring flowers
Strumming guitars and tapping
feet

HOWELL

Rhinestones
Green orchids
Long, tapering candles

HUSE

Church organs and choir boys
Shimmering glass
Hum of bees

JONES

Autumn bonfires
Polished apples
Creak of new leather

KEEGAN

Salt spray on jagged rocks
Kaleidoscopes
Indian summer

LANGEVIN

Chocolate peppermints
Bright kerchiefs and tousled hair
White cottages

MELANSON

Golden sunsets
Bouffant dresses
Moonlit waters

MITCHELL

Sunny days
Lilies of the valley
Dewy ferns

O'BRIEN

Sawdust
Raggedy Ann dolls
Homemade bread

PARTELO

Rainbows after spring showers
Still waters
Bridge games

RANGER

Snowy days
Twining ivy
Bright shells and seaweed

ROGERS

Sparkling waters
Soap bubbles
Secret paths

RUSSELL

Chantilly lace
Pine trees
White marble columns

VEGHTE

Zinc
Teddy bears
Bouncing red balloons

M. D., D. H., P. K.

Illustrations by Polly Jones and Anne Russell

SONGS FOR THE SENIORS

ABBOTT	<i>Love for sale</i>
DAVIDOFF	<i>Oh! Lady be good</i>
DOW	<i>Home Sweet Home</i>
DOWNES	<i>More than you know</i>
FLETCHER	<i>Connecticut is the place for me</i>
GLASGOW	<i>On an island with you</i>
GRANFIELD	<i>Life upon a wicked stage</i>
HALSTED	<i>Why, oh, why did I ever leave Wyoming?</i>
HOWELL	<i>Oh, you beautiful doll</i>
HUSE	<i>With a song in my heart</i>
JONES	<i>Perils of Pauline</i>
KEEGAN	<i>Everything depends on you</i>
LANGEVIN	<i>Bewildered</i>
MELANSON	<i>Sweetheart of Sigma Chi</i>

MITCHELL *BUT along came Bill*
 O'BRIEN *It had to be you*
 PARTELO *I'll be around*
 RANGER *They've got an awful lot of coffee in Brazil*
 ROGERS *Love somebody*
 RUSSELL *Did you ever see a dream walking?*
 VEGHTE *If I had you*

CLASS PROPHECY

Are you without a job? Are you footloose, insecure, unhappy? Do you wear sun-glasses so that the bill collector may not see the tears gathering in your shifty, cavernous eyes? Do you choke back the sobs when, day after day, you are forced to eat Spam when all the while your soul is crying out for fillet mignon? . . . Then subscribe to our correspondence course and the sun will shine once more, for we will not only find you profitable employment, but employment individually suited to your own personal talents and physical attributes, employment consistent with your childhood dreams and ambitions. We ask you to glance quickly over the success stories of some of our most promising graduates . . . people just like you. Perhaps you may even be acquainted with some of them.

Let us first look at a young lady by the name of Ann Veghte:

Ann was always a shy little girl and never got along well with people, but after two years with us she overcame her inhibitions and is profitably employed as the keeper of the studio baby who cries in that universally beloved serial, "Can I Save Dear Horace and Our Happy Marriage?", written by our most promising graduate, Evelyn Davidoff. One of Evelyn's most outstanding characters is Bozo, the dog, aptly played by Sue Granfield. This position is the zenith of Sue's stage career and she is giving an intense interpretation of the part.

This particular day-time serial has claimed the talents of many of our students. Certainly you could not have missed that enthralling episode when Horace and his wife, Lillian, went out West. We ask you to recall to mind the soft-spoken cowgirl who yodeled Bozo to sleep during the night of the terrible thunder storm. That cowgirl was the pride and joy of our course—Sue Halsted. The storm should be attributed to no freak of nature but to the efforts of Judy O'Brien, who is expending her creative and explosive talents in beating the thunder machine. This machine is a sensitive instrument and needs a delicately designed mallet. And who has designed this intricate, artistically perfect gem of an instrument? Our own Ann Russell, who has gone into the art—tooth and nail.

Joan Downes, our promising young executive, has used her admirable punctuality and energetic cooperativeness to best advantage by engaging Ann

Ranger to play Lillian, Horace's determinedly efficient wife. Ann divides her time equally between the studio and her club, the ladies A.A.A.

Jane Partelo holds a position of high importance on the program; she is the horn that Horace blows when entering the garage. It is indeed surprising how hidden abilities assume unexpected importance.

Our ace archeologist, Joan Melanson, found while excavating in the ruins a white substance of amazing consistency. This momentous discovery, which shook the scientific world, formed the basis for our product "Faggie-Waggies". Immediately Joan flashed word to Betty Langevin, who gave her energetic and talented efforts to preparation of this unusual program. Betty soon whipped the program into shape, but lacked a slogan, and wired Martha Dow, who at that time was engaged in writing those lyrical and profoundly beautiful "Super Suds" jingles. Now Martha's talent is directed towards "Faggie-Waggies". A free translation is submitted with each jingle. An associate of Martha's, Beverly Fletcher, has generously consented to the use of her fine coloratura voice in the interest of "Faggie-Waggies". Needless to say, this fresh young presentation is daily winning multitudes of constituents. An explanation of this amazing talent is due to (and this is strictly off the record) the generous aid of our Muriel Glasgow, who has just completed that thrilling musical "Sing I of Me" which is breaking all current records. Miss Glasgow is ably assisted by a Mr. Robert ——— whose last name escapes me at the moment.

A very important member of our studio staff is that "jim-dandy" censor, Miss Frances Rogers. When first introduced to this particular office, Miss Rogers, by nature a solemn and subdued personality, found the position beyond her abilities, but since then she has overcome this handicap, and our spies tell us she has even developed a sense of humor. Our heartiest congratulations to you, Miss Rogers, for this fine effort.

And now a word about the sponsor of the program. As we know, "Faggie-Waggies" are all purpose and may be used with equal results as a delicious and muscle-building breakfast cereal; lustrous fingernail polish, or as a thorough, tough, (but so, so gentle) cleanser for those dainty unmentionables. Mixed with water, "Faggie-Waggies" serve as a soothing gargle or remarkable metal polish, according to the amount of water employed. This is endorsed by the brilliant scientist, Martha Mitchell, who has just recently been awarded the coveted P.G. degree. Upon receiving this honor Miss Mitchell said, and I quote, "This has been well worth my long tedious hours of study."

And now for our human-interest news. Patricia Keegan, president of the "Lonely Hearts' Club," tells us that a day never goes by but what some lucky young lady mixes herself a "Faggie-Waggie" gargle and steps into a shimmering world of popularity with an adoring date, which Miss Keegan has previously arranged. A shining example of Miss Keegan's efforts is our own Dorothy Huse, who gargles daily during the presentation of our commercial. How right

were those who, upon hearing her sing, claimed that millions would enjoy her beautiful voice. This accomplishment must not be attributed to Miss Huse alone, for Sue Abbott is employing those highly publicized muscles in vigorously stirring the gargle.

As we look upon the athletic world, our eyes are dazzled by the shining fame achieved by our Pauline Jones. Miss Jones, first in her state for umteen odd years, has won praise from sports enthusiasts for her outstanding work in the Olympics. Miss Jones speaks of our product as "the polish that made Pauline famous," and writes that "Faggie-Waggies" accompany her wherever she goes.

Now that we have given a brief resumé of our most successful subscribers, we are confident of your eagerness to join our "happy family." You may have noticed that our students are all associated with our "Can I Save Dear Horace and Our Happy Marriage" broadcasts. This is largely due to the generous endowment of "Faggie-Waggies".

Onward friends! Come from behind the ribbon counter! Get your finger out of the pencil sharpener! Don't sell unimportant where-with-all—sell yourself!

M. D., S. G. and P. J.

THE PERFECT SENIOR

<i>Sophistication</i>	Anne Russell
<i>Poise</i>	Lyn Howell
<i>Hair</i>	Jane Partelo
<i>Eyes</i>	Joan Melanson
<i>Eyelashes</i>	Judy O'Brien
<i>Nose</i>	P. K.
<i>Smile</i>	Martie Mitchell
<i>Hands</i>	Ann Ranger
<i>Dimples</i>	Toots Abbott
<i>Complexion</i>	Betty Langevin
<i>Voice</i>	Dotty Huse
<i>Laugh</i>	Franny Rogers
<i>Initiative</i>	Sue Granfield
<i>Sincerity</i>	Terry Glasgow
<i>Friendliness</i>	Beverly Fletcher
<i>Neatness</i>	Martha Dow
<i>Clothes sense</i>	Davy
<i>Dancing (delphoy)</i>	Sue Halsted
<i>Athletic ability</i>	Ann Veghte
<i>Pep</i>	Joan Downes
<i>Sense of the dramatic</i>	Polly Jones



GUESS WHO! DON'T KNOW? SEE PAGE 53



CLASS WILL OF CLASS OF 1949

We, the senior class, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and forty-nine, being ——— do hereby make known our wishes as to the disposal of our most prized wishes, possessions and idiosyncrasies.

Toots Abbott leaves the required exercises and a tape measure to Lynn Hamby.

Evelyn Davidoff leaves her excess prom dates to Mrs. MacGay for next year.

Martha Dow returns "Swanee" to Al Jolson.

From Joan Downes to Fairbanks, Reilly and Robertson goes the alarm clock she never uses.

Bev Fletcher abdicates in favor of Lynn Patrick.

Terry Glasgow, whose voice "is" leaves it to Libby Filer whose voice is "almost but not quite."

Sue "Tallulah" Granfield bequeaths her dramatic talent to that great Shakespearean actress, Taffy Butman.

Sue Halsted leaves her hairband—on second thought, she'd better keep it.

To Lightning Cashman goes the punctuality of Lyn Howell, and the famed oratorical talents of Dotty Huse go to Beverly Cooke.

Polly Jones leaves to Blimp Kenyon her pitching ability.

Although Pat Keegan leaves a ruined constitution to Anne Wild, along with it goes the hope that she will build a firm foundation from the wreck.

Betty Langevin leaves her "new look" to Connie Howell. You have lovely knees, Betty.

Joan Melanson leaves a car to Jan Earle so that next year's long walks won't leave her as winded as in the past.

Martie Mitchell leaves that great explorer Wasko de Gama to whoever wants him.

Judy O'Brien leaves to join the circus.

Jane Partelo leaves the keys to her car—almost anywhere.

From Ann Ranger go those current event remarks to the next person who sits behind the post in study hall.

To Anita Elliot with best wishes for success goes Franny Rogers' diet.

To Kitty Duane, we hope, goes Ann Russell's poise.

In closing, Ann Veghte leaves speaking English because her Spanish ability has gone to Martie Stahl.

To the faculty, we of the Senior Class leave our text books and to the students go our notes with helpful hints on how to use them.

Signed and sealed this, the sixth day of June, nineteen-hundred and forty-nine, in behalf of the Senior Class by

J. O. and B. F.



Literary Section

A PLEA

Let me know your secret, trees
of everlasting beauty.
Teach me to stand erect, head
high,
With my roots planted firm in
the friendly earth.

Let me know the stage-whispers
You bend down to tell another,
The friendly union which forests
know,
—Pray let me know thy bond.

Let us, the world, know thy
secret
And we, as you, will stand
Immovable, united,
Closer to God.

MARTHA DOW, '49

THE FORECAST

Before I begin my "tale" (because that is the name it has been given) I will tell you why I want you, in particular, to hear it. This happened long ago, and ever since that time I have tried, in vain, to tell some one—just one person who will believe me. Either it is thought that I dreamed it or completely invented it—but wait and you will see that no mind could devise this glimpse of terror. I am telling you in hopes that you are the one person—I am convinced that there is one other person on this earth—who will accept it as the truth—this weird adventure into time.

When I was a very young boy my family spent their summers on Lake Erie in an isolated country cottage. After school closed for the summer my mother and I would go to the house and prepare it for Father's rare visits. Often I would wander away, into the lonely country, and imagine mass ideas or enormous power (I remember well that all my conjecturing was on a large scale).

I read a lot, too, and from books I learned to rig and pole a raft. Thus I went up and down the water, my own version of "Huck Finn."

The house was greatly upset one day by the early unexpected arrival of my father. I was packed a lunch and sent off. This was not done cruelly, for I loved to wander along and watch the cloud filled skies, or just think.

That day I went to my raft. The poleing part I don't remember—that drifted by easily. I lay down and may have fallen asleep, I'm not sure. Some way I drifted into unexplored regions and saw a new (to me) island rising abruptly from the iron water. Since I had never seen it before my curiosity was aroused.

A high black precipice stood rigidly out against the grey sky, and on the outermost ridge, practically toppling into the lake, was a black stone house. Farther down the coast line was a low stony beach. I headed for that and dragged my raft up so that it wouldn't wash away.

I can still see many of the details vividly in my mind. There was a winding path to my left, going up a steep rise to the house. The rest about me was a floor of dirty sand for several feet back, then a wall of high worn rocks.

As my eyes wandered around I turned slowly, then suddenly found myself face to face with a hoary female—hardly to be called woman—whose pale blue eyes reflected ancient knowledge. Her face, so extremely aged and lined, frightened me as much as her remarkable resemblance to a witch. She had some kind of shawl over her shoulders, and her clothing was dark but left no such marked impression as her staring eyes.

"Hello," I said, and it sounded peculiar after not saying a word for so long. I guess I said it more to make sure that I had a voice than as a friendly greeting.

Her answer was low and monotonous, though her eyes never wavered. "Why are you here?"

I tried to explain that I had just been poleing down the lake when I spotted the island and decided to investigate. That didn't surprise her and I had the strange feeling that nothing ever could touch her impassive mask. She would

accept anything that life had to offer in the same toneless way. She knew I wanted to go to the house but she tried to stop me. Not forcefully, of course, because she was very old. Instead she gave ominous warnings and cast suspecting glances at the path. Finally she bowed to my young, determined will, and disappeared. I started up the path to the house.

From then I don't remember my ascension much, except that the path looked rather faint in places—not terribly overgrown, just wavery sometimes. The house appeared untenanted but hardly deserted. The old woman had told me no one lived in it, so I didn't feel strange walking in. From a big room I looked through glass doors to a terrace which was crowded with weaving dancers lavishly dressed, in high spirits. One couple seemed to become detached from the blurring background of the others; a woman with a black coronet of shining braid about her head dressed in a brilliant red dress, dancing with a man whose face I never saw. She laughed and talked but I could hear none of it—not even the music. I tried the door but it was locked. Slowly the pair slipped away into the crowd.

I ran through a door leading outside which led to an arbor adjoining the terrace. The couple was standing in the shining light of the full moon (for by some weird mystery it had turned into night). They were perfectly oblivious to my presence, so I went closer to touch them and assure myself they were dimensional. I heard her voice asking a question. Whatever the answer was seemed to be of vital importance. I felt that this was some kind of a key to the future, if only I could learn the correct answer. Then he replied—I didn't hear his words—but pitch blackness blotted the scene and thunder bellowed across the sky. I tried to run. The door through which I darted led to an upward staircase, which I mounted two steps at a time. At the top was a short wide hall flanked by several doors. Out of breath, I stumbled to the door on my right and swung it open. There, immediately on the other side, stood a man, chalky white except for two boring black eyes which glared unseeingly through me. The door must have passed through him. I tried to scream but no sound came from me to match his horrible rattling throat. I turned and fled. Whether the man followed me or not I don't know. I am sure, in my mind, that he held a dark sinister meaning in my life.

In some way I got back to my raft and pushed away. I never saw the old woman again.

But why is this so important to me now? Because I am sure that it was I dancing with the black haired girl, and I who must make that irrevocable decision and perhaps run, the rest of my life, from that horror—that stiff standing corpse in the door way.

I met the girl last week and we are going to a dance to-night, a lake dance. I have tried, but I can't make out the man's answer—the key. I want you to know in case anything happens to-night.

Another last thing. In buying her flowers I asked the girl the color of her dress. She said it was red.

MARGARITA FILER, '49

A NEW DAY

I can no longer be a child. I must put away childish things. I must go out alone into the world. I must break away from those who have sheltered and protected me. Now is the time when I must bridge the gap between two worlds—the world of my secure childhood and the fearsome, unknown world of womanhood. And I am afraid. I am standing on the brink of a new dawn, and I am afraid—afraid of what that dawn will bring, afraid of the sudden storms, afraid of the aloneness of the night. This new world is not a world full of sunshine as my carefree youth, but a world of shadow. I cannot find the right road, and there is no one to take my hand, no one to light the way. It is so dark! Is there no one to lift me up when I stumble?

There is no heart in the world that can feel what my heart feels, the loneliness, the ache, the lightness, the wish to run—but from what—to whom? No, I can no longer turn my back on the things I don't want to face. I do not choose the highway which I take; my feet are set upon it and I must walk. I have no cane to lean upon. The sun will burn me and the rain will wet me, but there is no turning back.

For the first part of this highway I have been carried. I have been sheltered from the burning sun and the beating rain. But now I must walk alone and I must set the pace. I am not sure that I am ready; I am not sure that I know the way; but my feet have begun to move and I cannot stop them.

SUZANNE GRANFIELD, '49

?

There's a knock on the door and a man comes in,
Alas! To see my sister.
And what a downcast lad is he,
When I tell him
He just
Missed her.

Oh, have any such men turned to me for aid?
Here am I—my heart's nearly dying!
I can't sing—I can't dance—but I read and write!
Can my appearance be
Really that
Trying?

Well, what if my nose is a little long,
And my ears are two different sizes,
And one eye's blue and the other's brown . . .
These men—
Are they
Such prizes?

ELIZABETH FILER, '50

MONKEY BUSINESS

Ah! Quel magnifique! What a dinner party it was! Sitting there in all that splendor it was hard to believe that the terrible war which had raked all of Europe had been over only a few short months. Paris, that night, was the same gay, gaudy, sophisticated, charming place that it had been in 1913 before the havoc descended. The party was attended by the wittiest, cleverest people of Paris, who were desperately trying to forget the world outside and the tragedies that had torn from some of them their closest friends and relatives.

But we were trying to forget and were throwing ourselves wholeheartedly into the gay atmosphere of the party. My husband and I are Americans who were visiting our good friends, Louis and Michele Dupont. We had met the Duponts while on our honeymoon in 1913. On our departure to America, they had begged us to return the next year, which we had planned upon doing, but our trip had been made impossible by the war. We were back though, and at their house, seated around at a magnificent dinner given in our honor. There were eight guests besides ourselves and our hosts. We had met them all on our last visit, except for one couple, the Delbos. They were scientists like ourselves and the Duponts, and deciding to combine business and pleasure, Michele had asked them for dinner, for Monsieur Delbos had some papers concerning evolution that Louis had to look over. The other guests consisted of the Leblancs, the Dubois, and the Martells, all young people, like us, who loved to laugh and be gay. The Martells were our particular friends because Marie Martell had gone to school with me and it was she who had introduced me to Kent. But all this is immaterial to my story. Be assured, though, that all were as gay as could be, and I shall get on with my tale.

The dinner was delicious, and Michele, I am sure, had put herself beyond her bounds to make it that way. She had one of the best Parisian chefs and that night was proof of his fame. First we had *pate de fois gras*, followed by delicious *Homard a la Russe* with *petits points* and *salade d'ondives*. To finish, there were *crepes suzettes* and champagne or cognac. Along with this superb feast, we had, of course, scintillating conversation. The topics discussed were many, and eventually we found ourselves on the subject of evolution.

The argument as to whether man had descended from monkey or not was predominate, and Madame Delbos, most vigorously assured us that the idea was absurd. I was listening intently to this talk, not feeling capable to enter into it, when suddenly I felt a thing wrapping itself around my leg. What was it? Desperately I tried to shake it off, but still it clung. I can't describe how I felt. It was hideous—hard, bony and clamped tight around my leg. The thought of it makes me shiver and grow cold inside. The tighter it coiled, the more terrified I became. My throat grew tight and dry. I was going to scream! I couldn't stand it! I thought I was going mad! I grabbed hold of it, pushed back my chair, looked under the table. My God!! It was a monkey's tail and it was coming from—Madame Delbos.

JUDY O'BRIEN, '50

O STARRY NIGHT

O starry night that spreads before my eyes,
 Unfolding all the wonders of the earth,
 Reflecting there past glories 'cross its skies,
 With twinkling stars disclosing a re-birth;
 O mystic dark that holds all wonderment
 For anyone who wilt but raise his head
 To look into its boundless blackened rent
 That's given new faith, even unto the dead;
 O God, don't ever take this joy from me
 Of gazing here undaunted and alone,
 Gaining new courage for the day to be,
 To go forth boldly with ne'er a groan;
 For I would die without this strengthening food—
 This one sweet moment of pure solitude.

ANNE RUSSELL, '49

A LITTLE BIT OF FANTASY

You could be a lovely lady,
 Wear diamonds and things,
 Cross a hundred oceans
 And see a hundred kings.
 You could have a host of lovers,
 And a golden bird that sings,
 If . . . you were a dreamer.

You could be a mighty captain,
 Sail the oceans tall,
 And know the lands so well,
 You'd not get lost at all.
 You'd be the hero should
 You run into a squall,
 If . . . you were a dreamer.

You could be an artist grand,
 And paint a masterpiece,
 Be beloved by all the people,
 (And not worry 'bout the lease).
 Show beauty as it truly is,
 Till life and love shall cease,
 If . . . you were a dreamer.

MARTHA DOW, '49

LINES OF LIFE

As with a surprisingly large group of adults, my first recollection of poetry is that of A. A. Milne. These poetic works, which are loved by young and old, bring back happy memories to me; consequently I read them often. The other day, as I was scanning through the book, I came upon an old favorite, "Lines and Squares," whose doctrine I practiced all through my childhood. Any fate would be better than that which would result from stepping on a line in a sidewalk! While I reread this poem I thought of the imaginary lines and squares which seem to govern our lives.

In these squares, that now become the complex situations of which our life is made up, the middle section represents a sanctuary from the ways of the world. As one moves forward toward the edge of the square, the way becomes more difficult as the situation grows more complicated. The line that separates one square from another is the seemingly insurmountable object that must be conquered before one can pass on to the next phase of life.

There are some people, of course, who get stuck in the first square, who avoid the line, and do nothing to better themselves or the world. No matter how many pushes they are given they always slip back into desolation and grief. Possibly it is not their fault; perhaps they lack stick-to-it-iveness or that essential wish to make something out of their lives. Whatever the reason, the outcome is that their life is one of misery and consequently they give nothing to the world by living in it.

How many people there are in the second group!—those who are content to spend their life in that middle vacuum, safe from the so-called evils of the world. Perhaps they are housewives, office workers, or well-to-do merchants. They do their work in a methodical, robotistic manner, never striving for advancement, never working for civic betterment, never looking beyond the sluggish bigotry of their own fellows. Surely, they do their work, but do they ever stop to think or use the ingenuity which is buried somewhere deep in a chasm of their brain. These are the people who "forget" to vote in a political election; it is they who are "too busy" to assist in starting a children's playground. And yet, I suppose that they are perfectly content struggling on, day after day, in this space utterly devoid of the urge for achievement. Who am I to criticize them!

There is also that third class which, I hopefully believe, is in the majority. This class is not content to sit and let others do its work; it is constantly working for enlightenment and striving for a goal. No matter how long, narrow, rocky the path to the next line is, these are the people who are going to cross that line, and the next, and the one after that, until they reach what they really want. This class has the strength to stand up to

" . . . the masses of bears,
 Who wait in the corners all ready to eat
 The people who tread on the lines in the street . . . " *
 These persistent and brave souls will call out defiantly,
 " . . . Bears, just watch me walking *through* all these squares. " *

Because of the individuals in this class improvements are made in all walks of life. These people may be very poor or extremely rich, but whatever they be they realize that they were put on this earth to accomplish some task, however small it is. With their goal in sight they will walk victorious along life's complicated pattern of lines and squares.

* *Lines and Squares* by A. A. Milne

PATRICIA KEEGAN, '49

CONJECTURES

O God, what tiny mortals we
 Who wander lost in wonders be.
 So mere that neither hand nor heart
 Can act alone or stand apart.
 The vastness of all space confounds
 And yet the miracle abounds
 Of wills that in each inner soul
 Remain forever on patrol.
 In our small brains we fashion for
 Society a rule, and more;
 A set of "principles" by which
 To live, the poor, the sick, the rich.
 Inadequate as these may seem
 We strive to keep our sheltered dream.
 Ideals float on and men devise
 New methods for large enterprise.
 But who can say, and rightly know,
 That such a thing is high or low?
 Whose rule is accurate enough
 To know the "real gold" in the rough?
 Who can be sure the gleaming rock
 Is naught but "fools' gold"? . . . just fools' talk.
 So on we plod our weary way
 Praying devoutly night and day
 For blessings—only who is sure
 Just what the ill and what the cure?

MARGARITA FILER, '50

A LOVELY GARDEN

There is a lovely garden
 Where beautiful roses grow,
 But I do not love that garden
 Though no one would ever know.
 I spend each hour where the roses grow
 In lonely solitude,
 Waiting for my lover fair
 Who will ne'er return at noon;
 But I promised him
 That I would wait
 For ever and a day—
 And I am here for eternity
 For my love has passed away.

DOROTHY HUSE, '49



SO TRUE

Silhouetted against a moonlit sky
 Drift two small sailboats.
 Their reflection glitters against the water's edge;
 Indistinct, yet beautiful.
 This is peace!

But suddenly out of the calmness
 A sound is heard,
 And a speeding motor boat
 Crushes the serenity.

The world is awake!
 Cars are tearing,
 Planes are flying,
 As another moonlit night passes
 Into a new and exciting day.

PENNY HASKELL, '52



THE SEASON OF JOY

Look, over there in the corner. What do you see? A chair? No, you're wrong. Why, it is a jungle, a cave, a boat, a mountain! Oh, what a fascinating place the world is! How full of mystery and wonder! When in a twinkling of an eye the bath-tub is a vast sea and I am a huge octopus, reaching out for the unsuspecting soap and wash-cloth. A rock touched with mica is a fabulous find. The sight of a butterfly is something to talk about for hours, and a new shiny penny—all the wealth in the world. What breathless wonder there is in being allowed to sit up a half an hour after bed-time!

Look out in the back-yard—trees, fence, flowers. Where is my Sherwood Forest? Where are the bears and the lions and tigers and elephants that used to talk with me? Why am I alone when I used to have so many playmates? Why am I discontented when once, at my bidding, the world changed into a million fantastic shapes and colors? Why I used to have the most fascinating friends, Robin Hood, Richard-the-Lion-Hearted, the Sheik of Pisha, Titania, Marco Polo, and a million others. They would appear at my command and assist me onto their chariot and what a wondrous ride we would have while they took me on their knee and told all the marvelous things they'd done, and I told them about my uncle who drives a train and about the ride I had in the car yesterday. Oh, they were so interested. Why can I not call them back?

Lately the sun hasn't seemed so bright, nor the night so dark. The rose hasn't smelled so sweet, nor the wind sounded so strange. Oh, why will you try to take away youth from children? Why will you try to pierce their beautiful world of fantasy by your bitter reality? Oh, let them have their youth! Youth is the most wonderful of all the seasons; it is a season of joy, uncompromising joy. The world is a new place with so many things to be seen and feared and loved and learned. Have you ever noticed how little it takes to make a child happy? Is that chair any less of a boat than the vessel we take pride in? Is that loyal imaginary companion any less real than the fickle friends of to-day? No, let youth have its dreams. Too soon there will be nothing on which to hang those dreams. All too soon the bright, clear eyes of youth will be dimmed with the dark tears of bitterness. Youth is elusive. It is gone before we have had time to enjoy it, but while it is here, revel in it. And you adults, learned in the heartaches of this world, shelter it. It is a precious thing.

SUZANNE GRANFIELD, '49



SPRING

Sun, warming o'er the earth,
Air, fresh and cool,
Wind, blowing, rushing past,
Spring.

Trees and grass, bright and green,
Dew, wet and glistening,
Flowers, sweet and fragrant,
Spring.

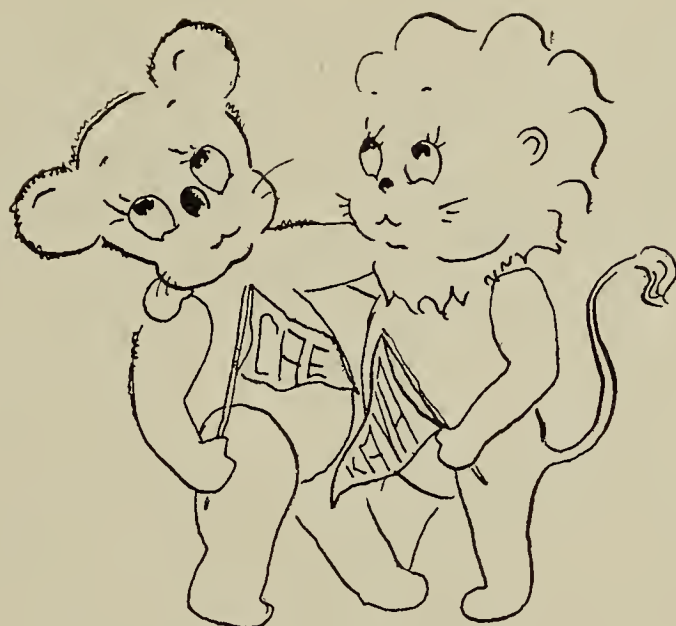
Water, wet and lapping,
Sky, blue and bright,
Wooly clouds floating,
Spring.

Rain, endlessly dripping,
Thunder, loud, and lightning,
Hail, hard and cold,
Spring.

Caterpillars, bugs, and beetles,
Little baby animals,
Birds, fluttering, chirping,
Spring.
God made it.

BEVERLY COOKE, '52





School Notes

ROGERS HALL CALENDAR

March

- 10th—House-Hall basketball game. Score, 20-12. No explanation necessary. We just got licked!
- 11th—Even a touch of the grippe didn't stop Mrs. MacGay from opening her doors to the Juniors for their annual dinner at her home.
- 14th—Senior-Undergrad basketball game. 22-10 in favor of the grand old Seniors.
- 15th—The dramatic group took over two varied and well-performed plays.
- 16th—No more days till vacation! Now we're off to the station! South Station is now our new home! Never said so many goodbyes, although no hearts were broken by them this time.

April

- 3rd—Welcome back, you College Board optimists. Good Luck on those exams!
- 6th—And the rest straggle in . . .
- 10th—The Piano Quartet comes to town, and beside that, they were good!
- 16th—Juniors and Seniors and a few choice Sophomores off on a bus to Exeter, where they were entertained by a group of choicer Seniors. Who broke that table? The beginning of a new "crew"!
- 17th—Easter Sunday. Rogers Hall takes to Boston . . . and how were the movies, girls? Hmmmmmm . . .
- 23rd—Over that-a-way to an Andover tea dance. Swell weather (for ducks) but an awfully nice dance. How was Wheaton's tea, Pat?

24th—The road to Andover finally gets a rest . . . or does it?

29th-31st—The weekend for weekends. Hope everyone had as good a time as the next. These weekends end up in the best ways sometimes.

May

6th—Holiday! Rogers Hall has ONE, too! The Phantom of the Opera visited that night, in technicolor, no less.

7th—Founder's Day. Pat Keegan's birthday. Quite a surprise party the House gave you, eh, Pat?

At lunch, Hankertank arrived, late and beaming, per usual. What a ball game! And Kava won the badminton game.

8th—Want to know the latest on that man of yours? Send one of his letters to Miss Drew and find out all hidden secrets. Handwriting is her hobby, and she certainly read ours. Very interesting, to say the least.

13th—Friday the 13th: Andover prom. Always we will hold in our memories—Ruby Newman and his ten-piece orchestra.

14th—Seems to be the weekend for proms. Exeter this time, and the "crew" is back. How was the river? Some of us ride in trains, and then there are always taxis. Sue, you started something with your new-found interest in trees.

16th—Senior pictures came. Oh, well, there are always re-retakes!

20th—Not again! Oh, yes, that road to Andover. This time for culture, "Macbeth." There's always a way, and we'll find it.

21st—Don't ruin the party, kiddoes, for this is *the* Rogers Hall Prom.

And it's a Prom to put Granddaddy in rare form. Or vice-versa.

22nd—How did you like the gardens at Andover, Sandy, Pat and Anne?

At 12:00 we said good-bye to the boys. Good-bye.

25th—The Swimming Meet descended upon us, finally. After a long struggle Cae came out the better water sprites. 144-138. Close.

27th—The last day of classes! Whoopee! But now exams. Out of the pan and into the fire.

28th—Jim finally came through with a letter, eh Anne? He may be a headache but never a bore. Lucky seniors. They had a wonderful party at Toots Abbott's house. Did you see the horses that you wanted to see, Toots and Judy?

29th—The American Male Chorus surprised the whole congregation at St. Anne's Church.

30th—The first of four rugged days. We should all be sages if true wisdom is realizing how much you don't know.

31st—Pictures for Splinters were taken this morning. "Look at the birdie and smile, girls." How could we help but look at that birdie and smile?



CAE CLUB



KAVA CLUB



STUDENT COUNCIL



SPLINTERS STAFF

June

2nd—Combined Cae-Kava cook-out. Judy O'B. livened things up considerably. She really goes to town when she gets the "call."

3rd—Traditional Senior-Undergrad Spelling Bee. We don't quite know the outcome. Maybe this issue of Splinters will carry the results.

4th—By the sea, by the sea—Every one got fierce burns . . . especially Toots, who got burned twice. We really missed the poor ones taking S.A.T's. And Martie, Anne, and M.C. were left behind, almost.

And so good bye to '49, a wonderful, wonderful year, and to all the girls of Rogers Hall that are leaving us we wish all the best luck in every encounter. Don't forget Rogers Hall. It won't forget you.

M. K.

E. F.

ANDOVER PROM

What ho! Another jaunt over Andover way for twenty-seven lucky girls on the 18th of February with Winter Prom in view. And what a Winter Prom it was! As soon as each girl had settled in the various buildings vacated for their convenience, tea was served by the Kempers in the Commons. This and the dinner, however, are quite vague in the minds of all, being overshadowed by the evening of dancing in the gym, which incidentally looked "terrific." But five hours of foot work is quite an ordeal and it was a relief to wander back to the dorms once more, and finally to settle down to sleep.

Those bells (Andover, has them, too) woke each girl bright and early the next morning, and soon it was time to board our faithful bus, which started for Rogers Hall before some of us realized it! With this dance will be connected such things as yellow lights and cold evenings, stories about the stars—eh, Toots?—English accents, red balloons, red angels and ice cream men.

E. F.

EXETER DANCE

At three-thirty on February 26, 1949, the boys from Exeter arrived for the annual concert-dance. After a brief rehearsal the concert began and was considered a tremendous success by all, the "Echo Song" by the Exeter Glee Club and the joint choruses from "La Belle Helene" being the highlights of the afternoon.

After the leisurely and, as usual, delicious dinner we entered the "heavenly" decorated gym and danced away the remaining hours to the music of the Royal Exonians. With the last strains of "Goodnight, Sweetheart" the boys left to return to Exeter, leaving us with nought but dreams of a full mail box on Monday.

B. F.

1949 BASKETBALL GAME

When the players came on the floor for the annual Cae-Kava Basketball game, they were greeted by hearty cheers from the spectators and the cheerleaders, the latter clad in red and white, blue and gold. The delay caused by the late arrival of the referees seemed to have lightened the tension a bit.

Soon after the whistle blew to start the first quarter, everyone saw that the game was to be close, fast and well-played. Kava had its tricky line-zone guarding and Cae's fast teamwork was superb. At the half the score was close but Cae was slightly ahead.

During the half the teams retired to separate rooms to listen to words of advice from their captain or manager. The cheerleaders meanwhile did an excellent job of leading their respective groups in rousing cheers.

The second half of the game went so quickly that one hardly realized it had begun. The final whistle, cheers, then silence and the referee's words, "The score is Cae 26 and Kava 11."

THE TEAMS

CAE	KAVA
Abbott	Cashman, Mgr.
Filer, E.	Eager
Jones	Halsted, Capt.
O'Brien, Mgr.	Hansen
Veghte	Heyer
Wild, Capt.	Russell
<i>Subs</i>	<i>Subs</i>
Keegan	Downes
Kirby, A.	Patrick
Mitchell	Sprague

P. K.

ONE-ACT PLAYS

On the evening of March 15, the Dramatics Club, under the direction of Miss Kathleen Beever, presented two delightful one-act plays, *The Birthday Of The Infanta* and *Catherine Parr*.

The first, *Catherine Parr*, was a very humorous skit describing King Henry VIII and his wife arguing over the breakfast table about the color of Alexander the Great's horse.

The second play, *The Birthday Of The Infanta*, more in the serious vein, pointed out the cruelty and intolerance of the Spanish nobility and described the misery of a deformed dwarf who thought that everything in life was beautiful until he saw his own image in the mirror.

The earnestness of the girls' performance gained the wholehearted admiration of the appreciative audience and as the curtains fell, we knew that this was another of those never-to-be-forgotten evenings at Rogers Hall.



CAE HOCKEY TEAM



KAVA HOCKEY TEAM



CAE BASEBALL TEAM



KAVA BASEBALL TEAM

THE CASTS

THE BIRTHDAY OF THE INFANTA

<i>The Infanta</i>	Dorothy Winship
<i>Chamberlain</i>	Martha Dow
	(And Miss Beever!)
<i>Don Pedro</i>	Deborah Smith
<i>The Duchess</i>	Yvonne Kenyon
<i>Carlos</i>	Marilyn Cashman
<i>The Dwarf</i>	Suzanne Granfield
<i>Two Pages</i>	Jean Holt and Marcia Clifton

CATHERINE PARR

<i>King Henry VIII</i>	Pauline Jones
<i>Catherine Parr</i>	Margarita Filer
<i>Page</i>	Dorothy Huse
	J. M.

EXETER DANCE AT EXETER

For one of the first times in Rogers Hall's 57 years a group of girls was invited up to Exeter for a dance. Great excitement followed the invitation extended by the Exeter Seniors to the Seniors and Juniors of R.H. At last the night of April 15 arrived and the girls were on their way.

At the Exeter Inn they were met by their evening escorts. Then there was a short walk to the "Big Room" where the dance was to be held. The music of the Royal Exonians, the soft lights, and even the extraordinary animal heads around the walls made the evening a memorable one.

The hour of parting came all too soon but as the bus made its way back to Lowell, there were many pleasant memories of Exeter dancing around in the minds of the Rogers Hall girls.

P. K.

FOUNDER'S DAY

The 7th of May is always a gala day at Rogers Hall and this year was no exception. A bright and sunny day greeted the Alumnae, whose spirits seemed to match the weather.

In the morning Cae and Kava played off their badminton games. Marilyn Cashman and Sue Halsted beat Ann Veghte and Pauline Jones by a score of 15-6, 3-15 and 15-11. Congratulations, Kava!

A lobster-chicken salad luncheon was followed by the singing of Cae's and Kava's songs. After this a short Alumnae meeting was held. Then some of the more brave Alumnae played the school in baseball. A few spectacular decisions, and the Alumnae won the game.

P. K.

BETWEEN THE 16TH AND 22ND OR SENIOR PROM

On Monday night the telephone rang
 And fifty girls awaited
 In anxious silence to find out
 Which one of them was dated.
 Tuesday came with boxes full
 Of letters saying "yes"—
 Not only him but a friend for you,
 6'4". We'll have fun, I guess!
 Now, Wednesday, girls that had not heard
 Began to rue the day
 That ever made them ask a boy
 Who an answer would not say.
 But 'twas on Thursday the real blow fell—
 To most it seemed quite funny.
 "Today's the deadline," we were told,
 They want to take your money.
 The day before dawned cold and rainy,
 The optimists were in their glory—
 Certainly rain is better today
 Than tomorrow was the oft told story.
 Through the never-to-be-forgotten day
 And strange as it may seem,
 There was one for all and two for none—
 Perfection! Just like a dream.
 It was hard to believe on Sunday morning
 That it was all really true,
 But soon they arrived once again
 And in a few short hours the Prom was through.
 This was the way we spent a week—
 And as for the one that came after,
 Each day alike was only filled
 With reminiscent thought and laughter. B. F.

SWIMMING MEET

The afternoon of May 26th was one big splash as far as Rogers Hall was concerned. It was the Cae-Kava swimming meet. The many events consisted of various races, judging of strokes for form, two relays, some comic events, and lastly, water ballets given by both clubs. Both the last events were executed with form and precision but Kava's ballet won the prize.



CAE BASKETBALL TEAM



KAVA BASKETBALL TEAM



CAE SWIMMING TEAM



KAVA SWIMMING TEAM



CAE BADMINTON TEAM



KAVA BADMINTON TEAM



CAE PING PONG TEAM



KAVA PING PONG TEAM

At dinner the results of the meet were announced and applause sounded loud for the winner, which was Cae by the score of 141 points to 135 points.

P. K.

SWIMMING TEAMS

CAE
Abbott
Clifton
Davidoff
Earle
Filer, E.
Fletcher
Jones
Kirby, J.
Langevin
Mooberry
Melanson
Ranger
Veghte
Wild, Mgr.

KAVA
Cashman
Duane
Eager
Fairbanks
Glasgow
Halsted
Patrick
Russell, Mgr.
Sprague
Sylvestre
Winship

BASEBALL GAME

Rogers Hall turued out in force to watch Cae and Kava play baseball and to give hearty cheers for their favorite team. All thoughts for exams were forgotten as Kava stepped up to the plate. Cae held them scoreless in the first inning behind the pitching of Polly Jones but soon Kava was back again to threaten Cae's lead. Penny Haskell pitched an excellent game for her club.

Cae's home run hitting and general playing gave them the final score of 11 to 3. Three cheers for both our teams of sluggers!

P. K.

BASEBALL TEAMS

CAE
Abbott, Capt.
Dow
Earle
Filer, E.
Jones, Mgr.
O'Brien
Ranger
Veghte
Wild
Subs Mitchell
Mooberry
Reilly

KAVA
Cashman
Eager
Glasgow, Mgr.
Halsted
Hansen
Heelas
Heyer, Capt.
Russell
Sylvestre
Subs Haskell
Patrick
Rogers
Sprague

BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY

The students of Rogers Hall, their parents and members of the faculty gathered at St. Anne's Church on the morning of June 5th for the annual Baccalaureate service. Mrs. MacGay, Miss Ramsay and the Senior class officers led the student body into the church where they listened attentively to Reverend Blackburn's sermon on the value of judgment and being at peace with God. It was indeed an inspiring note upon which to end our school year.

D. S.

CLASS DAY

About one o'clock on June 6th we tore ourselves away from last minute packing to greet the parents and friends who were arriving to attend the Senior Luncheon. True to form Mrs. Tremble had a delicious meal for us, during which we sang to each senior who then read the verse written by the expert luncheon committee and showed the gift chosen for her.

After luncheon the Class Day Exercises began with the awarding of athletic honors, individual prizes and R. H.'s as well as the announcement of Elizabeth Filer and Sandra Eager as next year's presidents of Cae and Kava. Then followed the reading of the Class Prophecy, the captions and Class Will to the accompaniment of the usual laughter at this part of the program. With the singing of the Undergraduate and Senior Songs Class Day 1949 came to an end.

B. F.

AWARDS

CAE CLUB

Hockey
Basketball
Swimming
Softball
Tennis

KAVA CLUB

Badminton
Ping-Pong

TENNIS CUP—Pauline Jones

POSTURE CUP—Suzanne Granfield

BADMINTON AWARD——Pauline Jones—Cae

PING-PONG AWARD—Sue Halsted—Kava

LIFE SAVING CERTIFICATES

Senior: Deborah Smith, Virginia Sprague, Anne Wild

Junior: Dorothy Winship

AWARDS FOR NEATEST ROOMS

Joanne Earle

Anne Kirby

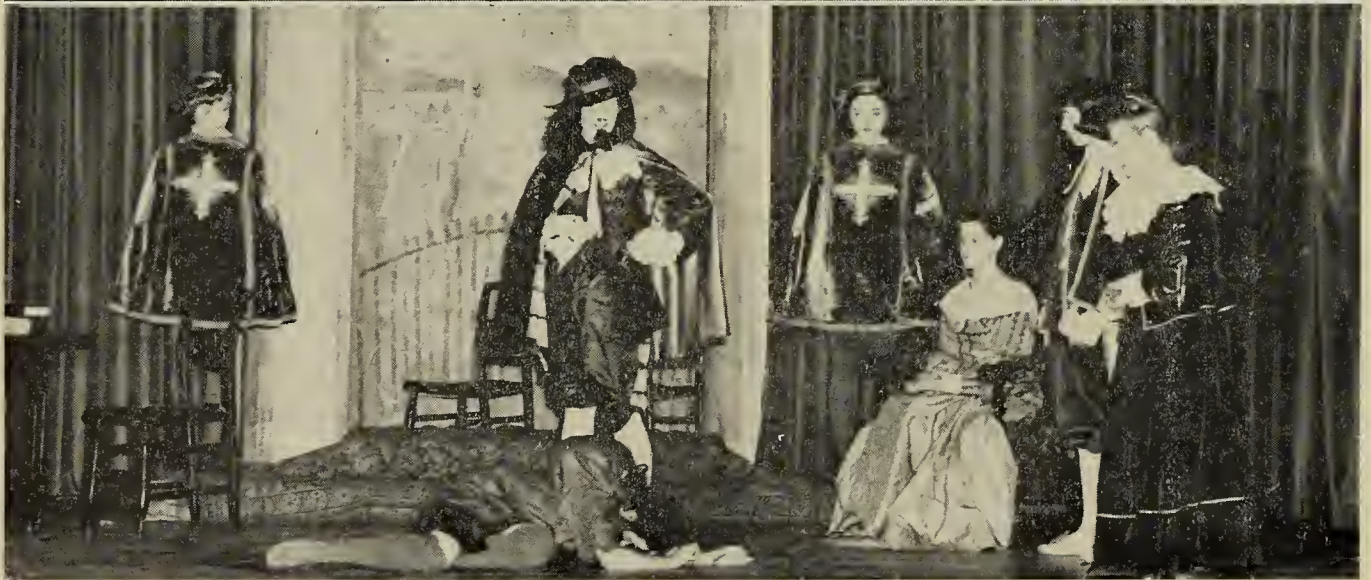
Pat Keegan



JUNIOR CLASS



FRESHMEN — SOPHOMORE CLASSES



DRAMATIC PRESENTATIONS

R. H.'s

CAE

Sue Abbott
 Joanne Earle
 Elizabeth Filer
 Beverly Fletcher
 Pauline Jones
 Cynthia Mooberry
 Judy O'Brien
 Ann Veghte
 Anne Wild

KAVA

Marilyn Cashman
 Sandra Eager
 Muriel Glasgow
 Sue Halsted
 Sue Heyer
 Lynne Patrick
 Anne Russell
 Virginia Sprague
 Carolyn Sylvestre

H. M. S. PINAFORE

Under the able direction of Miss Dorothy LeButt and Miss Kathleen Beever the Glee Club presented Gilbert and Sullivan's *Pinafore* on Monday evening, June 6th. The audience proved very responsive to this delightful performance. Judy O'Brien as Dick Deadeye kept them in gales of laughter and the remarkable portrayal of the dashing Sir Joseph Porter by Sue Granfield drew many favorable comments from the appreciative audience. Dorothy Huse made a lovely Josephine and sang her part with skill and ease.

J. M.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

The Rt. Hon. Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B.SUZANNE GRANFIELD
Captain CorcoranMARTHA DOW
Ralph RackstrawMURIEL GLASGOW
Dick DeadeyeJULIA O'BRIEN
Boatswain's MateANNE RUSSELL
Carpenter's MateJOAN MELANSON
JosephineDOROTHY HUSE
Cousin HebeMARILYN CASHMAN
Little ButtercupANITA ELLIOT

Sisters, Cousins and Aunts

JEANNE BUTMAN
 MARCIA CLIFTON
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YVONNE KENYON
 ELIZABETH LANGEVIN
 LYNNE PATRICK
 SUZANNE ROBERTSON
 MARTHA STAHL

Sailors

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 JANE BUCK
 EVELYN DAVIDOFF
 SANDRA EAGER

PATRICIA KEEGAN
 MARTHA MITCHELL
 CYNTHIA MOOBERRY
 ELRENE OSTERMAN

SUSAN HALSTED
KAREN HANSEN
PAULINE JONES

JANE PARTELO
DEBORAH SMITH
VIRGINIA SPRAGUE

Scenery

Backdrop designed by Lynn Hamby, Pauline Jones, and Anne Russell of the Art Department under the direction of Mrs. Eugenia Hanson

GRADUATION

On Tuesday morning, June 7, to the strains of "Pomp and Circumstance," the procession formed outside the Gymnasium—the under classmen, the Faculty, and THE SENIORS. Moving picture cameras were focused on the line from all angles, and Mrs. Tremble busily recorded the occasion for Rogers Hall files and future study hall parties. Representative Edith Nourse Rogers, president of the board of trustees and an alumna of the school, Rev. John C. Schroeder, D.D., master of Calhoun College, Yale University, Mr. Philip S. Marden of the board of trustees, and Mrs. MacGay were preceded to the stage by Mrs. MacGay's marshall, Margarita Filer. Mrs. MacGay introduced Representative Rogers, who made a brief talk on the value of courage, and awarded the diplomas. Dr. Schroeder, who was introduced by Mr. Marden, made an excellent Commencement address. He spoke of the importance of knowing how to ask the right questions. He said, "Know how to ask significant questions—questions regarding what is going on in the world and what life really means."

Julia O'Brien, president of the senior class, presented the gift of the Class to Mrs. MacGay, a check to be used toward the purchase of a television set. Mrs. MacGay accepted the gift for the school in a humorous vein, but expressing sincere appreciation.

Mrs. MacGay made her "farewell talk" to the Class of 1949, urging them to lose sight of the importance of "living their own lives" in the effort to be a force for good in the lives of their fellows. The speech was followed by the awarding of prizes and academic honors for the year.

Delicious refreshments were served in the dining room after the exercises. The long buffet table held a silver bowl of pink roses. Goodbyes were said to an accompaniment of tears and smiles. Another class had joined the ranks of alumnae.

AWARDS AND HONORS

The Underhill Honor—College Preparatory

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Honor Roll—Average 85% or above

JANE BUCK
MARILYN CASHMAN
SANDRA EAGER

ANITA ELLIOT
ELIZABETH FILER
BEVERLY FLETCHER

SUZANNE GRANFIELD
 CORNELIA HOWELL
 PATRICIA KEEGAN
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ELRENE OSTERMAN
 ANNE RUSSELL
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 MARTHA STAHL

DOROTHY WINSHIP

Helen Hill Award—ANNE RUSSELL

Athletic Cup—PAULINE JONES

Honorable Mention—ANNE VEGHTE

Art Prize—LYNN HAMBY

Dramatics—SUZANNE GRANFIELD

Music Appreciation—SUSAN ABBOTT

Honorable Mention

ANITA ELLIOT
 ELIZABETH FILER
 SUZANNE GRANFIELD
 MERCY HASKELL

CORNELIA HOWELL
 MARTHA MITCHELL
 MARTHA STAHL
 ANNE WILD

Current Events

DEBORAH SMITH

JANE BUCK

Honorable Mention

MARILYN CASHMAN
 ANNE RUSSELL

JOAN MACDONALD
 DOROTHY WINSHIP

Splinters

Poem—MARTHA DOW

Essay—SUZANNE GRANFIELD

Short Story—MARGARITA FILER



KEY TO BABY PICTURES

Left row, top to bottom

Judy O'Brien
 Anne Russell
 Franny Rogers

Center row, top to bottom

Martha Dow
 Sue Granfield
 Evelyn Davidoff
 Sue Halsted
 Betty Langevin
 Anne Veghte

Right row, top to bottom

Patricia Keegan
 Sue Abbott
 Pauline Jones



Alumnae News

Welcome, Class of 1949, to membership in the Rogers Hall Alumnae! Fifty-seven years have passed since the first group of Rogers Hall girls graduated and became alumnae . . . fifty-seven of the most interesting, stimulating and hectic years in all history. Steadily, in spite of wars, depressions and strains, Rogers Hall has carried on. We are proud of her stability and of her progress, and we hope you will share our pride and our feeling of responsibility to meet in our individual lives the standards of life at Rogers Hall.

Engagements

Patricia Talbot to Mr. Rogers S. Wallace of Walpole, New Hampshire.

Margery Guimaraes to Mr. Robert Newton Cleverdon of Newton Center, Mass.

Martha Rea to Mr. Howard Weaner of West Chester, Pennsylvania.

Marriages

December 21, 1948, Marilyn Howell to Mr. John Morgan, Jr. At home at 10 Francis Circuit, Winchester, Mass.

March 25, 1949, Anne Rush to Mr. William Maburn Thompson at Lubbock, Texas.

April 23, 1949, Joy Leanora Scott to Mr. Roland Reppert Walter at St. John's Church, Larchmont, New York.

June 18, 1949, Marcia Beebe Thomas to Mr. Arthur Henry Walker at All Souls Church, Lowell, Mass.

Births

A son, Charles Kenneth, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kenneth Simon (Joan Davidson) at Rye, New York, on February 3, 1949.

A daughter, Susan Brooke Law, to Mr. and Mrs. Howard Goodrich Law, Jr., (Sally Brooke Parchert) of Concord, New Hampshire, on April 6, 1949.

A son, Raymond Stark, to Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Stark Hansen (Anne Haughton) at Columbus, Ohio, on April 27, 1949.

A daughter, Tacie Elder, to Mr. and Mrs. David DeVol Heath (Elizabeth Chapin) of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on May 1, 1949.

A daughter, Lucinda, to Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Greenhalge (Priscilla Robertson) of Cambridge, Mass., on February 22, 1949.

A son, Robert Marden, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilson (Barbara Marden) of Lowell, on March 11, 1949.

A daughter, Susan, to Mr. and Mrs. Earl Burgess MacCuish (Marianne Robertson) on March 12, 1949.

Items of Interest

Charlotte McDowell Burlington, '39, who has been living in Syracuse, New York, writes that she is going to make her home in Detroit, Michigan. Her husband will be at the Henry Ford Hospital, Detroit.

Harriet Cushman, '24, is hostess at Old Sturbridge Village.

Genevieve Saxe Lamb of Perrysburg, Ohio, who attended Rogers Hall in 1922-23, dropped in for a visit this month, accompanied by her husband and her daughter, Betsy. Her reaction to the school after being away for many years was, "It looks better than ever."

Elizabeth Bennett, Class of 1896, has resigned her position in the Women's City Club of Boston and is living at Arbutus Farm, R.F.D. 2, Concord, New Hampshire.

Grace Reilly, '45, received her degree at the College of Saint Elizabeth, Convent Station, New Jersey, this month. Elizabeth Reilly, also of '45, received her bachelor of arts degree at Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart in New York. She was a member of the editorial board of the year book, the editorial board of the "Essay," a literary publication, the editorial board of the school paper and vice-president of the English Club.

Ellen Daniloff, '47, daughter of Ellen Burke Daniloff, was graduated from Bradford this June with top honors.

Having failed to include Anne Russell in our list of "Daughters of Alumnae" in the midwinter issue of Splinters, we now proudly announce that Anne, winner of the Helen Hill Award for 1949, is the daughter of Olive Johnson Russell who attended Rogers Hall in 1922. In the group of parents who were here to see

their daughters graduate were Olive Johnson Russell of Weston, Mass., Ethel Stark Jones of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and Katherine Smith O'Brien of St. Paul, Minnesota.

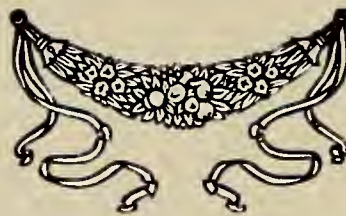
Marjorie Coulthurst Smith, '19, alumnae trustee of Rogers Hall, has registered her daughter, Janice, for September, 1949.

Graduating from the following schools and colleges this June are: Virginia Hamel from Vassar; Claire Hamel from Rosemont; Julia Tayntor from Hollins; Elizabeth Reilly from Manhattanville; Barbara Woodall from Hood; Ellen Daniloff from Bradford; Grace Reilly from St. Elizabeth's; Ruth Ketchum from Cazenovia; Marian Wilbur from Bennett; Melissa McIntire from Mt. Vernon.

On Thursday afternoon, June 16th, the Lowell Alumnae of Rogers Hall entertained with a bridge party at the school for the benefit of the Alumnae Fund. Tables were sold to graduates and friends of the school, and in spite of the very warm weather, about one hundred guests were present. Nancy Robertson Wight and Jane Robertson arranged the flowers; Barbara Marden Wilson was official punchmaker; Nancy Parker Clark and Betty Pratt DeMallie were busy with serving punch and cookies. Attractive prizes were given for the high and the lowest scores. About \$125.00 was realized from the party. This party is the first of a series of entertainments to be sponsored by the Lowell alumnae, plans for which were made at an afternoon meeting of the Activities Committee at the home of Mrs. MacGay.

Millicent Cotter, '43, is enthusiastic about her work with the Prince-Cotter Company, part of which is purchasing beautiful art wares. She makes frequent trips to New York and has a bit of good time mixed with business.

Mary Lynch, '45, has been elected president of the Class of 1950 at Bouvé.



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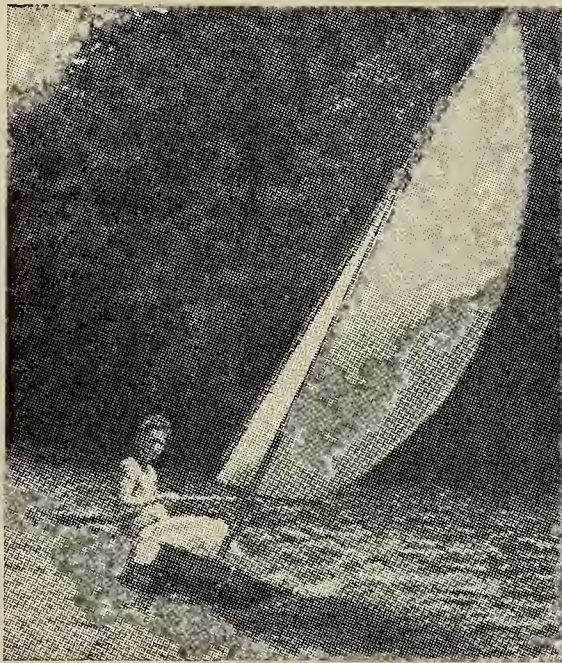
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Splinters

Rogers Hall School
Lowell, Massachusetts

Splinters

Mid-Winter Number

1950

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ART

By Janet Thibault, Betsy Lamb, Lynn Hamby, Susan Heyer, Jeanne Butman, Dorothy Fairbanks

ALUMNAE



This year marks the center of a century of revolutionary advancement (a fact of which we are becoming more aware through every magazine published). It also marks a period of a new energizing spirit pervading Rogers Hall.

For the first time, following the C. A. E. versus K. A. V. A. hockey game, the clubs joined together in one song rather than the usual competitive two, an act which ended the "big day" on a harmonious note.

A second change, a school newspaper, *The Bear and The Lion*, was begun by Elizabeth Filer, news editor, and Lynn Hamby, art editor. This paper covers all important events in a light hearted way, yet carries petitions with effect. Such a petition brought about the early election of the Senior Class officers—Congratulations, Harriett Callaway and Marilyn Cashman; we are proud to have you represent us.

In order to keep Splinters in the present Rogers Hall mood, we have changed the format of our two issues. This winter issue has become our "fine arts" production, including a literary and an art section. The Commencement issue will contain the complete year's calendar, the prize winning essay, poetry, and short story, reports on Rogers Hall life of '49-'50, and the seniors' news.

Literary



TIME STILLED

Tonight
The trees lean to keep watch;
Winds sigh low a caress
And earth throbs her love.

So still,
The silvered night quivers
In the presence of angel wings,
Hushed in the heavens.

Floating
On spun clouds of melody
Not far above, the song of beatitude
Echoes in muted brilliance,

For, on earth,
Nestled in love's breath,
Sheltered by starlight woven in rapture,
The Infant Saviour sleeps.

MARILYN CASHMAN, '50

WINTER

Vanishing hues of the rainbows,
Leaning on the barren breast of earth;
 Fiery red, virgin-white,
 Glowing lights of yellow,
 Slowly turning to a sombre bronze—
All of God's creations fade into
Breathless depths of sleep and
—Winter.

LYNNE PATRICK, '50

ONE MAN'S LOGIC

A cold wind whipped over the naked earth and raked through the meagre scatterings of brown-rooted grass. The solid ground echoed the solitary clinking of a battered tin can knocking against the straining cliffs. Night encased the blob of lake which grumbled menacingly in its rock-bound domain. And alone, to survey this scene, sat a man, crouched against the elements.

He had watched the sun settle in its glowing warmth behind the water, stretching out its arms across the shining surface in incandescent bars. Then the sky had deepened to a royal arch, opening limitlessly to taintless specks of light supporting the splendor of the gleaming slice of moon.

But as suddenly as space had been cluttered by its lightning bugs, it had been cleared—swept clean into a yawning void of blackness.

And now he watched and thought—Are these pleasures of earth as short-lived—artificial gaiety and synthetic worldliness—. Yet as he watched he answered himself—They are the stars, uncertain, ephemeral, unaccountable—or even the moon, waxing and waning—but they are not the sun, the comforting reds, ambers, and pinks of dawn and dusk, sure to appear after the blackness of night and tragedy. So it is on the sun that a criterion should be based.

One world is painted on taut cellophane, bubbling and colorful. Yet when water is poured across the surface the artificiality is blurred and at last washed away—leaving the true, untouchable world behind the cellophane.

So the dawn would come and turn the cold earth into a budding world of gladness, and the sun would rise in its deserved regal glory, parting the cellophane, leaving access to the three dimensional world.

The man rose.

MARGARITA FILER, '50

DEMISE

Lone and desolate stands the oak,
 Its branches barren and cold.
 Its massive trunk has withered away;
 Dead leaves scuttle beneath.
 Spanish moss has hung and fallen,
 Its sap run dry.
 The sun no longer warms it,
 Nor does the rain refresh it.
 The wind has left but an echo,
 And where fog had trailed,
 And mist crept 'round,
 A once mighty fortress stands
 Dead.

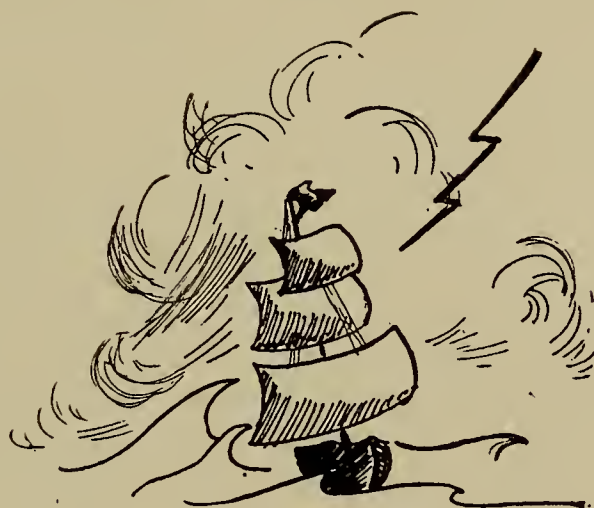
BEVERLY COOKE, '52

SPLINTERS

A VOYAGE

The world was quiet, calm and serene
While the moon spread forth a quiescent beam.
Upon the sea the roar had ceased
And all was swathed in a tranquil peace.
The waves lay solemn and garbed in white
As an unruffled hush prevailed in the night.
Then on the luminous horizon appeared
A single ship alone and without fear,
Sailing unmolested across the blue,
A ship in its glory with captain and crew.
A beautiful night on this widespread lane,
Then suddenly as a demon it came,
A dark shadow like a monster of death,
With biting fangs and fiery breath,
Spreading its vengeance with noxious pace
At the little ship and the open space.
Soon the great storm took hold with wrath
And the little ship was put off its path.
The waves flared up with an echoing skirl
And the water turned in a terrible whirl.
The sky was filled with raging pain
And opened its heart and poured down rain.
The thunder struck with a threatening crash
And the sea against the little ship lashed.
Valiantly she fought and vainly tried
To stay abreast in the wind and the tide.
But the demon was hungry and looking for prey
And here he had found it in this ship astray.
Straight to the shore the ship was drawn
Through the tempest and turmoil and wrath of the storm.
There she could see by the glow of her light
The reefs and the rocks so evil in plight.
Onward she was pushed unable to turn,
As the waves slashed the reefs and the rocks in a churn.
Then as the wind and the hail raged more,
A strange new hope into them tore
As they saw in the heavens high
A light breaking through in the sky.
The waves then ceased and peace prevailed—
And the ship was saved and homeward it sailed.

CORNELIA HOWELL, '50



GHOST SHIP

She was a phantom of the sea,
 Danger lurked where 'ere lurked she;
 Her ghost-like shape, her rugged crew,
 She ruled the waters, her friends were few.

Her captain was a man of steel,
 Many lay whipped beneath the keel;
 Her mast was split, her sails were torn,
 Her blast of guns left many to mourn.

Then one eve she met her fate,
 When through the mist and fog so great,
 Loomed a warship; and in the night
 Waged a cruel and bloody fight.

And as the ship sank into the sea,
 Many men's hearts and lives were free.
 Free of hardships, free of toils,
 Free of this ghost ship's snakelike coils.

ANNE KIRBY, '51

FREE WILL

It was dark and I was warm. By and by it was light and I was cold. Would I be warm again? I glanced around and decided to start my long winding journey to something or to nothing. After a short distance, I encountered a fellow traveler on the first hill. We chatted. We departed. Happy, I continued on my way. At the bottom of the hill I met a man. We greeted. I made jest at him and he hit me. I set out again. Near the top of another ridge, I saw a wise old man. I boasted. So he boasted. I admired him. We said goodbye. Further on down the road I came across another man. I lied. He lied. We knew the other had done so, but said nothing. We passed on. I arrived at a crossroad. And there was a handsome young man. We gawked at each other. I was jealous. I traveled on. He took the other way. I encountered another traveler at another knoll. We agreed on all. I loved him. I thought the traveler loved me. Once on my way, I met a blind man. We talked. I regretted. I wept for him. I met a man further down the winding way. He was carrying a heavy load on his shoulders. I offered to help. He refused, because I was so weak. I was ashamed. I left and came to many forks in the road. I took the one which I thought would bring me happiness.

Down a way, I met another man sitting on a stone wall. He was munching on a fresh loaf of bread. I was hungry. I asked him for food. He said no. I remained there, I was hungry and therefore I hated him. Furious, I continued and around a turn, I saw another man, yet his face was the same as the last man. I hated him alike. He hated me. We departed. Afraid, I kept travelling.

I thought I was near my destination. Then again I met him. I wondered if I had not taken the wrong road. I was frightened and I hated him.

Again and once more I encountered this man whom I so hated and who hated me. I was cornered by this man, this hateful man, or was it I who was hateful? We fought.

As we did fight, the ground beneath shook violently. A wide space opened below us. Together into the darkness we plunged. We fell deep, but it seemed that there was no bottom. I hit the bottom, suddenly. There was no pain, only a dull compression and a defeating quietness. I lay still. I wondered whether, if I had not hated, would I find myself here in nothing? I wished to be in something. It was far too late. I lay there still. I wondered still. And I was still cold.

SANDRA EAGER, '50



THE SUMMER'S DESIRE

The blue waves pounded endlessly on a stretch
of sun bleached sand—
A mass of black clouds rose mysteriously, as if horses
of a wild, wanted band—
The coming of a storm.

Minutes later a reckless wind swept across the countryside
leaving destruction in its path—
Then came a silent rain giving summer flowers,
covered with dust, their needed bath—
The storm is here.

Now, days later, all signs of rain are gone—
Flowers once more bend their heads in prayer for rain,
recapturing beauty and painting a colorful picture
not possible except for—
The storm.

JEAN MCILWRAITH, '52



SILENT WATER!

Silent water,
Luffing sail,
Blue sky,
(The bilge to bail!)

The showering spray,
A cooling hail,
Such gleaming decks,
(Hand me the pail!)

The setting sun,
Soothingly pale,
The chilling breeze,
(The bilge to bail!)

Vibration small,
(What's this wet "junk"?)
The mast so tall . . .
GREAT SCOTT, WE'VE SUNK!

BETSY LAMB, '51

THE UNVEILING

The aftermath of a long and lazy summer is slow upon descending, but the atmosphere warns the conscious observer of its coming, and finally appear the limbs of the gigantic trees stripped of their summer luster, seeming as arms of orphan children, naked and unheeded. This is fall. This is the season when minds are stirred with onrushing emotions from every side. The earth is trembling with the thoughts of its inevitable transfiguration. Full colors of amber, scarlet and emerald-green brand the verdant countryside with their knowing touch. Perhaps it is time for us to shed our summer shells, to leave the spurious lives we have entertained as doddling marionettes, unaware of life's shames and inescapable events, or perhaps our own. God's world is unveiling, shall we too be able to prove ourselves capable of continuing? For next follows winter.

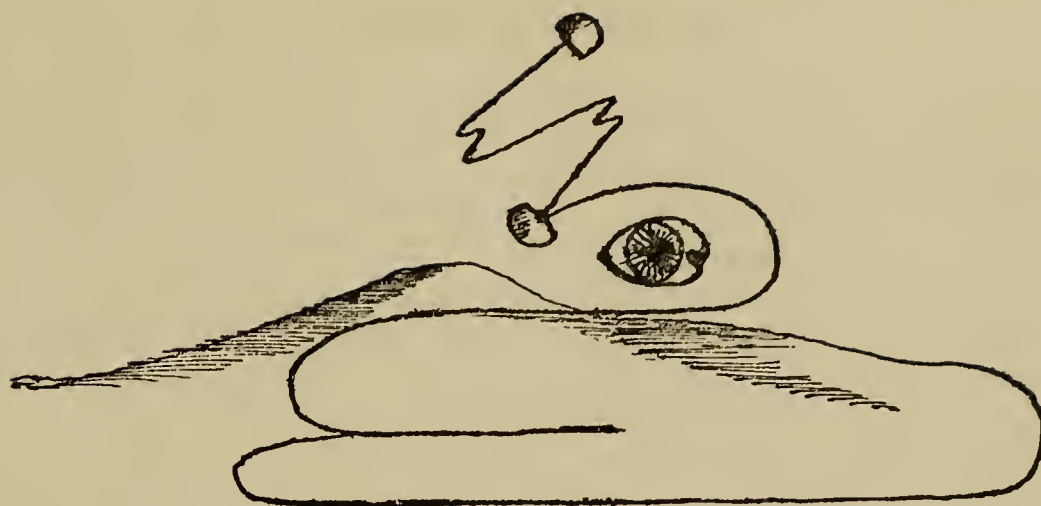
ELIZABETH FILER, '50



NOW THAT FALL IS HERE

From this water, pouring silver, holding its islands
 in Nature's own puzzle—
 From quivering stones beneath, that the sun reveals today,
 and the moon tonight—
 From this path where I walk in a field, alive with locusts
 singing lazy songs to the blazing sun—
 From this ship that cuts the water sharp, and sails
 like a young sea gull—
 From these delights I'll turn
 When Fall is here.
 And to these leaves mercilessly rusted now,
 robbed of their quiet green—
 To this heavy wind, sweeping the rooftop,
 leaving the sun little chance—
 To these trees, standing, patient partners
 waiting Spring's far-off return—
 To a road that hides my idols—my field, my lake, my ship—
 And stretches miles and months along its course,
 To these dreads I hate to turn
 Now that Fall is here.

KAREN HANSEN, '50



THE HOUR OF GLORY

A summer life is past. 'Tis the eve of glory, of honor, of beauty. A lifetime of struggles, budding and now blossoming into a climax. Deck ye in your cold, glistening armor; array yourself in colors of battle, for the eyes of all are upon you. Line up with your comrades, row on row. Still cling to your hopes, your dreams, that nourished you when young. Stand straight and still as you wait for your fatal hour. The crimson arrow cuts the heavy air. The wind of faults, your bitterest foe, that ye have bred, attacks. Twist and turn, strike and dodge, for you are strong. This is your hour. Wave your flaming spears aloft, for you are triumphant, honored and exalted by all. Manifest your beauty well, for soon your hour is up. An unexpected column attacks. Now stagger beneath your enemies' blows. Now hear the moaning of your friends. Writhe and scream on your conquerors' sword. Fall upon the carnage beneath you, crushed and moulded, your beauty gone and with it fame and fortune.

Do not despair, for from your ashes will rise beauty, more intense than yours could ever be. Through you will come another hour of glory.

DEBORAH SMITH, '50



FOG

Darkness' encircling arms hide the last ray of day;
Mist rolls in with the wanderers of a thousand seas;
The hooting of yonder lighthouse,
The echoing squawks of a hundred birds—
All blend together and welcome

Fog.

LYNNE PATRICK, '50

ON BEING AWAKENED

Did it ever occur to you that the reason science is such good polemical material is that it is full of holes? Well, whether or not you agree, I'll be rash and say that the converse of this is true: that any theory or practice that is "full of holes" is (or should be) a science. Now, I'd like to unburden my mind about the "'science' of waking a sleeper," for it truly is porous.

Why do people who burst in upon thy slumbering self and throw thy dreams smack back at Orpheus think thou art silently admiring them for their, "Good morning, *good* morning, Marilyn. What a lovely sunshiny morning. Oh—my! It makes me feel so *good*—doesn't it you?"

Well, it doesn't!

And why do some people begin your day for you with a, "Hurry, Gert! You're late. Get up quickly, quickly now, do you hear? The day is partly gone." Do they think they are infusing the spirit of challenge into Gert? Well, if I'm any example, let me tell you their psychology is foul, for, of course, they have unwittingly revealed the true picture under the bare morning light. My supine self can't put up a very big struggle, for didn't I just hear them say that the morning was almost gone? Despair!

Have you ever heard how negroes used to (I use the imperfect since I have my doubts as to whether they still do) awaken slumberers? They at least had some decency about this rude business. One of their superstitions was that while a body sleeps its soul is wandering around from place to place on the earth, and that if the body is awakened too suddenly, it won't, because the soul won't have had time to jump back into the skin. Thus, Mammy gently wiggles your little toe. Your little toe is so far from the rest of you that its movement can't possibly drag you *too* abruptly back to the bilious present. This method rather appeals to me . . . I appreciate the genuine concern that went along with its use. However, though I've never had a Mammy to awaken me thus, I don't need much imagination to find a little peep-hole in its use. . . . What if Mammy's hands were cold? I suspect my skin would have a hard time holding me down.

There is a true curse on the girl who has a younger brother: the younger brother. Her slowly unfolding, early morning ears tremble at—"Get up, Marilyn, you lazy thing! Mommy told me to tell you that she wants you downstairs right away and Aggie said you were the laziest girl she ever knew and she isn't ever going to make breakfast for you again—You'd better get up quick 'cause I've got some nice cold water for you if you don't get up by the time I count three. One—two—" By this time the monologue has struck terror into my heart, so, after an unkind shriek at the self-important little mouthpiece at the foot of my bed, I pull body and soul together to make my initial leap of the day, terror still there and my dreams punctured by all these people who are against me.

(It's superfluous, I know, for me to mention that bells and alarm clocks are unmentionable.)

Now, reader, don't you agree with me that something is radically wrong with the very attitude of the waker-upper? You know, I have become so bitter on this subject that the thought of heaven itself can't placate me. There'll be that horn first, won't there?

So, there's only one solution—and that's no Heaven (or otherwise). Just one lone, long, yes, but undisturbed sleep.

MARILYN CASHMAN, '50



GLORY

Blue up above
And green below;
Once it was here,
This glorious glow.

Yet is it blue,
Now gold below;
A phantom leading,
With winter in tow.

Flames of bright red,
A touch of brown;
Nature dressed
In her autumn gown.

Frost o'er the hill,
In chariot bold,
With orders from Him
To burnish in gold.

A wondrous season,
Having no age;
For one short hour
Holding the stage.

JANE BUCK, '50

SPLINTERS

TOO LATE

Listen!

Do you hear the leaves sighing in the wind?
For sighing they are;
They have chanced on the secret,
But now it's the end.

Hush!

Each one is burning to make itself heard.
Can you translate the message,
Or reckon the shock of being finally immured?
The business of death is not trivial.

MARILYN CASHMAN, '50

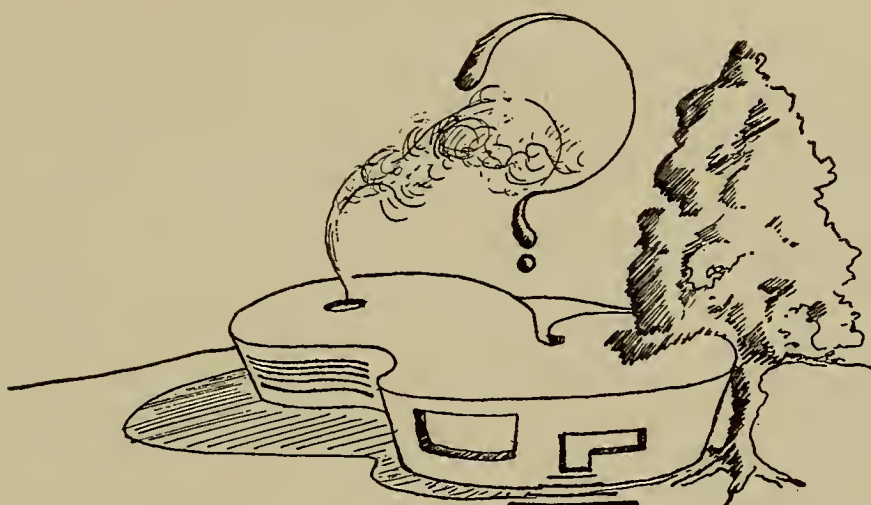


AN APOLOGY

With flaming face and pensive eyes,
I beg to be excused,
For writing poems, and essays, too,
With words so over-used;
For thinking of Parisian hats,
And not the Prussian War,
For knowing not my syntax rules,
And dreaming of l'Amour;
For cheering Admiral Halsey,
Instead of Washington,
There's a certain sir at Andover,
Who is that man's grandson;
For looking at that shiny fruit,
With hunger showing face,
Instead of proving that it is
An acid or a base.
That I am annoying, I realize,
So to you, dear teachers, I apologize.

JOAN MACDONALD, '50





FOUR SIDES TO A HOUSE

Architecture has an intrinsic value in that, covering such a broad field, it becomes the standard of a people's culture, perhaps the sole standard. Of the cliff dwellers we would know nothing, were it not for the remains of their crude habitats. Architecture is so very symbolic that with this significance alone, it is a marvelously basic standard. Surely, it has proved itself to be an art just as susceptible to extensive alterations as any other aspect of art, be it art issued forth from the hands or the mind. Change in architecture coincides accurately with change in man's point of view.

Architectural civilization did indeed begin with "four sides to a house." Man thought in terms of "four sides to a house," if such a thing is possible. Complexity in ideas made itself conspicuous by its absence. But gradually houses have told us that this simplicity of thought, alas, is quite archaic. Frank Lloyd Wright is experimenting in houses composed wholly of curves. It seems quite probable that such a new design springs directly from a new train of thought—the world is no longer a matter of "four sides to a house."

"They" of the "four-sided" period looked out their west windows and saw the setting sun, out of their east windows, the rising sun, the north—the mountain, and the south—the field. But what about the breaks, the hidden portions without the corners? This must be the answer—the more complex "we" eliminate the ignorance by replacing the angles with curved lines, Frank Lloyd Wright lines.

"They" were protected from the wind by a north wall and the rain by an east wall. What are "we" protected from within curves? Frank Lloyd Wright must know.

KAREN HANSEN, '50

SAY IT WITH FLOWERS

The usual noisy bustling crowd filled the waiting room, and as I sat at the elaborate desk with the big letters spelling our "Mr. Johnson, Receptionist," I felt quite smug about it all. Yes, and a good right I had to feel this way, for wasn't I the man who knew Mr. Benedict the best? Wasn't I the man who had been here when it all started years ago, who had agreed with Benedict in every move, and who had even put in twenty thousand myself to start my share rolling? Oh, yes, and here were the thousands upon thousands of well educated, oh, yes, so *very* erudite citizens of the world, journeying for many days and many miles, just to visit him, to inhale success and the ways of the successful, to ask advice of an organization that had not failed as yet, nor would it ever fail.

Many envied him, of course, and yet the envy held a touch of respect, not to be confused in any event with hatred. I could see it in their eyes, and read it in their faces . . . "Mr. Benedict, a wise, successful millionaire—why, I visit him often. He's a friend of mine, you see."

It all started long ago, right after the Civil War, when greenbacks were rolling fast and heavy, and if one was shrewd, one could make a million over night—a million, why that's peanuts! I was a small boy, lived in Cannington, New York, and Benedict was my older brother's partner. Dan, my brother, wasn't good for very much; as they say "the survival of the fittest," and he lost out. Suicide case in the big city not too many years ago, but then, Dan didn't understand money *or* people. Some trouble with Bill Benedict and he backed right out of the whole affair. But, things moved on and the stock in railroads and oil paid off. The gold was worth all we got for it, and success was ours. I say ours, for I took Dan's place in the set up, and as Bill said, if I stayed with him, I'd be as rich as he, but if ever there was any trouble, Danny wouldn't be the only one gone. Well, I have played it smart. I'm well off, nice desk right here in the front office, nice house in the better part of town, know the right people, get the best service, and no effort called for at all. Just have to be shrewd, that's all, and stay within the law. People respect me, for I know Bill Benedict, I walk home with him, talk to him, read his mail. No one sees him that doesn't see me first. And then, I share in the profits.

"No, I can't help you out, bud. You've got to show your stuff, and Benedict's too big a man to bother with you. Times have changed, and I have to clear this place out anyway. Late—"

Crazy guy. Wants to see Bill without an appointment. Doesn't know the facts of the case. A nobody, and wanted to see Benedict.

"O.K., closing time. No more appointments today. Try tomorrow at eleven—"

What's this on my desk? Hey, the little guy must have forgotten his package. Hadn't better leave it here to clutter up the place. What to do with . . . "*Benedict, William J. happiness*"—Oh, so it's for 'the big man,' is it? All right, to him it goes! Funny writing, funnier sentiment. Crazy guy, thinking he can add happiness to success such as this, with just a little box. Maybe gold, though. Nope, not heavy enough. Oh, well, people's little ways. See what *he* thinks, Johnson; quit wondering. He should get a kick out of it. Happiness in a box indeed! Never *do* know what *he* thinks. Empty place when people clear out. Shivery, in a way. Wonder if I can go in now? Why not? It's time. Hate to bother him. The package, I'll take him that.

"Bill? Bill, here is . . . a . . . *Bill!* My Lord! *Bill!* Dead—No, I can't believe . . . Must have been a heart attack. He had gotten his coat out."

Turning, I staggered toward the phone, when at the same time the forgotten package slipped to the floor with a thud. It broke open, and a bunch of violets peered out, settling on Bill Benedict's right hand. He lay stretched out in front of his huge desk, staring wide-mouthed and open-eyed into space, Funny thing, Benedict always hated flowers.

Me? What's to happen to me? His will, it'll take care of things—Funny, flowers.

"Hello, operator? Hospital, please—and hurry! Doctor Straight . . . Doc? . . . Get over to Benedict's office right away! Heart attack, I think. . . . Yes, Johnson. . . . Yes."

Violets, happiness, funny thing. . . .

ELIZABETH FILER, '50



SPLINTERS

COLOR

Brilliant
Flames lashed in the
Wind and licked the naked
Throat of cold-enveloping
Darkness.

MARGARITA FILER, '50



PROUD RIDERS

Off on the trail,
In red, white and blue,
Various patrons,
On from His cue.

Open the gates,
The journey's begun;
Brave men and true,
Off toward the sun.

Gallop o'er hills,
Sun toward the west,
Battles are waiting,
On to the test.

Vigor and nerve,
Guarded by few,
Soldiers of God, but
None of them knew.

Faith by pure white,
Truth by true blue,
Danger by red;
God's watching you.

JANE BUCK, '50



THE FALL I CAN NOT SEE

Oh, dark and lonely world, I wish
 I had the light to see
 The things that go on round about,
 The things I know must be.

T'is all alone I sit this day,
 To think of all that's here,
 No friend or lover at my side,
 No smile or wrong wept tear.

The leaves are turning color now
 From green to rusty red;
 The flowers all have lost their bloom
 And withered to their bed.

The smallest birds have gone away
 And left but echo of their call;
 The others into a siege have gone,
 Squirrels and chipmunks, animals all.

The cruel north wind that was gone awhile
 Has now begun to blow,
 And soon the whole wide land will be
 A burdened mass of snow.

Oh Lord, I see it all so clear
 Yet see I not at all,
 When will I know the coming now,
 The coming of the fall?

CORNELIA HOWELL, '50

THE IMMORTAL

The crowd cheered one moment, jeered the next. Pop bottles flew into the baseball diamond. Howls of indignation mixed with squeals of delight. Men with shirt sleeves rolled-up slapped their legs with joy and swore furiously alternately. A gangly batter stepped up to the plate, and cheers and boos greeted him as he swung at the spinning ball. The stadium went mad as the youth tore like "hell bent on leather" around the diamond and skidded into third base in a flurry of dust, legs and gloves groping for the ball. The umpire howled, "Safe," amid the mixed cries from the stands.

I sat in a box behind and to the left of home plate, and watched the entertainment-seeking crowd. One man, in particular, drew my attention. He sat in the box next to mine, and different players came up and spoke to him between innings. I never heard their conversation, but they seemed fond of this middle-aged fellow. Kids swarmed into his box. He pulled them up on his knee and laughed and talked to them, and shooed them away when the innings began. He was a rather heavy man with eyes that laughed and wrinkled at the corners, showing that they had done so frequently, if not continuously, for many years. His suit was rather worn, though not shabby, but plainly not up to his apparent capability to afford box seats.

Once he looked over at me and smiled apologetically for the noise the children milling around him were making. The smile was sincere—rather shaky, but sincere. Suddenly, I liked this man and my inquiring nature started a question in my mind as to what type of man this kind-faced fellow was.

My attention was drawn momentarily away from my train of thought as a homer was hit by the opposing team. However, I happened to glance at my next-door neighbor and he looked quite as despondent as I felt. He dug his hands deep into his pockets and tipped back in his chair. His eyes were sad. My heart was torn out to see those eyes so glassy and staring, where stars had danced moments before.

The game was over. I caught a glimpse of the back of my neighbor, hunched and moving slowly out of the stadium. I heard someone, obviously a sympathizer, beside me say, "There goes Babe Ruth. Doctors don't give him much time. Gee, Mabel, think what he'll be missing in Heaven!"

JANICE SMITH, '50

WHAT IS THE QUESTION?

"The trouble with you is that you have no imagination. You can probably repair machines with great dexterity, but could you write a poem?"

"Yes, of course I could."

"I strongly doubt it. I have known you all my life, and I can never remember having seen you show any originality. That is no slur on your intelligence, of course. You have always shown brightness, but I'd still be willing to bet that you could never write a poem. I'd stake a great deal on that."

"I'll bet."

"It's just like you. You immediately will bet. But again there is no imagination. I would not be willing to bet mere money. That is too dull, too common. If, however, you could come up with some wager that would be interesting and unusual I would be only too glad to accept it."

"What's wrong with betting money?"

"Money! Oh, you are truly a product of your civilization. It is always money that you think of. Of what lasting value is this paper? What does it care for except the material things? What does it do besides feed and clothe you?"

"What's wrong with food and clothing?"

"Nothing is wrong with them, of course, as far as those things take you, but something more is needed. We are getting off the subject, however. I think I have a wager that will be agreeable. If you, with your mechanical skill, can write a poem that is good enough to be published, I will take up your life. I will work to supply you with all the material things for the rest of your life, so that you may pursue whatever . . . well, whatever desires you have in your material mind. If you cannot write the poem, however, you shall do the same for me so that I can be freed of all material worries in order to pursue the finer things of life. What do you say to it?"

"It's a bet."

Aha! I think I have made a good wager. The income of the great mechanical genius is almost mine. I can pursue that which is of value. I can disassociate myself from people altogether. I will be able to live in a world solely of ideas. I shall make my great contribution to the world. But could it be possible that I might lose the bet? No, I'm sure he could never write a poem, much less get one published. He's a bright fellow but his creativeness ends with machinery. I can go ahead with my plans. I'll buy myself a house sixty miles from the nearest neighbor. While I'm at it, I may as well make it comfortable. There is no law that says a man can't be comfortable

when he leads a life devoid of material concern. What a benefit I can be to the world. Never before has a thinker been isolated from all men. Never before has he been able to view society without prejudice. Oh men, rejoice. I will discover a solution to all your problems. I will lead you on the path to salvation. Only think, this bet has saved mankind. That fool, by losing his bet, has made it possible for me to solve all of man's problems. Oh joy! Oh rapture! I'm free. Nothing restrains me now! . . . What, you're back!"

"It's written."

"Yes, but you can't get it published. You may have written something that you think is a poem, but never could you get it published. It must be a real poem for that."

"It's in this magazine."

"Let me see that. 'The winner of the Oyster Soap contest.' So that is your poem!

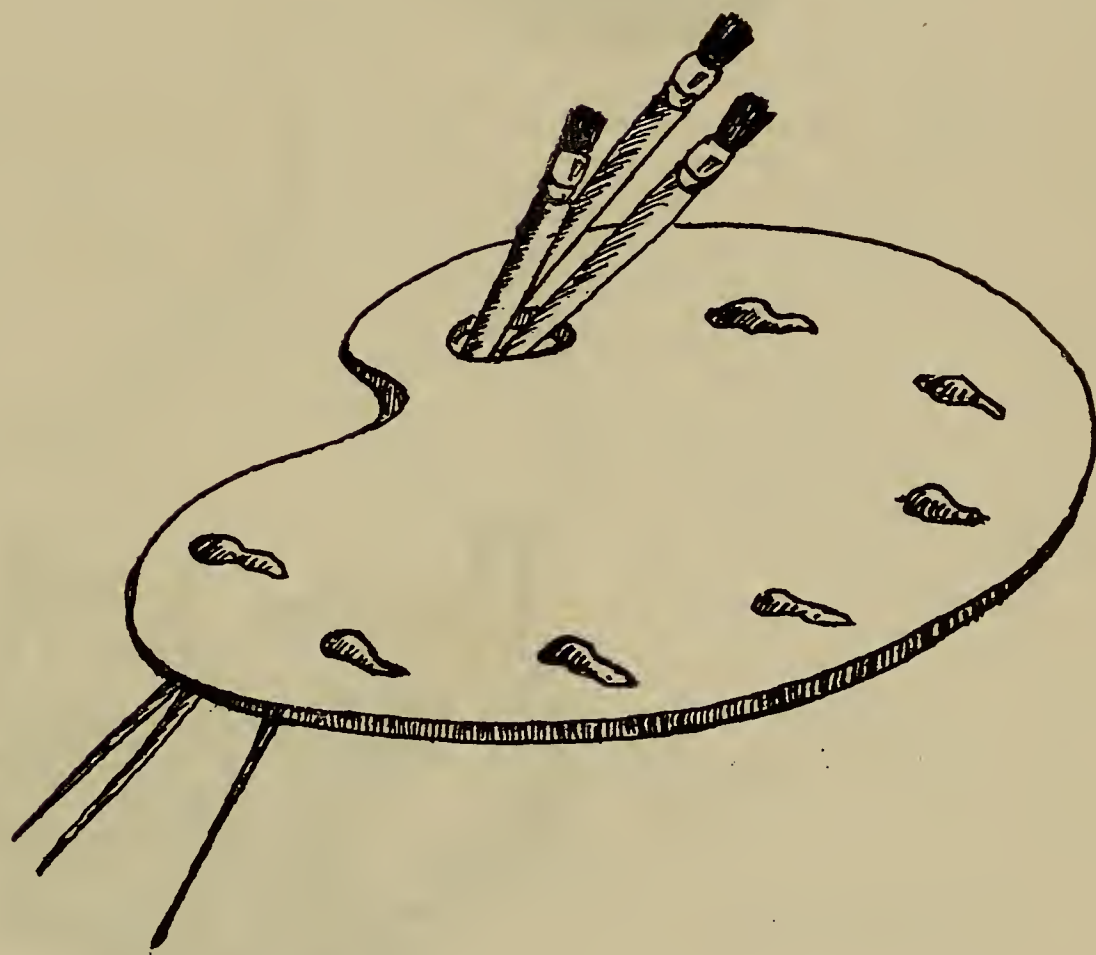
'I use Oyster Soap because,
I think it gets me clean.
The reason that I found it was
Its wrapper is so green.'

Oh fate, what have you done to me? This is impossible, ridiculous, fantastic, and yet strangely . . . Imagination, what are you? Quick, bring water, you fool; mankind's saviour has fallen."

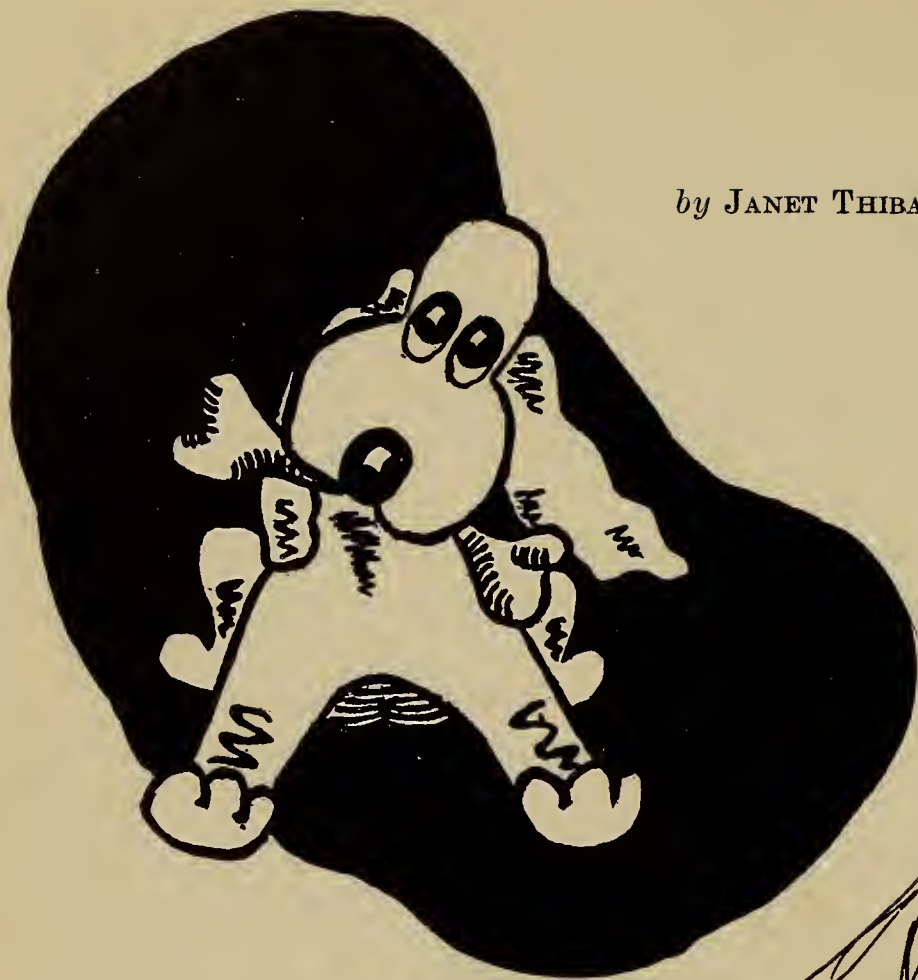
ANNE WILD, '50



A r t



by JANET THIBAUT



by BETSY LAMB





by LYNN HAMBY

by SUSAN HEYER



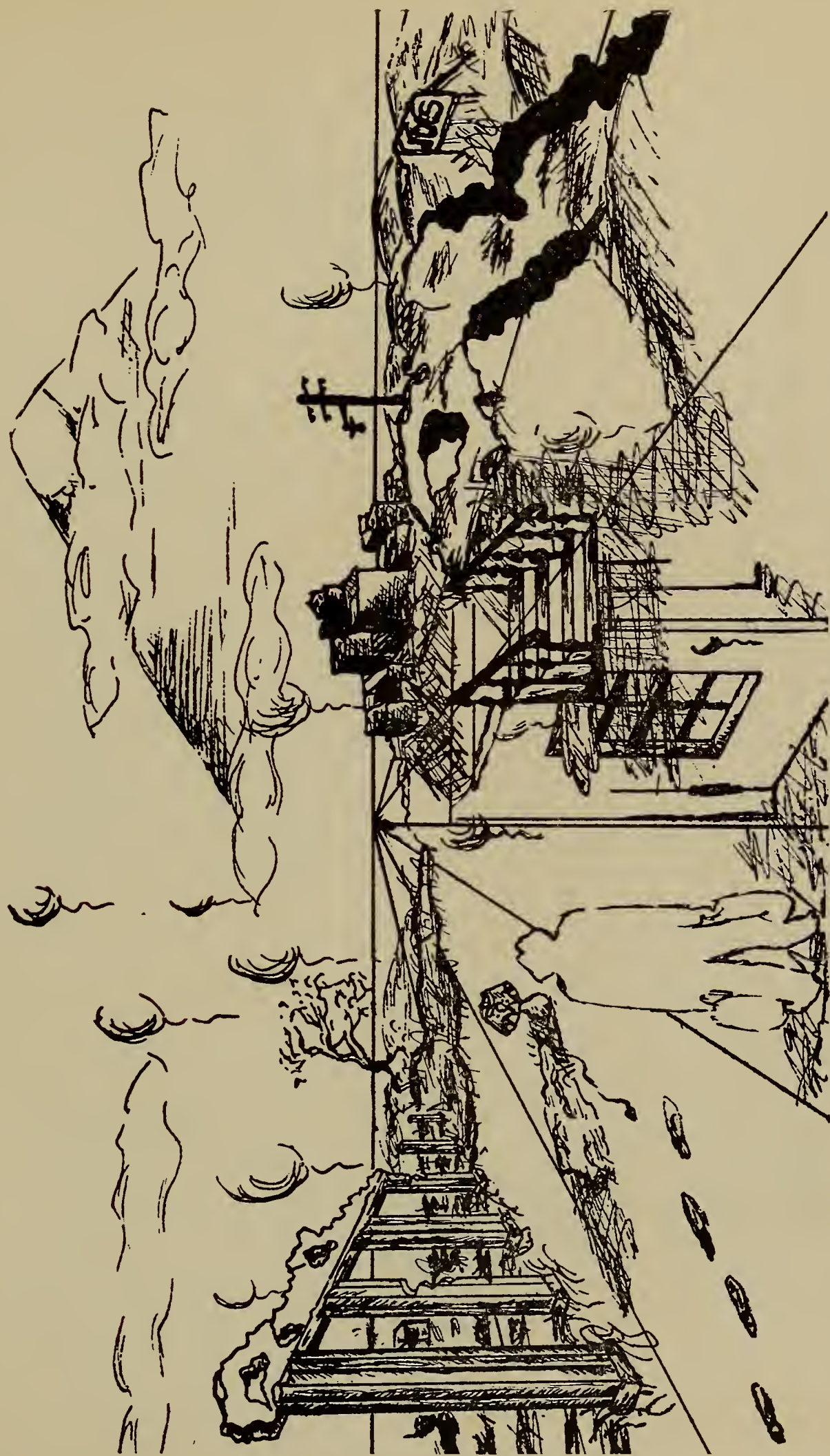
by JANET THIBAUT



by JEANNE BUTMAN



by LYNN HAMBY



by BETSY LAMB



by DOROTHY FAIRBANKS

Alumnae



Engagements

Joan Dean Blanchard to Mr. William H. Gray of Pelham, New York.
Patricia Catherine O'Dea to Mr. L. Rodger Currie of Lowell, Mass.
Helen Robertson to Mr. Robert F. Habicht of Buchanan, Michigan.
Melissa McIntire to Mr. Reginald A. Read, Jr., of LaGrange, Illinois.

Marriages

Letitia Happer Payne to Mr. John T. Zoller of Los Angeles, California.
July 14, 1949—Alfrida Lou Harris to Mr. David Henry Schlesinger at Fresno, California.
August 25, 1949—Virginia Dorothy Hamel to Mr. John Joseph Heffernan at Bradford, Mass.
September 10, 1949—Lucy Augusta Norton to Mr. James Van Dyk in St. Paul's Church at Vergennes, Vermont.
October 8, 1949—Nancy Alcott Richardson to Mr. Gordon Palmore Mills in Christ Church, Bronxville, New York.
October 15, 1949—Margery Guimaraes to Mr. Robert Newton Cleverdon in Union Church, Waban, Mass. At home at 25 McArthur Road, East Natick, Mass.
October 26, 1949—Constance Tuxbury Qua to Mr. James Morton Gillespie at Lowell, Mass.
November 5, 1949—Clare Thompson to Mr. James Philip Shenfield in the Church of Saint James the Less at Scarsdale, New York. At home at Mamaroneck, New York.
December 3, 1949—Betty Alice Huyssoon to Mr. Alberto Espinosa, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alberto Espinosa of Oradell, New Jersey and Caracas, Venezuela.
January, 1950—Bettina Louise Hill to Lt.-Colonel Charles Billingslea, U.S.A., in the Church of Our Saviour, Brookline, Mass. At home at Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas.
December 14, 1949—Joan Carpenter Jackson to Mr. Robert DeOrmond McLaughry at Peterborough, New Hampshire.
January 28, 1950—Judith Ostberg to Mr. Thomas Benjamin Price in the Church of the Advent, Boston, Mass. At home after February 15 at 221 South Harrison Street, East Orange, New Jersey.

Births

A son, John Howard Pearson, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. John Howard Pearson (Barbara Leland) of 9 Astor Street, Lowell, Mass., on July 13, 1949.

A son, Peter Tyler, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Phinny (Sally Gerber) on August 5, 1949.

A son, Frederick Underhill Porter, to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick L. Porter (Ann Underhill) of Swallow Farm, East Foxboro, Mass., on August 28, 1949.

A daughter, Frances Barton, to Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur S. Brooks (Emily Jane Boyer) on December 28th, 1949 at Syracuse, New York.

A daughter, Linda Cole Pearson, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pearson, III, (Priscilla Warren) on September 12, 1949.

A daughter, Elizabeth Ann, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Giese (Harriet Blaney) of Wellesley, Mass., on October 4, 1949.

A daughter, Diane, to Mr. and Mrs. Willard M. Wight (Nancy Robertson) of Springfield, Pennsylvania, on October 4, 1949.

A daughter, Sandra Southwell, to Mr. and Mrs. Richard B. Shipton (Blanche Southwell) on October 9, 1949.

A son, William Davidson, to Mr. and Mrs. William D. Morrison (Joan Dursthoff) of Englewood, New Jersey on November 28, 1949.

A daughter, Melinda Margaret, to Mr. and Mrs. Swift H. Godshalk (Sally Thomas) on December 28, 1949.

A son, Frederick J. Githler, III, to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick J. Githler (Mary Ellen Winship) in Princeton, New Jersey.

A daughter, Elizabeth Juliet, to Mr. and Mrs. Andre C. Reggio (Elizabeth Dowse) at Ayer Community Hospital, January 25, 1950.

A son, Allen Parker Clark, to Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Clark, Jr. (Nancy Parker) on Sunday, February 5, 1950.

Items of Interest

Dorothy Hunter Higgons '18, who lives at 122 Richbell Road, Mamaroneck, N. Y., is running a shopping service in Westchester. She returns to her old home in Amityville in the summer where she entertains her children and grandchildren—of which she has a goodly number—exactly three. Marilyn Higgons '44 was married May, 1949 to Frederick Cornelius Weiss, Jr. They live at 436 East 85th Street, New York. Marilyn has an excellent position with Life and Time and "Neil" is with Young and Rubicam in the advertising business.

Ethel Louprette Sweney seems to be making a splendid place for herself in her new home at Peoria, Illinois. Recently she was elected president of the Women's Club of some 400 members, the object of which is to welcome newcomers and fit them into an interesting community life. She is also carrying on her Gray Lady work, and working in the Old Couples' Home. She reports that her three-year-old daughter, Beau, is a delightful companion as they are

both music lovers and have many tastes in common. She ends her letter with a nostalgic longing for "a sniff of New England salt air."

Ann Ranger '49 has reason to be proud of her election as president of the Freshman class as it is the first time in the history of New England College that a coed has been elected to the class presidency.

Betty Lou Wise '48 was elected vice-president of her class (Sophomore) at Wheaton this year.

Pat Keegan '49 came from Wheaton to spend Halloween weekend at R. H. She delighted the school by showing her excellent pictures of the school during her years here. P. K. has an interesting career ahead of her if she elects to continue with her hobby of photography.

Elaine Kite Lynah '44 is working in an advertising agency in Swarthmore while her husband is getting his B.S. in Mechanical Engineering at Swarthmore College.

Pat Agler '44 has a full time position with the Red Cross in Youngstown, Ohio and is enjoying her work immensely.

Charlotte McDowell Burlington is taking a very stiff course in Philosophy at the University of Michigan. She is also working for two pediatricians, all of which work, she says, "is excellent training for motherhood and the psychopathic ward. It is a question which will get me first." Her husband is a young physician at the Henry Ford Hospital in Detroit. Charlotte says they hope to settle near Philadelphia eventually, but adds, "Ten years hence will probably find me in Bongo Bongo administering first aid to the natives." At least her sense of humor has survived the Course in Philosophy.

Carolyn Parchert '44 is a case worker for the Department of Public Welfare in Baltimore.

At the time of the marriage of Dorathea Holland '12 to Mr. Lincoln Mayo last year, Splinters did not have the announcement, so we bring it to you in this issue. Mr. and Mrs. Mayo are at home at 47 Alton Place, Brookline, Mass.

Elizabeth Scott '18, better known as "Scottie," writes that when she was in Boston last June she enjoyed visiting with Marcia Bartlett Denault and Grace Redman Warren. Scottie, who is still living in Newburgh, N. Y., often sees Marjorie Adams Jenkins and Martha Howell Crinnion.

Helen Larmon Benziger '36 is living on Bryant Avenue in Rowayton, Conn., and Jean McGay Curtiss '38, at 24 Sunswyck Road, Darien, which means that they are really neighbors and are seeing each other frequently. Tony Curtiss, aged two, and Sharon Benziger, aged three, are good friends and playmates. Jean, who has recently returned to the East from Perrysburg, Ohio, is enjoying her old friends. Jeanne Wise spent a weekend with her recently, and she had an interesting chat with Nancy Lawder Kelley—both girls from the class of 1939.

Ann Maxson '47 is secretary to the vice-president of the Bronxville Savings and Loan Association. She and Josephine Bishop '47 keep in touch with each

other by letter. Josephine also receives lively reports of the doings of Ellen Daniloff who has just completed an extended tour of Holland and Belgium with her father. She attended the wedding of the Archduke of Austria and the Princess de Ligne. Ellen is a student at the Sorbonne.

Frances Fenton Kelly writes interestingly from Winnetka, Ill., of her family, two sons and a daughter. In commenting on Rogers Hall days, she says, "Miss Parsons was a rare (in the valuable sense) character. I have the pleasantest memories even of her sternness."

When Mrs. MacGay was in Corning, New York for Christmas with Jean and the Curtiss family, she called on Margaret Macreery Flynn at Watkins Glen. Margaret and her two attractive youngsters are spending the winter with her mother, as her husband's business connection has changed to a Pennsylvania town.

Ann Lee Kremers was married last year to a young Canadian, John McGill Currie, and they live in the country outside Hamilton, Ontario, where Lake Ontario is right at their doorstep. Ann Lee's first husband, Major Scott, was killed in France in 1944, just two days before their daughter, Ann Lee, Jr., was born. Ann Lee writes, "I call her "Arab" for no accountable reason and much to the discomfort of maiden aunts."

Daughters of Alumnae in school now:

Mercy Haskell '52, daughter of Emily Hussey Haskell of Moosup, Conn.

Janice Smith '50, daughter of Marjorie Coulthurst Smith of Swampscott, Mass.

Cynthia Burrage '53, daughter of Madeline Fox Burrage of Lowell.

Feather Fairbanks '51, daughter of Dorothy Marden Fairbanks of Lowell.

Betsy Lamb '51, daughter of Genevieve Saxe Lamb of Perrysburg, Ohio.

Dorcas Farrington '51, daughter of Maroe Pratt Farrington of Chelmsford, Mass.

Eleanor Hosmer '53, daughter of Esther Fisher Hosmer of Chelmsford, Mass.

Sisters of Alumnae in school now:

Elizabeth and Margarita Filer, sisters of Mary Jane Filer '48.

Joan Macdonald, sister of Betty Macdonald '36.

Ann Reilly, sister of Grace Reilly '45.

Sue Robertson, sister of Nancy and Jane Robertson.

Deborah Smith, sister of Rusty (Barbara) Smith '48.

Carolyn Sylvestre, sister of Dorothy Sylvestre '48.

The Class of 1949 is represented at the following schools and colleges:

Sue Abbott at University of New Hampshire; Martha Dow at Smith College; Beverly Fletcher at Connecticut College for Women; Muriel Glasgow at Bouve-Boston School of Physical Education; Suzanne Granfield at

Carnegie Institute of Technology; Sue Halsted at Marjorie Webster School in Washington, D.C.; Dorothy Huse at New England Conservatory of Music; Pauline Jones at Marjorie Webster School; Patricia Keegan at Wheaton College; Joan Melanson at Bradford Junior College; Martha Mitchell at Bradford Junior College; Ann Ranger at New England College; Frances Rogers at Ogontz Junior College; Ann Veghte at Marjorie Webster School.

Since we mailed the new Register in October, many of you have sent us corrections and information which we did not have. We sincerely appreciate your help. The Alumnae Register is a constantly changing record of people and places and it is only through your cooperation that we can hope to keep it complete and accurate. If you change your address, please notify us; you are important to us and we want to know where you are.



1950

Bear and Lion

Editor LIBBY FILER

Art Editor LYNN HAMBY

Advisor MRS. LEONARD

Staff CINNIE MOOBERRY

MARG. FILER

SANDY EAGER

LYNN PATRICK

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Splinters

Rogers Hall School
Lowell, Massachusetts



SENIOR CLASS, 1950

Splinters

Commencement Number

1950

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LYNNE PATRICK

JANICE SMITH



We, the Senior Class of 1950, wish to dedicate our yearbook to Miss Kathleen Beever, hoping that her future may be as cheerful and gay as she has made our years at Rogers Hall.

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CLASS WILL

LITERARY

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SCHOOL NOTES

ALUMNAE NEWS



The good ship *Rogers Hall* has sailed through another year, weathered a few storms as usual, but proved fit enough to trim sail and go on. In February the water looked pretty shallow, but after midyears a clear call of mark twain echoed for most every one. After April and early May the sails were really squared away for most of the Seniors who discovered their immediate destinations in sight, and a few strong puffs of wind (possibly as man-made as New York's rain) sent a few more safely over the reefs to land.

The land for which we, the Seniors, were headed, and have now reached, is new and strange at first. We have studied the text book thoroughly yet this is our first practical application of many of the rules. We are thankful to the ship, which carried us to this land, thankful to the skipper for many wisdoms we will unexpectedly remember when we need them. We hope those following us will find the journey as pleasant and the land just a little better for our future attempts.

Senior Class

THE SENIOR SONG

Tune: "Without a Song"

The days die young
When friendship marks the time;
The days die young
When parting gives the sign—
That days die young;
That parting shortens time.
Our days died young.

We leave behind
Some years we'll no more see;
We leave behind
A hall of memory;
We leave behind
Our friends, that gilded these,
To hold in mind.

MARILYN CASHMAN

UNDERGRAD SONG OF 1950

To the tune of "Younger Than Springtime"

Words by Dorothy Winship and Martha Stahl

You leave the school with memories dear;
With head held high and purpose clear.
And though you go, in passing years you
Won't forget our joys and tears.
So don't forget us, we ask;
Please do remember each task
That all together we have this year accomplished here.
Will you remember the games? Both Cae and Kava's high aims?
Hockey and softball, banquets and dances,
All these things?
And when we meet with you we will recall
The friends we made at Rogers Hall.
Then do not forget us, we pray;
Come back to see us someday.
We always will hold memories of the '50 class.

HARRIETT CALLAWAY
3317 Kenilworth Drive
Knoxville, Tennessee

Connecticut College for Women

President of the Senior Class

CAE; Hockey, '50; Basketball, '50; Swimming, '50; Softball, '50; Volleyball, '50; Ping-pong, '50; Senior Life Saving, '50; Christmas Pageant, '50; Business Board of Splinters, '50; Chairman of Senior Prom, '50; New-Girl-Old Girl Party, '50; Commencement Play, '50; R. H., '50; Helen Hill Cup, '50.

"Casey" . . . "put down the window—it's cold in here" . . . lilies of the valley . . . "that's not true, you know it" . . . R.O.T.C. . . . the back hills of Tennessee . . . male trouble . . . tux . . . little flowers on little ribbons . . . "my GOODNESS" . . . red trucks . . . "you all!"

"She's all my fancy painted her; she's lovely, she's divine."



MARILYN CASHMAN
New Richmond, Wisconsin

University of Minnesota

Vice-President

Kava Club; Vice-President of Kava, '50; Vice-President of Senior Class, '50; Hockey, '48, '49, '50; Captain of Hockey, '49; Basketball, '48, '49, '50; Manager of Basketball, '49; Swimming, '47, '48, '49, '50; Badminton, '48, '49, '50; Softball, '48, '49, '50; Softball sub, '47; Captain of Softball, '50; Riding, '47; Ping-Pong, '49; Volleyball, '50; Tennis, '49, '50; Glee Club, '47, '48, '49, '50; Operetta, '47, '48, '49; Dramatics Club, '49, '50; Commencement Play, '50; French Play, '50; "Splinters" Literary Board, '49, '50; Senior Luncheon, '48, '49; Senior Reception, '47, '48, '49; Prom Committee, '50; Kava Song, '49; Undergraduate Song, '49; Cae-Kava Hockey Song, '50; Senior Song, '50; Christmas Pageant, '47, '48, '49, '50; Christmas Vespers, '50; R. H., '47, '48, '49, '50; Honorable Mention for Music Appreciation, '48; Honorable Mention for Current Events, '49; Honor Roll, '47, '48, '49, '50; Marshal for Seniors, '49; Senior Life-Saving, '50; Senior Class Prophecy, '50; Dramatics Prize, '50; Music Appreciation, '50; Current Events, '50; Essay Prize, '50.

"Come on, Lightning!" — "Oh, Lib, what have you done NOW???" . . . Five o'clock alarms . . . Loyal to Kava . . . the University of Minnesota, Columbia, the Sorbonne, Oxford—is there more?? . . . Nimble fingers up and down the keys . . . *Sooo* tall! . . . Versatility, plus! . . . Winning smile . . .

"A man would run through fire and water for such a kind heart."





JOANNE BAKES
1258 Bedford Street
Stamford, Connecticut

*Norwalk General Hospital,
School of Nursing*

CAE; Cae Cheerleader, '50; Christmas Pageant, '50; Exeter Dance Committee, '50; Glee Club, '50; New Girl-Old Girl Party, '50.

"Jo" . . . non-stop trains . . . petite doll . . . natural poise . . . dark eyes . . . long white corridors . . . marble columns . . . Masquerade Balls! . . . "Baby doll" . . . "Oh, for heaven's sakes!" . . . "Younger Than Springtime" . . . Charleston Rag, Andover!!!

"Put on her garments of gladness."

ELIZABETH J. BUCK
46 Middlesex Avenue
Wilmington, Massachusetts

St. Lawrence University

Kava Club; Glee Club, '47, '48, '49, '50; Operetta, '47, '48, '49; Christmas Pageant, '47; Christmas Vespers, '49, '50; Senior Luncheon, '49; Senior Reception, '48, '49; Prom Committee, '50; Current Events Prize, '49; French Play, '50; Spanish Plays, '50; Honor Roll, '47, '48, '49, '50; Student Council, '50; Class History, '50; Honorable Mention in Music Appreciation, '50.

Winning smile . . . pageboys . . . track meets . . . gold bracelets . . . green rimmed glasses . . . Saturday nights . . . fans . . . bus rides . . . twinkling eyes . . . "Ise here" . . .

"Patience is the best remedy for every trouble."



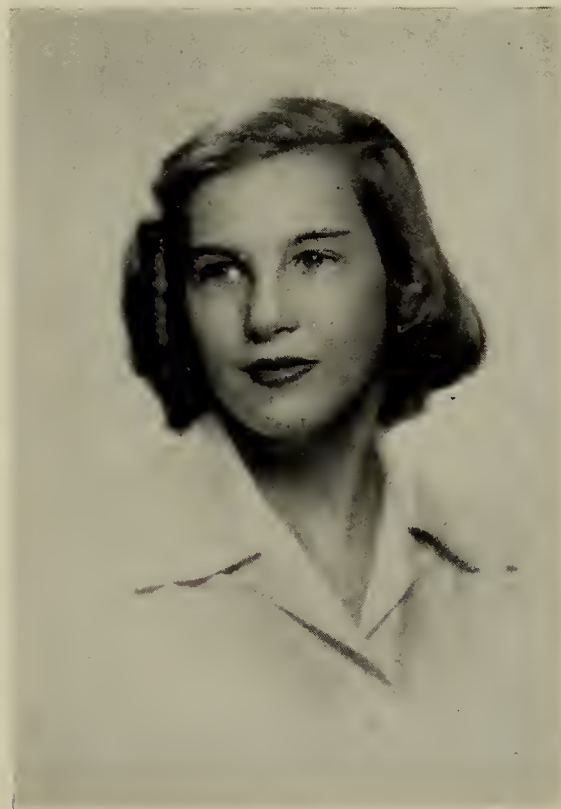
JEANNE BUTMAN
53 Windsor Road
Brookline, Massachusetts

Boston School of Practical Art

Cae Club; Swimming, '48, '50; Hockey, '50; Cheerleader, '49; Glee Club, '48, '49, '50; Operetta, '48, '49; Splinters Business Board, '50; Senior Reception Committee, '49; Andover Dance Committee, '50; Christmas Vespers, '49, '50; Halloween Party Committee, '49, '50; Undergraduate Tea Committee, '50; Tennis, '50; Parsons Award, '50.

That pencil-slim look . . . shaggy moccasins . . . "Put your shoes on, Lucy" . . . forty winks . . . abstract paintings . . . Black Beauty, or Wee MacGregor? . . . Onward, Bronxville . . . grey Fords to Maine interest . . . "I hate him!"

"A sweet attractive kind of grace."



SANDRA EAGER
One Merrimack Street
Concord, New Hampshire

Mt. Holyoke College

Kava Club; President of Kava Club, '50; Hockey, '48, '49, '50; Manager, '49; Basketball, '48, '49, '50; Swimming, '48, '49, '50; Baseball, '48, '49, '50; Captain, '48; Volley Ball, '50; R. H., '48, '49, '50; Senior Luncheon, '48, '49; Senior Reception, '48; Glee Club, '48, '49, '50; Operetta, '48, '49; "Of Thee I Sing," '49; Head Usher at Commencement, '49; "Bear and Lion," '50; Exeter Dance, '50; "Splinters" Business Board, '49, Senior Editor of "Splinters," '50; Honor Roll, '48, '49, '50; Spelling Award, '48; Senior Class History, '50; Room Award, '50; Athletic Cup, '50.

San . . . The tipping chair . . . "shua" . . . "What d'ya think?" . . . square dances . . . African Orchids . . . "Goofy" . . . the scarecrow . . . Bambino . . . frowning . . . gaw-gie . . . hablas espanol? . . . high neck dresses . . . Go, Kava, go!"

"Few things are impossible to diligence and skill."





ELIZABETH BURNS FILER

555 West 6th Street
Erie, Pennsylvania

Simmons College

Cae Club; Baseball, '47, '48, '49, '50; Hockey, '48, '49, '50; manager of Hockey, '49; Basketball, '49, sub, '50; Swimming, '48, '49, '50; Badminton, '49, '50, Badminton Award, '50; Ping Pong, '49; Tennis, '49; Horseback riding, '47; Senior Luncheon Committee, '48, '49, Chairman Senior Luncheon Committee, '49; "Splinters" Literary Board, '49, '50; Editor of "Bear and Lion," '50; Christmas Pageant, '46, '48; Christmas Vespers, '46, '48; Committee of Old Girl-New Girl Party, '48; Commencement Usher, '47, '48, '49; Operetta Usher, '47, '49; Cae-Kava Hockey Song, '50; Undergraduate Song, '49; Senior Prom Committee, '50; Honorable Mention for Music Appreciation Prize, '49; Honor Roll, '49; R. H. '48, '49; Senior Class Will, '50; Sub, Volleyball team, '50; Badminton Award, '50.

Perfume . . . "I don't talk about him so much, do I? . . . A Fibber McGee Closet . . . "———, you know?" . . . Cokes . . . Stationery . . . A poet's sensibilities . . . knock-out eyes . . .

"Her love's more richer than her tongue."

MARGARITA McINTOSH FILER

555 West 6th Street
Erie, Pennsylvania

Pine Manor Junior College

CAE; Hockey, '50; Swimming Manager, '50; Softball, '50; Badminton, '48, '50; Senior Life Saving, '50; Christmas Pageant, '47, '49, '50; Dramatics Club, '49, '50; Commencement Play, '50; French Play, '50; Mrs. MacGay's Marshal, '49; Short Story Prize, '49, '50; Splinters' Editorial Staff, '50; Literary Editor, '50; Senior Prom Committee, '50; Bear and Lion Staff, '50; Volleyball, '50; Student Federalist, '47; R. H., '50; Honorable Mention for Current Events, '50.

"He's so nice" . . . I've learned a new piece . . . I'm going to send a little package . . . the 23 Psalm . . . deep thought . . . unmailed letters . . . packing trunks . . . long distance—Andover, operator . . . I've written a new poem, it's impressive . . . treasurer of the W.D.T.M. . . .

"She is pretty to walk with."



BARBARA FLETCHER
604 Greem Avenue
Bay City, Michigan

Michigan State College

Kava Club; Glee Club, '48, '49, '50; Baseball, '48, '50; Operetta, '48; Student Council, '49; Hallowe'en Party Committee, '49; Christmas Pageant, '49, '50; Old Girl-New Girl Party Committee, '50; Andover Dance Committee, '50.

A golden front lock . . . "I'll clue you right now" . . . If you have any questions about Men and Andover, Bobbie's your gal! . . . Smith . . . that long lean look . . . the best of friendships . . . "Ole Bay Town" . . . East vs. West . . . "My Foolish Heart!!"

"Her partner said that she was faultless in her dealings."



SANDRA HALL
63 Swan Road
Winchester, Massachusetts

Colby Junior College

Cae; Softball Bat Girl, '50; Volleyball Manager, '50; Dramatic Club, '50; New Girl-Old Girl Party Committee, '50; Andover Dance Committee, '50; Christmas Vespers, '50; Christmas Pageant, '50; Senior Class History Committee, '50; Commencement Play, '50.

Green Giants . . . talking in her sleep . . . active secretary of the W. D. T. M. Club . . . charter member of the A. M. A. B. . . . "oui, oui, mademoiselle" . . . "Some Enchanted Evening??" . . . evening study hall, hat and all . . . bat girl . . . prom dates . . . star of the Glee Club? . . . late to breakfast again . . . incessant chatter . . .

"She kept the other pilgrims all in gales of laughter."





LYNN HAMBY
West Shore Road
Great Neck, Long Island

Skidmore

Cae Club; Hockey Sub, '50; Swimming, '50; Cheerleader, '48, '49, '50; Volleyball, '50; Christmas Pageant, '47, '48, '49; Marshal for School, '49; Exeter Dance Committee, '50; "Bear and Lion" Staff (Art Editor), '50; Art Prize, '49, '50; Usher at Commencement, '48; Stage Sets, '47, '48, '50; Usher at Operetta, '48; Compiler of Cookbook, '49; Senior Life Saving, '50; French Recitation, '50; Art Editor for Splinters, '49, '50.

Mystery behind the closed door . . . When can I spend the night in West Hartford? . . . Only it isn't funny any more. It's pathetic! . . . saucer blue eyes . . . comic books . . . I couldn't feature it . . . ukeleles . . . President W.D.T.M. . . . charter member of A.M.A.B. . .

"The very flower of youth."

KAREN HANSEN
67 Alta Vista Drive
Crestwood, New York

Bryn Mawr

Kava; Hockey Sub, '50; Basketball, '49, Sub, '50; Baseball, '49, Sub, '50; Glee Club; Operetta, '49; Christmas Vespers, '50; Andover Dance Committee, '50; Commencement Usher, '49; Splinters Literary Board, '50; Honor Roll, '50; Poetry Prize, '50.

One thousand nights with endless hours . . . many demerits? . . . Open highways . . . green Chevy . . . sailboats at Lake George . . . blue sky . . . Strapless gingham . . . golden tans . . . Dilly Dally . . . party-party!

"I'll not budge an inch."



SUSAN HEYER
Eastview Farm
Litchfield, Connecticut

Marjorie Webster Junior College

Kava Club; Hockey, '49, Manager, '50; Basketball, '49, '50; Softball, '49, Captain, '50; Volleyball, '50; Ping Pong, '50; Badminton, '49; Glee Club, '49, '50; Operetta, '49; R. H., '49, '50; Andover Dance Committee, '50; Tennis, '50; Senior Reception, '49.

Picnics and parties . . . letters from West Point? . . . open windows . . . hotdogs and baseball . . . dates with ———? . . . lots of gab . . . "where's the food!" . . . how many pounds this term? . . . new look . . . "Connecticut Is The Place For Me" . . . no more problems . . . talking to herself . . . biting nails.

"She will give unto thee the keys of heaven."



CORNELIA HOWELL
108 East 82nd Street, New York, N. Y.
1343 North State Parkway, Chicago, Illinois

Sweet Briar

Kava; Student Council, '49, '50; Business Board, Splinters, '49, '50; Senior Reception, '49; Christmas Pageant, '49, '50; Glee Club, '50; New Girl-Old Girl Party Committee, '50; Christmas Vespers, '50; Senior Class History Committee, '50; Spanish Play, '50; Senior Prom, '50; Music Appreciation, '49, '50; Honor Roll, '49, '50.

Long black tresses . . . "I haven't got a thing to wear" . . . Sophisticated gal . . . Moonlight cocktails . . . Prom . . . "no sleep tonight" . . . "lights on again!" . . . Letters from Ray . . . Spanish Classes . . . Parties and Emerson . . . Singer-plus . . .

"She makes plain cloth to be velvet by her handsome wearing it."





YVONNE MARIE KENYON
162 Manhasset Woods Road
Manhasset, Long Island

Centenary Junior College

Cae; Glee Club, '48, '49, '50; Cheerleading, '48; Dramatics, '49, '50; Christmas Pageant, '48, '49, '50; Commencement Play, '50; Operetta, '48, '49; Commencement Usher, '49; Exeter Dance, '50; French Play, '50; Musicale, '50; Class Prophecy, '50.

"Kenny" . . . Twinkling eyes . . . "dearie" . . . "parlez vous francais?" . . . Oh, Bobbie, go to Sleep!!! . . . Naila from China . . . black Oldsmobiles . . . gift of gab . . . "Enjoy Yourself" . . . That's the way the ball bounces!"

"She is the very pineapple of politeness."

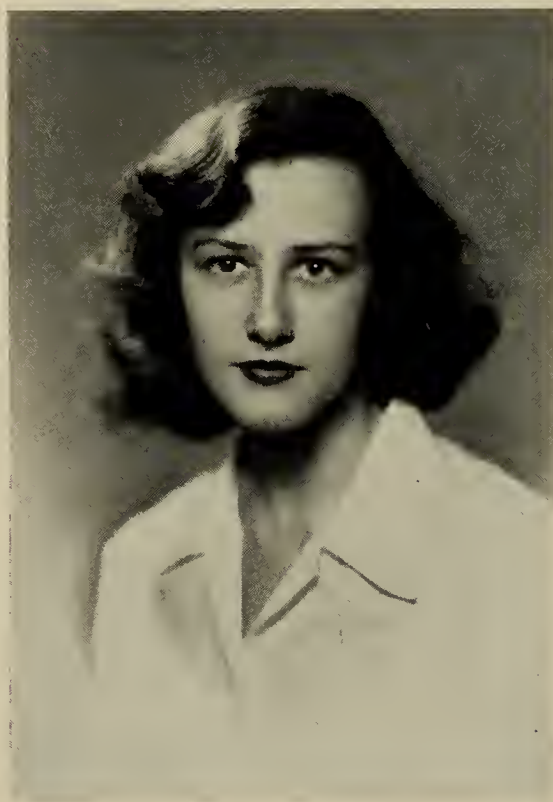
JOAN DEBORAH MACDONALD
258 Wentworth Avenue
Lowell, Massachusetts

Smith College

Kava Club; Christmas Pageant, '47, '50; Commencement Usher, '47, '48; Usher at Operetta, '48, '49; Freshmen-Sophomore Current Events Time Award, '47; Current Events Non-History Award, '48; Honorable Mention, Current Events, '49; Christmas Vespers, '50; Splinter's Literary Board, '49, '50; Marshal for the Faculty, '49; Class Will, '50; French Play, '50; Prom Committee, '50; Honor Roll, '47, '48, '49, '50; Honorable Mention for Music Appreciation, '50; Underhill Honor, '50.

. . . Thursday night phone calls . . . long walks . . . for Pete's sake . . . dixie-land music . . . movies . . . sloppy sweaters . . . tousled hair . . . midnight lights . . . poppies . . . H₂O . . . dozens of cats . . . far away places . . .

"Thoughts that come with doves' footsteps guide the world."



CONNIE McSWEENEY
145 Luce Street
Lowell, Massachusetts

Cae Club; Glee Club, '50; Musical, '50; Exeter Dance Committee, '50; Softball Team, '50.

. . . nice and neat . . . easy going . . . short walks . . . climbing hills . . . black Oldsmobiles Brown . . . a finger in every pie . . . blond hair . . . ever ready for fun . . . white sneakers . . .

"Silence is the perfect herald of joy."



CYNTHIA MOOBERRY
11 Mountain Terrace Road
West Hartford, Connecticut

Colby Junior College

Cae; Hockey, '49, '50; Basketball, Manager, '50; Swimming, '48, '49, '50; Softball, '49, '50; Senior Life Saving, '50; Badminton, '50; Cheerleader, '48, '49; R. H., '49; Glee Club, '48, '49, '50; Operetta, '48, '49; "Splinters" Business Board, '49; "Splinters" Business Manager, '50; Senior Commencement Usher, '48; Senior Reception Committee, '49; Exeter Dance, '50; Whitey's Column, "Bear and Lion," '50 . . . Musicales, '50.

Moo . . . letters from Amherst . . . white bucks . . . "Oh, O!" . . . Cae bear . . . receiving calls on the pay phone . . . telling Carolyn to whisper . . . blue convertibles . . . losing glasses . . . Ralph Flannigan . . . "The Pointer" . . . "Oh, he's only like a brother to me." . . . getting ads for "Splinters" . . . weekends in Connecticut . . .

"Bring with thee, jest and youthful jollity."





ELRENE OSTERMAN
Tewksbury, Massachusetts

New England Baptist Hospital

Kava Club; Glee Club, '49, '50; Operetta, '49; Musi-
cale, '50; Senior Luncheon, '49; Senior Reception
Committee, '49; Honor Roll, '49; "Bear and the
Lion," '50; Basketball Manager, '50; Andover Dance,
'50; Senior Class Prophecy, '50.

cherubic air . . . Harvarvard . . . "I Only Have Eyes
For You" . . . long talks . . . yellow camellias . . .
letters from N. C. . . . trips to N. Y. . . . infectious
laugh . . . cool, calm, and collected . . .

"She's armed without that's innocent within."

LYNNE PATRICK
20 Outlook Avenue
West Hartford, Connecticut

Kava Club; Hockey Sub, '49, Hockey Team, '50;
Basketball Sub, '49; Basketball Team, '50; Baseball,
'50; Swimming, '49, '50; Volleyball, '50; Operetta,
'48, '49; "Of Thee I Sing," '49; Christmas Pageant,
'49; Commencement Play, '50; Christmas Vespers,
'50; Senior Prom Committee, '50; Business Board
of "Splinters," '50; Glee Club, '48, '49, '50; Senior
Reception Committee, '48; "Bear and Lion" Staff,
'50; Student Council, '50; R. H. '49, '50.

The little woman . . . chocolate milk so early in the
morning . . . "scratch my back" . . . snap, crackle,
pop, (gum) . . . comic books . . . cokes . . . two toned
cupcakes . . . charter member of A.M.A.B. . . .
W.D.T.M. . . .

"Good to be merrie and wise."



DEBORAH ANNE SMITH
 "The Salt Box"
 Westford, Massachusetts

Smith College

Kava; Hockey, '49, '50; Glee Club, '49, '50; Operetta, '49; Dramatics, '49, '50; Christmas Pageant, '49, '50; Commencement Play, '50; "Splinters" Literary Board, '49, '50; Senior Luncheon Committee, '49; Commencement Usher, '49; Exeter Dance Committee, '50; Current Events Prize, '49; French Play, '50; Senior Life Saving, '49; Honorable Mention for Music Appreciation, '50; Honor Roll, '50.

Blue jeans . . . green apples . . . Chinese chopsticks, sandy beaches . . . cool summer nights . . . oh, those cherry blossoms . . . A trip far away . . . A canter at sunset along the beach . . . tan cocker spaniels . . . Tumbling Tumbleweeds . . . The German Polka!

"A mind equal to any undertaking that she puts it along side of."



JANICE SMITH
 58 Phillips Avenue
 Swampscott, Massachusetts

Connecticut College for Women

Cae; Hockey, '50; Basketball, '50; Captain, Swimming, '50; Softball, '50, Captain; Volleyball, '50; Tennis, '50; Ping Pong, '50; Senior Life Saving, '50; Business Board of "Splinters," '50; Andover Dance, '50; New Girl-Old Girl Party, '50; Musicales, '50; Glee Club, '50; R. H., '50; Honorable Mention for Athletic Cup, '50; Honor Roll, '50.

"Jan" . . . those Andover men . . . "Is it really?" . . . gardenias . . . just one more ice-cream . . . Mickey Mouse . . . ring, telephone, ring . . . "How many times did the room go around?" . . . Rock of Gibraltar . . . ride 'em cowboy . . . Pixie smiles . . . "sugar."

"No language but the language of the heart."





CAROLYN SYLVESTRE
785 Park Avenue
New York City, New York

Pembroke

Kava; Hockey, '48, '49, '50; Swimming, '48, '49, '50; Softball, '48, '49; Volleyball, '50; Senior Prom Committee, '50; R. H., '49; Musicale, '50; Christmas Pageant, '50; Senior Reception Committee, '48; Christmas Play, '48; Senior Life Saving, '50; Usher at Operetta, '48, '49; Usher at Commencement, '49; French Play, '50; Senior Class Will Committee, '50; Honorable Mention for Current Events, '50.

A.A.A. . . . "Geekies, I guess I'm a villain" . . . New Haven . . . Tweed Perfume . . . Tommy Dorsey . . . wishing for hamburgers at night . . . probation . . . "Hey, Moo, big plans!" . . . Long Island Parties . . . Biltmore . . . weekends at Wesleyan . . . C.E.S. . . . "a soft voice is a pleasant thing in woman" . . . bouncing with enthusiasm . . . sun tans . . . counting the days 'till vacation . . .

"Stars, stars! and all eyes else dead coals."

ANNE WILD
70 Hillside Avenue
Waterbury, Connecticut

Colby Junior College

Cae Club; Hockey, '48, '49, '50; Basketball, '49, '50; Captain, '49; Swimming, '48, '49, '50; Manager, '49; Baseball, '48, '49, '50; Tennis, '48; Christmas Pageant, '50; Head Usher for Operetta, '49; Usher, '48; Senior Reception, '48, '49; "Splinters" Business Board, '49; Honorable Mention for Music Appreciation Prize, '49; R. H., '48, '49, '50; Student Council, '48, '49, '50; Secretary, '49; President of Student Council, '50; Chairman of Andover Dance, '50; Chairman of Exeter Dance, '50; "Bear and Lion," '50; Room Award, '50.

Andi . . . Dime bank . . . Hockey players . . . Men's pajamas . . . Silence . . . Bacon Sandwiches . . . Stuffed animals . . . "Okay, Kirbys" . . . eyebrows . . . Bewitched . . . never empty mailbox . . . that complexion . . . the liquid blues . . . the executive chair . . .

"The hand that hath made her fair, hath made her good."



CLASS HISTORY

Rogers Hall
Lowell, Massachusetts
June 5, 1950

Dear Emily,

Mrs MacGay has just told us Seniors of the lives of the members of the Rogers family, and since you are the only one who has remained in the old homestead, "riding your bicycle," we decided you might like to compare the old history with the new.

We, The Class of 1950, (rah, rah!) are a rather small class, but remember, good things come in small packages! Perhaps you would be interested to learn about the present Rogers family—we do consider ourselves a family, you know.

Our story begins four long years ago, when five girls, timid yet ambitious, first stepped through the gate. We, the greenhorns, suffered through the traditional freshmen afflictions—overcoming Cae-Kava initiation, wandering into the wrong rooms, being confused by schedules, and being just plain miserable. However, we became resigned to the fact that upper classmen pay little or no attention to the pea green freshmen, or so we thought. And so, with that in mind we strove in vain to impress the high and mighty Seniors. (In vain, you note.)

As the months passed, the Christmas season, with vacation in tow, peered around the corner. Receiving the first honorary wings of the class, Libby Filer was chosen to read her Christmas story at our Vesper Service. A little late, but may we say orchids to you for this achievement. Our shy little Joan Macdonald displayed her latent dramatic talents when she appeared as the "Boy" in the Christmas Pageant. It certainly took great ability to walk across the stage.

As winter budded into spring, we returned to Rogers Hall from a short three week vacation. Immediately we noticed that Jane Buck had lost her long horse tails. Sunk in the whirl of last minute events, we took time out to congratulate Marilyn Cashman for earning an R. H. Although Marg Filer, Libby's twin, hated school, you will note that she is still with us as the Editor-in-Chief of this upstanding publication.

In no time at all, we were transformed into Sophomores, getting no end of joy in shunning the insignificant little freshmen. That was the year our class started to grow with not only girls, but also interests, achievements, and activities. First of all, we shall tell you of the new girls, who came in from the Eastern Border, with the exception of Bobbie Fletcher, who hangs her hat in Michigan when not at R. H. She luckily had a big sister to show her the ropes, as did Carolyn Sylvestre. There were three new students, two of whom were "Eager and Wild" and the third a cow by name, who struggled that entire year with Latin II, "trots", numbers and final exams. Two up and coming young artists joined the ranks of our class—they being Lynn

Hamby and Taffy Butman. We are not forgetting our two jolliest members, by any means, Lynne Patrick and Yvonne Kenyon.

Oh, Emily! You should have seen how we slaved that year over colored masses of wool in order to make them into treasured argyles. During the winter, we had more frightful storms that provided for toboggan rides with Bill, an exciting North Conway trip and many back aches. (We shoveled, too!)

Much to the delight of the girls, and to the despair of the nurse, we had a candy machine over in the house. However, it did not stay long, as you can well imagine.

After a successful commencement week-end, climaxed by the operetta, "Trial By Jury", we again left for summer vacation. Tempus did fugit and in an incredibly short time we became blessed upper-classmen.

Highlights of the Junior year included a Gershwin production in which we participated with Andover. Aside from one mistake, we displayed our dramatic and musical talents in "Of Thee I Sing", given in November.

This year we had five new girls join us; strangely enough, they all became members of Kava Club. They certainly have added greatly to our class: Debbie Smith for her helpful ways, Elrene Osterman for her pleasant smile, Karen Hansen for her wit, Connie Howell for her good influence, and Susie Heyer for her athletic ability.

As we have said, good things come in small packages, and one of our littlest classmates was appointed Art Editor of "Splinters." It was then we realized that we did have a task ahead of us—for we were now an active element in the school.

The year took its normal course, with ups and downs, until the final blow of Scholastic Aptitude Tests. Once over, we legally declared ourselves Seniors. Elections for the coming year included those for Student Council as well as for Cae and Kava officers. At Commencement, for the first time in many years, an undergrad took the prize in the poetry contest.

A few tears shed, a few months ahead, and SENIOR YEAR!

We had swung through three years of fun and frolic, combined with considerable hard work, and now we had reached the top—Seniors at last; a time for fierce concentration and attempts to do just a little bit more in just a little less time. Coming in to fill up the ranks and to close them as well, were our President-to-be, Casey "Cab" Callaway, a southern belle, Sandy Hall, our spark of energy, Jan Smith, a lucky star for Cae, Connie McSweeney, our transfer from Lowell High School, and last but by no means least, Joanne Bakes, an industrious and promising student.

Our first innovation was the creation of "The Bear and Lion," our school newspaper. Our second change came at the end of a successful hockey season when, at the annual banquet, we combined the Cae-Kava songs, doing away with competitive song-writing. And Emily, you should see our stunning Senior jackets and rings, that we received at Christmas time!

In early December, we held our class election in order to inaugurate a leader to direct our activities. The first thing we did as a Senior class was to combine our class donation with that of the Class of '49 in order to purchase a television set. We had the unique pleasure of enjoying our gift before we departed.

Modern Dance and later Volley Ball were two new parts of the sports program. As far as our social life was concerned, we Seniors enjoyed an informal party "during apple-blossom time"; then, in May, we all had a wonderful time at the ever-popular Senior Prom.

In order to say good-bye to the undergrads, we gave them a tea Friday afternoon. Following this, we had an enjoyable dinner at Mrs. MacGay's, and later that evening, we returned to the Hall to sing our class song to the undergrads, and to listen to their musical reply, amidst many tears.

Time flew by and, although the weather threatened us, we merrily spent Saturday, the beginning of our commencement week-end, at the beach. Baccalaureate, on Sunday, was very impressive, and quite inspiring to us—the departing Seniors. Instead of an operetta, we entertained families and friends with a musicale that afternoon.

The undergrads—bless their hearts—were so-o-o-o sweet to us at the Senior Luncheon on Monday. Nevertheless, it was all in fun. Class Day Exercises followed, during which, Mrs. MacGay made athletic awards, followed by our Senior fun. For more commencement activity, the Dramatic Association gave a fantasy, by A. A. Milne, in three acts.

These have been colorful years, and during the future, our years at Rogers Hall will be a part of us. Now, dear Emily, we have told you all that there is to know about our unrivaled class and, although we wish we could tell you more, time limits us.

Very sincerely yours,

The Class of 1950

J.B., S.H., S.E.

CLASS PROPHECY

"Are we off? What's happening, Karen? I don't think I like this idea after all. What happens after this?"

"Oh, Taffy, really! Believe me, these expeditions are nothing anymore. No one who is anyone gets frightened in these times—after all, this is 1965."

"Yes, but this is my first time in a rocket ship. The first time I've ever been up in the air, at all, in fact. You know the only reason I came at all is that you told me I had to."

"Of course you have to. Venus is the latest frontier—our magazine must have an article that covers it completely. Nothing skimpy like Bizarre's attempt last month. And we've got to have the pictures. Remember, Taf, we're a team—you sketch, I'll write—with this combina . . . "

"Karen Hansen, Taffy Butman! Why, as ah live an' breathe! How did you ever manage to get away from your *Rogue* magazine. And what are you all doing on the way to Venus?"

"Casey Callaway, or is it Harriett now—what a surprise! Why, we're collecting material for our next issue. We thought that every woman would be more than eager to learn what goes on at Venus—so we're here to find out. But what about you? What brings you here?"

"Well, Karen, I've just been elected President of the Women's Club Association of America, so it has become my job to travel to various nations and investigate the social standards of each one. I don't like the job much, I must confess. Anyhow, I have to go to Venus to do the same thing—investigate. All the women are dying to know about it, but I'm afraid it's going to be a little bit embarrassing. Oh, Karen and Taffy, I forgot to say—we're not alone . . . I mean . . . there are others on board from our Senior Class at Rogers Hall. Come with me. They're all in the tail talking together. Let's see . . . there is Cinnie Mooberry . . . she's being sent by the government as a public relations agent between Earth and Venus. She told me she's going to find out just how much love has to do with Public Relations, and if it turns out to be a lot, as she rather suspects (she secretly told me,) then she plans to start a campaign on earth—sort of spread it around, I think she meant. —And there's Sandy Eager—oh! have you heard? Venus actually sent for her! I guess they are all in difficult business straits. Nobody's very efficient out there—so they sent for her. But, it does seem kind of ironic that Sandy should be going to Venus, of all places, don't you think? Let's see, Carolyn Sylvestre is on board too. I guess I ought to call her "Professor" because she's the first woman president of Yale. But you all knew that, didn't you? She's considering adding to her faculty someone from Venus. At least she thinks that might keep Yale tops in the field. Hmmm, Cinnie, Carolyn, Sandy—oh, yes, I forgot Lynn Hamby, Debbie Smith, Anne Wild, and Margarita Filer. I'd better tell you all about them before you meet them. There's no telling what might slip out. Oh! Just let me tell you about the horrible faux pas I made to Anne Wild. I teasingly asked her if her husband was *still* an all-American athlete—and do you know what she told me? 'Oh, yes, he has his own volley ball team.' Perhaps I shouldn't have been so embarrassed, but I was just the same. She told me that he sent her out here to sort of spy on the Venus team, and see if his team has a chance to win the Universal Volley Ball Cup. It means a lot to them. Lynn Hamby is going to Venus in search of fresh ideas for her paintings. Somehow she thinks that she might find something different here. She told me in private that she would just love to shock the effete earth. From all I've heard, she's headed for the right place . . . hmmm, I wonder if I can remember what Debbie told me she was . . . an inter-cosmic ornithol . . . no, anthropolo . . . no, archaeolo . . . that's it, an inter-cosmic archaeologist. She and Joan MacDonald, oh, I guess I forgot to mention Joan, she and Joan are on their way

together. The last we heard they hadn't quite ironed out the details. Just a matter of a few more weeks of customary argument and everything should be ideal. Whatever Debbie digs up, Joan says she's going to include in her forthcoming *History of the Universe* . . . she's that sure that it will make interesting reading. Whom haven't I told you about—Debbie, Joan, Anne, Lynn, oh, yes, Margarita Filer. Do you know we prophesied in 1950 that Marg would be a marriage-counselor columnist and that is just exactly what she is! Usually those school prophecies aren't serious at all and never work out, but here's the exception. She told Cinnie though that she has been rather disillusioned with the state of affairs on earth and so is making this trip to get an entirely different viewpoint. Here's the door that leads into the rear of the ship. I think I've told you about everyone now.

"Hello there—why, there's Taffy—and Karen, the *Rogue Magazine* team—why look who's—Hi, Taffy—(and so it went for a full sixty seconds.) Well, we caused quite a clamor, didn't we, Taffy? It pays to be celebrities. Who's that over in the corner? Whoever it is, looks like she needs a tonic or something."

"Ssssh, Karen, that's Marilyn Cashman. She told someone that she is running from the world that she tried so hard to patch up. Don't be hard on her, but for that matter don't speak to her . . . She's very bitter."

"Don't worry about that Marg, I won't say 'Boo.' Say, just who isn't here anyway?"

"Bobbie Fletcher isn't here and Libby Filer isn't here, either."

"I know where Libby is. She's back on earth tusseling with the Television Studios who are refusing to show any more wrestling matches. They don't seem to realize that they are taking away the bread and butter from Libby and her husband. It looks like a losing fight, though."

"Kenny, where's Yvonne Kenyon? I haven't heard anything about her for years and years. Casy, do you know?"

"Well, yes, I think I do, that is, I knew where she was five years ago. She was in Paris—on the stage. She was the toast of France, the leading comedienne in the Folies-Bergere, but I haven't heard anything more. She seems to have disappeared from the scene entirely. Who knows—we may find her on Venns."

"Girls—have you heard about Connie Howell? I've never known a girl who could do so well for herself. Only last month I saw it all in a newsreel—she's married the Gaga Khan of Afganistan."

"Oh, that girl—she always did know a good thing."

"Hey, there—what's all the commotion outside the door—look, the door's bulging—it's going to break. Open it someone—Ohhhhh, there it goes!"

"Why, look, it's Lynne Patrick. But who are all these screaming children? Where did they come from—oh, look out—watch out there—Eeek! Get them out of here!"

"Yes, get them out, for Heaven's sake!"

"I'm sorry everyone, really—I just can't seem to handle them—ever. Just a minute, I'll get Johanna. Children, children! Behave! This instant. I mean it! Ohhhh, dear, I'll get Johanna. I've had to hire her as a full-time nurse to this brood. Johanna, Johanna, come quickly! They've run loose again. Quickly, help me get them out."

"Whew—gone—what a cyclone. Poor Lynne. She bit off about five more than she could chew. Johanna really has a way with them, though."

"Huh, yes! Quite a way! Did you see the whip she carried? But they need it, those horrid children."

"Speaking of children, I'm reminded of Jan Smith. I know *I* hadn't heard anything about her since she moved to Montana years ago . . . but I just received word from Jane Buck, the R. H. Headmistress—say, speaking of old Jane, I'll bet that she's a terror! We're just lucky we went to school when we did, that's all . . . well, getting back to Jan, Jane wrote me that she has not one, not two, not three, but four daughters in Rogers Hall right now."

"Not really! She's actually carrying on the tradition."

"Look at all of us. Career women! I don't know about the rest of you, but I feel rather small when I think of people like Jan. Think how few of us have given a family a good old-fashioned home life we got back in 1950. No wonder poor Marilyn's bitter and poor Marg disillusioned. Here we all are—flitting off to Venus. How silly it would have seemed then in 1950."

"Oh, really, Cinnie, don't be so philosophic. Wake up. This is 1965. We women have things to do . . . and as you can see, we're doing them."

"Don't quarrel, you two. Let's get back to our discussion. I've been missing Susie Heyer and Sandy Hall. Can anyone tell me where they are?"

"Yes, I can, Anne, but it's really too funny for words. It seems that Sandy invented a special kind of a whistle. I don't know how it was special—that is irrelevant to the situation, anyway—and she persuaded Sue Heyer to invest (you know that Sue inherited millions and millions) in its manufacture. When they were driving down to the patent office, they were stopped by a big policeman. He blew his whistle and let a stream of cars blocks and blocks long pass in front of Sue and Sandy. Well, you can imagine just how long Sandy could take that. So, she leaned out of the window and blew her whistle and Susie took the cue and plowed ahead. Never was there such confusion. They are still in court—and Sue is a pauper. Sorry. That isn't so funny, I guess. But the whistle! The whistle is a complete, smashing success. Now, there is not a member of the police force without one."

"Wouldn't you know."

"We never did decide where Bobbie Fletcher was—and Connie McSweeney, what about her?"

"I'm not sure, but Bobbie was once voted campus queen of Michigan State—so now lives permanently on Venus. Here's a stratogram we received

from her a few minutes ago, 'Here's the deal. Everyone come to the first crater on the left. Big plans and Party.'"

"And I know where Connie McSweeney is, so everyone is all tabbed and accounted for. Connie has just published her memoirs called, *How I Escaped Twelve Years of Hard Labor or Live and Learn*. She plans to retire on the proceeds from the sales.

"No! Why, that's really wonderful. I think we have reason to be proud of our class. We know where everyone is, except possibly for Kenny, and what everyone is doing."

"Oh no, we don't. This all doesn't add up to twenty-four people. Someone is missing. Who?"

"Buck, Butman, Callaway, Cashman, Eager, Filer, Filer, Fletcher, Hall, Hamby, Hansen, Heyer, Howell, Macdonald, Mooberry, McSweeney, Osterman,—Osterman, that's it! Where's Elrene? Everyone look for Elrene."

"You all don't have to look—. I just remembered where she is. She's flying this rocket. Happ-y Laaandings!

M.C., Y.K., E.O.

THE PERFECT SENIOR

Marilyn's	Poise
Carolyn's	Teeth
Susie's	Eyelashes
Bobbie's	Dimples
Cinnie's	Friendliness
Connie Howell's	Hair
Karen's	Style
Jan's	Sincerity
Taffy's	Complexion
Casey's	Smile
Marg's	Legs
Debbie's	Generosity
Peachie's	Willingness to please
Libby's	Ability to wear clothes
Elp's	Dancing ability
Lynn's	Disposition
Anne's	Coloring
Jane's	Dependability
Sandy's	Profile
Joan's	Steadiness
Kenny's	Imagination
Elrene's	Sweetness
Joanne's	Initiative
Connie McSweeney's	Quiet sophistication

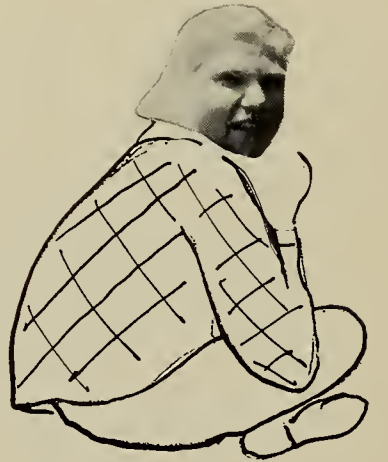
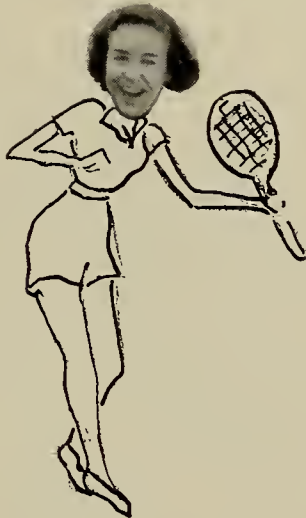
Class Statistics

<i>Priceless People</i>	<i>Perennial Pastime</i>	<i>Present Passion</i>	<i>Pet Peeve</i>
Johanna Bakes	drinking cokes	Ted or Gus	Algebra problems
Elizabeth Buck	talking	the Sunny South	slowness
Jeanne Butman	oil painting	graduation	correspondence
Harriett Callaway	learning something new about R. H.	Yamdankees	people who pop balloons
Marilyn Cashman	trying to beat time	chocolate ice-cream	overhead lights
Sandra Eager	writing post cards	playing the ukelele	gardenias
Elizabeth Filer	telephoning	checks and balances of common stock	insincerity
Margarita Filer	making others work	to be efficiency expert	any kind of gum, except Beeman's
Barbara Fletcher	planning deals	P. A.	chewing gum
Sandra Hall	expostulating	learning to sing	a messy desk
Karen Hansen	slipping around	my pig bank	Monday nights
Lynn Hamby	playing the uke and reading comics	West Hartford	men and safety pins
Susan Heyer	Connecticut	June sixth	gum chewers
Cornelia Howell	making plans for N. Y.	Lord Jeff	ticking clocks
Yvonne Kenyon	chewing the fat	anything Frenchy	Woman Suffrage movements
Joan Macdonald	walking	P. A. '51	sarcasm
Constance McSweeney	studying	chocolate frappes	toothpaste
Cynthia Mooberry	driving the "Blue Moo"	fifteenth letter	"Blueberry Hill"
Elrene Osterman	daydreaming	reserved men	insincerity
Lynne Patrick	waiting for the nine letters	white bucks	people who don't keep promises
Deborah Smith	studying ant life	membership card	squeaky shoes
Janice Smith	laughing	summer excursions	empty mail boxes
Carolyn Sylvestre	getting C's on history tests	Long Island parties	making Cinnie's bed
Anne Wild	writing husband	BeeBee powder	Red Sox

Class Statistics

<i>Palpable Peculiarity</i>	<i>Parasitic Pseudonym</i>	<i>Passing Phrase</i>
giddy laugh	Jo	"Oh, you make me so nervous!"
sarcasm	Jane	"Let's go"
hypocondria	Taffy	"Depressed, repressed and rarely impressed"
freckles	Casey	"I thought I'd die"
talking to herself	Lightning	"I think I'll stay up tonight"
worrying	Sandy	"Shua"
1c stamps	Libby	". . . you know?"
powers of concentration	Marg	"Not for sure"
winking	Bobbie	"You know what I mean?"
stockingless legs	Peachie	"Anybody got any literature?"
food	Karen (!)	ask Mrs. Hopper.
the sneeze	Bunny (hop, hop)	"Church is out"
sarcasm	Susie	"I'll clue you"
buttering crumbs	Connie	"Who' got my . . . ?"
barefeet	Kenny	"You're joshing surely"
twirling hair	Joannie-Mac	"Oh, for heaven's sake, Jane"
talkativeness	Connie	"I dunno, do you?"
casual white bucks	Cinnie Moo	"Hey, Whitey!"
quiet talks with a certain person	Reenie	"It doesn't faze me in the least"
scratching her head	L. P. and Elp	"Hardly!"
which one?	Debbie	"A profound statement"
spelling N-O-R-T-H-A-M	Jan	"Did you really?"
shirt tails	Clancy	"Geekies"
collecting funds	Wildy-babe	"Ya, okay"





SENIOR-UNDERGRADUATE TEA

On June 2nd the undergraduates were entertained at a tea by the seniors, who were to leave their friends in only a few days. Iced tea and cupcakes were enjoyed by all, and everyone joined in the conversation of "old times."

This tea will be remembered by all the students as one of the most enjoyable events at Rogers Hall. J. M.

SENIOR SUPPER

Friday evening, June 2nd, the Seniors donned their evening gowns in anticipation of a lobster supper at Mrs. MacGay's home. Our hospitable and pleasant hostess made us feel right at home as we leisurely sat around admiring our place cards and enjoying our delicious supper. Mrs. MacGay made the delight of the evening complete with predictions of our future and words of advice.

At nine o'clock, the group silently returned to the back porch of the Hall to sing and hear the songs of parting. Movies of the school year followed, and made a pleasant ending to an enjoyable evening. J. M.

SENIOR PLACE CARDS

MARILYN

Blithe spirit
Marble statues
Willow trees

TAFFY

Blue organdy
Flickering firelight
Red speedboats

JOAN

Bursting balloons
Admiral of the fleet
Lighted desk lamps

ELRENE

Slow waltzes
Quiet talks
Firelight and dogs

SANDY

Scotch plaid
Buzzing bees
Gently flowing brooks

BOBBIE

Flickering candles
Flowing mane
Swirling skirts

KAREN

Swaying pines
Laughing clowns
Silver sails at dusk

CONNIE H.

Fiery skylines
Velvet roses
Black satin slippers

LYNNE

Picnics by the lake
Portable radios
Indianhead pennies

JO

Ebony eyebrows
Cherry red
Tailored blazers

LYNN

Remote skylit studios
Shining cheveux
Dancing nymphs

CONNIE MCS.

Bright lights
Rushing winds
White shorts and a dark tan

SENIOR EVENTS

27

SUE	CINNIE
Iridescent cobwebs	Cotton candy
Rambling white farm houses	Beep bop
Blond cocker spaniels	Corn flowers
CAROLYN	SANDY HALL
Champagne	Circuses
Starched muslin	Confusion
Alphabet soup	Casual shrug
LIBBY	ANNE
Conk shells	Gold wedding bands
Crackling fires	Lilies of the valley
Football games	White organdy
YVONNE	MARG
Flashing bill boards	Velvety moss
Command performances	Cool breezes
Old spice	Colored yarn
CASEY	JAN
Moonlit terraces	Cowboy hats
Towering iris	Humming birds
Bustles and hoops	Beach parties
JANE	MRS. MACGAY
Hand knit sweaters	Rolling oceans
Closely clipped lawns	Grandfather clocks
Gingham pinafores	Small, white, New England houses
DEBBY	
Grecian streets	
Apple blossoms	
Silver nitrate	

J. B., K. H. and M. F.

CLASS WILL OF CLASS OF 1950

We, the senior class of Rogers Hall School, in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and fifty, do solemnly bequeath the following of our most treasured possessions:

Marilyn Cashman leaves her versatile ways to anyone who can manage to keep up with them.

Casey Callaway leaves her Southern accent to Kitty Duane, in hopes that Miss Duane will drop her Texas drawl.

Jane Buck leaves all of Joan's French papers to Janet Thibault.

Marg Filer donates her sunburn to Betsy Lamb. Here's hoping . . .

To Anne Kirby, Bobbie Fletcher bequeaths her weekend "deals." Maybe they will be equally successful for you, Anne!

Sandy Eager leaves her Exeter hat to Judy Kirby.

Connie McSweeney leaves her "French Personality" to the next girl in French III who sits in the front row.

Elrene Osterman leaves her "chevie" to the next Day hop who doesn't have to take buses.

Karen Hansen solemnly bequeaths her various college acceptances to any junior who is working toward them.

Connie Howell leaves her poise to Beverly Cooke.

Carolyn Sylvestre leaves her Ralph Flannigan records to whoever took them.

Joan Macdonald leaves to Ann Reilly her naturally curly hair.

To the mercy of Miss Levesque, Sandy Hall leaves the "Green Giant." No more baths for the House next year . . .

Anne Wild takes with her all the demerits from the year 1950 and to each returning undergrad leaves five extra merits in hopes that they will be put to good use.

Libby Filer leaves her Andover proms to Sue Robertson in hopes that she can make up for the one she missed this spring. The banner and the sweater, too . . .

To those who get lost during concerts, Debbie Smith kindly donates her apple orchard. Eat heartily, gals!

Lynn Hamby leaves her luck at Rogers Hall to Pete.

Kenny extends to each and all an invitation to attend her next big vacation party. Have fun, kids!

And Sue Heyer leaves the morning-after-a-party-mess to Midge Sellger. Here's hoping it will be easily cleaned up, but they do make for the best times . . .

Jan Smith takes off for the western territory, where men are men, and leaves all the boys to next year's Senior Class.

Cinnie leaves her pep and vitality to Jane Baketel, but O'-Strand-er not on these grounds any longer!

Johanna Bakes leaves the terrific job she has done in both chemistry and biology to Mrs. Bentley's protege of 1951!!

Lynne Patrick leaves to humanity her humorous side quips.

Taffy Butman leaves her moccasins to whoever wants to soft foot it around next year.

To Bill, the Class of 1950 extends the wishes for the swiftest of recoveries. We have missed you these past few weeks, and will be back next year to see you, so do hurry and get well!

"The rest is silence."

Signed and sealed this, the fifth day of June, nineteen hundred and fifty, in behalf of the Senior Class by

E.F., C.S., J.M.

Literary

TIME, A CRITERION

The world is wide with wonder to the youth at its threshold. He knows not how to cross it, how to effect an entrance, or announce his arrival. Hesitant or eager, perplexed or assured, methodically ambitious or ideally hopeful, he considers with interest how his presence will improve matters. Long has he been indoctrinated with the advantages of winning his own self-respect by self-reliance, with the result that long has he planned to climb his road alone, to dwell on the fringes of Society—neither out nor in, but acceptable to both. Clearly the attitude of the youth is the culmination of others', but, it appeals to his pride and, if the truth be out, to his vanity. So his frame of mind is set, controlled, and ready to meet the acid of experience. On the threshold, the adventure appears tremendous.

It is too sad that the crossing from one phase of life to another is not marked by a fanfare or a cry from a crowd. The only one to tell the youth that he has made his jump is Time, who lets him recall—too late to observe his own take-off—his position in mid-air, and the form in which he landed—that he has left a part of his life forever behind and that he now stands in the anticipated world of elders—and more—that he has stood there for some time.

Did anyone look at, take note of, or welcome his arrival? No matter, says Undaunted, I rely on myself alone.

However, somewhere along the path the youth must face up to the necessity of his making a decision. CAN he rely on himself alone? Society is uncompromising; it refuses anything less decisive than acceptance or rejection. Is he willing to make concessions?

The farther upward he advances, the less abhorrent become the concessions, the more nebulous his youthfully intense theories of self-respect, and the more appealing companionship and a place to fit. Consequently, his goal has veered slightly. No longer does he care to make a grand entrance, for the simple reason that the time for that has long since passed. Nevertheless, he still wants the world aware of his presence; but to that is now added the stepbrother of his former ideal; he wants the respect of his fellowmen.

For this double purpose he has made himself prosper. Now he and Society walk hand in glove and the world is only his oyster, spiced with cocktail sauce. Now he realizes the fruits of his prosperity: friends, floatingly fixed opinions, the responsibility of upholding his prestige—once known as "the respect of his fellow-men," and what once he labeled Concessions to Society he now

knows as the "compromises of everyday life." But his attitude toward life has always been stable, he reflects. Yet he perceives that, within himself, all is not the same as it was. That is natural, he further perceives. Youth is likely to be rash, nonconforming and somewhat unbalanced.

It is too sad that the crossing from one phase of life to another is not marked by a fanfare or a cry from a crowd. The only one to tell the man that he has made a jump is Time, who lets him be aware—too late to observe the actual jumping-off place—that he has left a part of himself forever behind to recall fondly with melancholy tolerance.

MARILYN CASHMAN, '50

THE CONTEST

It was an odd kind of situation, to say the least. One some people would call funny and others pathetic, depending on their sense of humor. At the moment, Philip felt only uncomfortable as he sat across the table from his childhood playmate.

In the first place, at luncheon was definitely not the way two old friends should meet after a long separation. That made Philip feel ridiculous, stilted, in a pattern that had suited him perfectly until today. How could his poor secretary understand that one does not entertain an old friend as he does a prospective client. Perhaps she actually believed he enjoyed lunching with people.

Jack sat across the table thinking wholly conflicting thoughts. Of the two, he had been the philosopher and dreamer, which turned out to be as it should. Yet he was unused to this feeling of strain, and could not understand what made his old friend so distant. In his philosophical way he again imagined the two of them as boys. They had founded nations together, and, together had discovered the Rock of Gibraltar. Then they had competed for the honors in school, standing at the head of their class. It had been a strange comradeship after that. Together they had gone to the same preparatory school and had built their new worlds by remaking the old one handed down to them in such dilapidated shape. At the present moment Jack was thinking of one of their talks, out on a hill in the spring, as they had lain on their backs gazing at the clouds.

"You know what I'm going to do? I'm going to apply for agricultural school next year and become the best scientific farmer in the country. At least among the best."

Phil had propped himself up on an elbow and stared incredulously at his old companion. "You can't be serious? I'm going to Callon, like the rest of the family, then to business school."

"But why, Phil? Because every one else is doing it? I've decided that I'm going to live my life the way I like. That way I'll really get something out of it."

"I'd like to bet which of us gets the most out of life."

From that scene Jack brought himself back to the quiet table in the restaurant. But even that was all part of Phil. Jack would have chosen a small wood-panelled room with the same golden warmth that was so essential to his nature. And thinking that, he drew a picture of himself and his friend.

Jack and Phil, ten years ago, had stood at the mouths of tunnels. It was as if they had shaken hands and agreed to compare them when they came out. And now they were out, Jack of the golden mellow warmth, Phil of the incandescent transparent worldliness. Each had chosen his world, and now he suffered or benefited from it.

At last they talked, but it was a superficial talk of wives and families and adventures, not fundamental feelings.

Leaving the table, Phil thought, "Jack certainly has changed! And that sweet little wife of his could never make Clara jealous." Then he smiled, thinking of his model-like wife.

Jack smiled to himself as he walked off down the sunny street away from what he might have been. "I won. And yet I wonder if my life is better than his . . . because he is completely happy, or thinks he is. That is what counts. But still—" and he began humming to himself as the sun came from behind a cloud and shone down warmly. "Still God is fair in rewarding us all, though it still baffles me how I got so many blessings."

Then his stride lengthened as he caught sight of a young pretty girl waiting for him.

MARGARITA FILER, '50

TO CORNFLOWERS

Fair favored piece of summer's jewelry,
Each meadow yearns
To sport your ashy-blue.
Who more deserves when you so well become
The meadow with your hue?
You wave no breath above the field's soft gold,
Flower, whose petals
Well out-do that crowd;
Or think you of some subtle honor
In equality, unbowed?
New noble work that ushers summer's dawns
With blue that makes
Her blush in balance pink,
Could you be still more proud, slim August babe?

KAREN HANSEN, '50

APPARITION

Hello, there. . . . Yes, I'm back again. You haven't been very good lately. . . . Must you reach through me to lean on the mantel-piece? I'm really not used to such familiarities! . . . Tut, tut, that was such a charming vase, why must you destroy it with such viciousness? I think it looked far better in one piece. I certainly do not understand this generation! Why, in my day . . . Go where? . . . But I cannot possibly go there. That is such a dreadful place; besides, my residence is in Heaven! . . . Young man, I must say I do not like your tone of voice! . . . Of course I'm not, silly. Although my wings do have rather an exquisite tinge to them, I certainly have *not* the shape of an elephant!! . . . But how can one lose oneself? I have a wonderful sense of direction. I even won the "Golden Harp" for not having once lost my way in the past seven hundred years. This is a high honor, and furthermore . . . You mean that you wish me to depart? . . . OH? How uncouth! Well, I have to hurry or I would surely stay longer and teach you a few manners! Humph . . .

DEBORAH SMITH, '50

ON THE FUTURE

Nobody knows what the future has in store for the specific individual. One might go to his favorite teller, star gazer, or reader of tea leaves, in order to learn about his dubious fate. Somebody, at one time, told me that to worry about the coming days and events is a ridiculous way to live, and that may very well be true.

E. B. Rideout, famous New England forecaster of weather, must lead an exceptionally upsetting life, since he must worry about on-coming weather for his daily bread and butter. Although Mr. Rideout has mechanical devices which are of great value to him, he is not always right on his predictions, as we well know.

Philosophers, scientists, and religious leaders have predicted the doom of our poor little shrunken world many times, but as yet our human civilization hasn't ended, nor will it end for centuries to come. Unless, of course, some super-super-charged cosmic ray is radiated around the globe. Perhaps if this radiation were super-charged around us, we would all hop into our aerostratships and streak off to Mars or Moon. What would become of us then? There's an optimistic answer for everything. We'd either settle down with our prefabricated plastic palaces or wait in the nearest Mar-tel or Moon-tel until the cosmic rays stopped sizzling and back we'd go to continue a prolonged civilization.

These futuristic ideas may be a bit hyperbolized and fantastic, but the human race is apt to exaggerate upon many viewpoints. And I am no exception to the rule.

So—as I gaze into my crystal ball, I see haze, for not even the diaphanous clouds inside can relate the true future.

JEANNE BUTMAN, '50

School Notes

September

- 21st—Hello there, little white fence. Did you miss us?
24th—Same old Singing Beach picnic; same old Singing Beach fun. Only novelty, in fact, was Bev Cooke's baseball.
25th—"Yes, We Have No Bananas," but Harvey Davies certainly has a way with the 88, and who would ever know the difference between his nose and a Hawaiian guitar?
26th—Extra, Extra—you paid for it, so why not read all about it? The first issue of the *Bear and Lion*. Long may it live!

October

- 1st—Eat, drink, and be merry. Tomorrow we diet. Tonight's the progressive sup!
2nd—A wee bit of New England tradition today. Mrs. MacGay acquaints the new girls with the Rogers family and the beginnings of R. H.
4-5th—Initiation really took Rogers Hall by storm. *All* the new gals were victims—even had a curtain call, eh, Bev?
8th—Andover scored high at football and at a tea dance today.
9th—Some wheels within wheels—Ned Barker's slides of New England.
14th—Marjorie Webster's *Taming of the Shrew* meant another trek to Andover today. Who could find her way blindfolded?
19th—Carnet de Bal—oh, those Frenchmen!
27th—James Melton and "I Will Bring You Music"—wonderful music!
29th—Screams and other wayward oddments were very much at home for the Hallowe'en party tonight.

November

- 5th—. . . and along came Smitty, Bobbie, and the Andover Tea Dance . . .
8th—Sure was a bang-up Cae-Kava hockey game . . . while it lasted.
13th—"So this is the Yukon Country, Mr. Cleveland Grant. Tell us, do they always have steaks like that one yonder?"
19th—A new twist to an Andover visit—choir practice, yet already. Followed a tea dance with green plaid jackets setting the pace.
20th—Now maybe if we hadn't sung on the bus en route, we'd have sounded better for the Cochran Chapel service this morning.
23rd—Hmmm—was it home to your own abode for Thanksgiving or home to Kenny's for the party?
26th—Another Andover Tea Dance, and what a shock to Will Flanders to find himself minus a date!
27th—Alice Dixon Bond broused 'round her bookshelf today—result was we knew just why to get what book for whose Xmas.

30th—Piano Quartet at the George Washington Auditorium to delight a full house with all manner of style from Mozart to Rimski-Korsakov.

December

3rd—Andover Dance at Rogers Hall. Libby, too bad someone didn't come help the pianist turn his sheet music; would have made things 100% better.

4th—"Are You Successful as a Human Being" was the theme of Dr. Scalise's talk that brought us all deep thought.

6th—Tonite the dePaur Infantry Chorus won B. Lamb's heart by singing *Roger Young*.

11th—Oh, those wonderful, gleaming, significant objects, senior rings, at last.

13th—And it came to pass in our Xmas Pageant that the wise men saw two stars—why, Kitty! Why, Pete!

14th—"Chattanooga Choo Choo, won't you choo choo me home?"

January

4th—Return of the natives.

9th—Grand nite for skating. Some came and broke the ice; others demolished chairs, feather pillows, . . .

17th—Which got the most applause, the Gearhart piano playing or the Gearhart petticoat?

31st—Ooooo, little blue books made little blue days!

February

5th—zzz-zanzibar on the Yankee Clipper—what romance!

9th—Is *this* a modern dance I see before me??? Those Friday afternoon classes sort of faded out, hmm, Miss D.?

13th—What the shag hadn't done to Casey, North Conway was about to tackle!

15th—They've cheated the odds! They're back, and only one sore thumb, eh, Lee?

18th—Rumors have it that Taffy and Sandy E. bid their dates goodnight after the Andover Prom—on the dorm steps.

March

4th—Exeter brung us everything from huge Chicagoans to distinctive Cambridgeites; and many more Bolsters to you, Penny!

7th—Pinch us to prove we're awake; has Kava *really* won the basketball game?

11th—What be the capital of South Dakota, Windy?

12th—Command performance with Andover of "For it is Thou, Lawd!"

14th—A special performance (one night *only*) of *White Queen*, *Red Qu.*, and *At the Sign of the Cleft Heart*.

15th—Down by the station, early in the morning . . .

April

5th—Taxi! Five girls, ten suitcases, AN hat box . . .

19th—Rotten shame we left our pajamas at school when we went to the Patriot's Day Parade!



CAE CLUB



KAVA CLUB



CAE HOCKEY TEAM



KAVA HOCKEY TEAM

May

- 6th—Andover really put the finishing touch on Founder's Day—out of the evening air came a busful of noise.
- 12th—Mmmm, that is splashy Susie H. under all the hat!! Explanation—Andover's Spring Prom.
- 13th—Off goes Kitty to Exeter with ten fingernails—miraculous!
- 14th—Tonite we vigorously applauded Dorothy Huse's voice, being really proud of one of last year's alumnae.
- 16th—Apple-orchard time at Debby's Salt Box and we all herded out for an adorable afternoon.
- 18th—Swimming meet with honors going to Cae, topped off by a very pro-ish Life Saving demonstration.
- 20th—The long hashed-over prom here at last, leaving heaps of happy memories!
- 21st—"Come QUICKLY, I found Rich's FOOTPRINTS!!!"
- 22nd—REVIEW, you call it??
- 23rd—Batter up—Who has been tutoring Anne W.? Cae won; more power to 'em.
- 29th—Exams started today—one last heave-ho at the academic.

June

- 2nd—A day filled with social engagements—Undergrad tea and Senior Supper at Mrs. MacGay's house.
- 3rd—Haul out the sandals and suntan oil—all aboard for Singing Beach.
- 4th—OH!! Papa William—no more, no more.
- 4th—Not to be outdone, the underclassmen step out in blue jeans for supper: the juniors as guests of Sue Robertson and Ann Reilly ("cheaper by the dozen" . . . water fights . . . stunts . . .) and the freshmen and sophomores at the more than hospitable Bartletts.
- 5th—Congratulations to all the cast for a wonderful performance of *The Ivory Door!*
- 6th—"Safe at last in the wide, wide world . . ."

CAE-KAVA HOCKEY GAME

The Cae-Kava hockey game was an event well worth seeing. For the first time in years the two teams were near being evenly matched, and as the day progressed excitement mounted, both among the students and faculty.

The first wild cheers sounded from the Kava rooting section and by the half Kava was leading 3-0. In the last half Cae made an amazing and spectacular comeback, and when the final whistle was blown the score was Cae 4—Kava 3. The game was well played and well fought and will long be remembered by both Cae and Kava Clubs.

That evening the annual banquet was held in the candle-lit dining room. Mrs. MacGay and Miss Dickey's memorable speeches, along with those of the Club presidents, Sandy Eager and Libby Filer, climaxed the evening.

A new touch was added to this occasion with the Clubs combining their efforts and singing one song, instead of the traditional two.

CAE	Teams	KAVA
Butman		Cashman
Farrington		Eager
Filer, E.		Ford, Capt.
Filer, M.		Lamb
Petersen		Lee
Schoonmaker, Capt.		Patrick
Smith, J.		Sellger
Wild		Sylvestre
Kirby, J., Mgr.		Heyer, Mgr.
<i>Subs:</i>		<i>Subs:</i>
Callaway		Duane
Hamby		Hansen
Mooberry		Smith, D.
		D. W.

ONE-ACT PLAYS

November eighteenth and March fourteenth were big nights for the members of the Dramatics Club, when their four one-act plays were presented to the school. The actresses rode through valiantly without major mishaps, rendering enjoyable evenings to all.

On November eighteenth, the first play given, "Thin Ice," was a comedy by Noel Walters that typified the mistakes of two families under the influence of the inevitable small-town gossip. All was righted in the end, however, leaving our heroines happily discussing the newest juicy little tidbits.

Another comedy, "Red Wax," by Edward Percy, humorously portrayed a family of middle-aged sisters, each having a distinct personality. "Dodo," ruler of the clan and bent on destroying her sister Ann's chance of happiness, finally had her selfish interests thwarted by the understanding, kindhearted Isolda, a third sister.

In accordance with the season, the first play given on March fourteenth, "The Sign of the Cleft Heart," was a story told all in rhyme of Love personified and a maiden who came to buy a heart.

The second play that evening, "Red Queen, White Queen," a very dramatic story, took place in the court of King Henry the Eighth and involved the famous rivals, Catharine of Aragon and Anne Boleyn.

THE CASTS

"THIN ICE"

Mrs. Laura MacGregor—pleasant, but inclined

to take things seriously.....Phyllis Priest

Lucile MacGregor—her daughter, young and pretty.....Jean McIlwraith

Mattie Beagle—a neighbor, gossip and trouble-maker.....Midge Sellger



STUDENT COUNCIL



SPLINTERS STAFF



JUNIOR CLASS



FRESHMEN-SOPHOMORE CLASSES

<i>Mary Pryor—another neighbor who thoroughly enjoys poor health and all dire distress.....</i>	Sandra Hall	
<i>Kate Ryan—the next-door neighbor, volatile, quick-tempered but warm-hearted. The mother of Lucile's beau.....</i>	Marilyn Cashman	
"THE SIGN OF THE CLEFT HEART"		
<i>Love</i>	Betsy Lamb	
<i>A Maiden</i>	Sandra Fishman	
"RED QUEEN, WHITE QUEEN"		
<i>Elizabeth Hammond</i>	} Ladies-in-Waiting to Queen Catherine {	Margarita Filer
<i>Madge Skelton</i>		Yvonne Kenyon
<i>Mary Wyatt</i>		Sandra Hall
<i>Jane Seymour—attendant on Anne Boleyn.....</i>	Jeanne McIlwraith	
<i>Mary Tudor—Princess of Wales.....</i>	Dorothy Winship	
<i>Margaret Pole—Countess of Salisbury.....</i>	Beverly Watt	
<i>Anne Boleyn—Marchoness of Pembroke.....</i>	Marilyn Cashman	
<i>Katharine of Aragon—Queen of England.....</i>	Margaret Sellger	
<i>A Page.....</i>	Phyllis Priest	

D. S.

ANDOVER DANCE

December third finally descended upon Rogers Hall, bringing with it the long-awaited Andover Dance. Amidst all the hustle-bustle of getting ready and the gloomy thoughts of meeting strange males, we were, nevertheless, excited at the prospect of our first dance of the year.

After a brief rehearsal, the Andover Glee Club entertained us with a lovely concert, considered a great success by all. Then, following Mrs. Tremble's usual delicious dinner, we strolled to the gym to dance away the few remaining hours. Soft lights and beautiful decorations overhead, along with the sweet music of that ultra-fine orchestra, the Andover Aces, made the success of the dance complete.

J. M.

CHRISTMAS VESPERS

A feeling of utmost solemnity fell over the candle-lit room as the parents, faculty, and students entered the school room for the traditional Christmas Vespers. A hushed silence filled the room as Anne Wilde, the Student Council President, rose to begin the ceremony.

Christmas spirit overflowed us all when some of the students read their original compositions dealing with that lovely holiday. Interspersed among these were selections by the Glee Club, led by Miss LeButt, and carols sung by all.

Nearing the end of the ceremony, Mrs. MacGay rose to give the seniors their rings, the moment long-awaited for by each of the graduating students. As each girl came forward to receive her ring, she realized that this afternoon would hold forever a place in her memories of Rogers Hall.

J. M.

THE CHRISTMAS PAGEANT

A tasty dinner, bathed in flickering candlelight, interspersed with lovely carols, and followed by the Christmas Pageant, gave proof of the approaching holiday season the night of December thirteenth.

The pageant, "The Soldier of Bethlehem," under the able direction of Miss Kathleen Beever and Miss Dorothy LeButt, beautifully depicted the coming of Christ and the sacrifice made by Bartimaeus, leading to his eventual reward. Combined with the background of carols sung by the Glee Club, the Pageant filled students and guests alike with the spirit of Christmas.

THE CAST

<i>Reader</i>	Dorothy Winship
<i>Bartimaeus</i>	Margarita Filer
<i>Glaucus</i>	Betsy Lamb
<i>The Shepherds</i>	Jean Holt and Beverly Watt
<i>1st Wise Man</i>	Jean McIlwraith
<i>2nd Wise Man</i>	Mercy Haskell
<i>3rd Wise Man</i>	Sandra Hall
<i>Woman</i>	Sandra Fishman
<i>A Woman</i>	Harriett Callaway
<i>Blind Man</i>	Dorothy Fairbanks
<i>Joseph</i>	Carolyn Sylvestre
<i>Mary</i>	Anne Wild
<i>Herod</i>	Yvonne Kenyon
<i>Servant</i>	Martha Stahl
<i>Scribe</i>	Deborah Smith
<i>Women of Bethlehem</i>	Nancy Harvey, Louise Lee, Anne Schoonmaker and Joan Macdonald
<i>Soldiers</i>	Catharine Duane, Barbara Ford and Ingrid Petersen
<i>Two Angels</i>	Lynn Hamby and Elizabeth Filer D. S.

ANDOVER DANCE

Another Andover Dance! This time Rogers Hall mounted the buses that were to take us to the Commons for our second glee club dance with Andover. After meeting our dates, we danced and ate away the few hours that we could spend at this wonderful school.

Rogers Hall has always enjoyed the Andover dances, and this one was no exception. The music of the Andover Aces was, as usual, wonderful, and the refreshments were exceptionally good.

Again, thank you, Andover, for a never-to-be-forgotten evening.

J. M.

THE 1950 TRIP TO CONWAY

It was once again the weekend of February thirteenth and time for the most talked about trip of the year at Rogers Hall. It didn't take much to



CHRISTMAS PAGEANT



CAE BASKETBALL TEAM



KAVA BASKETBALL TEAM



CAE SWIMMING TEAM



KAVA SWIMMING TEAM

persuade a group of twenty ski pros to pack their bags and prepare for the colossal trip to the White Mountains at North Conway, New Hampshire. The bus which was to take us to the train station somewhere in "No Man's Country" arrived promptly on time at 7:30 in the morning. At 7:15 the girls were still running around in their pajamas making last minute preparations. Looking at the number of suitcases lined up outside you'd think we were all going to Switzerland for the year. Speaking of Switzerland, we were all assured of at least one great asset on our trip. We were honored and privileged to have with us the sister of Benno Rybizka, outstanding ski instructor, who is also in charge of Physical Education here at school, which offers a wide range in the field of sports for growing girls.

After a lengthy journey of traveling some two hundred miles by every conveyance possible, we arrived at the Eastern Slope Inn, where we had our reservations. Of course, as soon as word reached North Conway of our arrival, photographers were there to greet us. Sorry to say, but by the looks in some of the eager skiers' eyes, they were quite perturbed with all the publicity that was taking place. After brushing them aside and making way to our rooms, where we deposited our equipment, we were ready to take off for the mountains. Our ace skiers, Judy and Ann Kirby from St. Jovite, the skiing center of Canada, thought they'd take it easy and start off on the Rattlesnake Trail. Connie McSweeney, Jan Smith, Casey Callaway, Feather Fairbanks, Dorcas Farrington, and Midge Selleger hurried up to the Franz Koesler Trail just in time to witness none other than Betsy Lamb, top snowshoer, making the trip down from the summit. Phyllis Priest, Jeannie McIlwraith, Marcia Clifton, Janet Thibault, and Nancy Harvey could constantly be seen riding the "Kiddie Car" up and down. Inga Petersen was reminiscing with Mary Kay Fuller, Bev Cooke, and Sandra Fishman all about her experiences in Sweden with Olga and Edgar and seemed to be keeping the girls in fits of gay laughter.

The remaining two days were spent much the same way and a good time was had by all.

L. L.

EXETER DANCE

On March 4th Rogers Hall entertained the Exeter Glee Club at the annual Rogers Hall-Exeter dance. After an enjoyable joint-concert and a wonderful dinner, the girls and their escorts emerged to the gymnasium to dance away the few remaining hours.

The music of the Royal Exonians and the beautiful decorations added their bit to a wonderful evening that the girls of Rogers Hall will not soon forget.

J. M.

CAE-KAVA BASKETBALL GAME

As the two teams raced on to the floor, cheers welled up in the throats of the onlookers. Cheers, then an amazed silence and finally laughter. The last was aimed at the Kava team, who came on resplendent in their green

gymsuits and long yellow stockings. The pre-game cheering began, showing wonderful and high spirit on the part of both clubs.

After the first whistle the spectators knew what the game would be—fast, with excellent teamwork, passing, no zone guarding, and offensive and defensive playing evenly spaced for both teams.

At the half, the score was 25-24 with Kava leading. The teams rested and were briefed by their managers, Cynthia Mooberry for Cae, and Elrene Osterman for Kava, who did excellent jobs.

Tension mounted in the last few seconds of play, with Kava players committing fouls, and Cae trying to tie the 47-44 score with the resulting free shots. At the final whistle shouts of “We broke the jinx!!” rose from the Kavas, as everyone swarmed onto the floor to congratulate the players.

As has been said, the game was fast-moving and the teamwork of both clubs superb. A special cheer and vote of thanks must go to forwards “Pete” Petersen (Cae) and Sue Heyer (Kava) for their spectacular playing.

<i>Teams</i>	
CAE	KAVA
Clifton	Cashman
Farrington	Eager
Kirby, A.	Hansen
Petersen	Heyer
Smith, J., Capt.	Lee
Wild	Sellger, Capt.
<i>Subs:</i>	<i>Subs:</i>
Callaway	Fairbanks
Filer, E.	Patrick D. W.

ANDOVER-ROGERS HALL CHOIR SERVICE

How wonderful it was to wake up one Sunday morning and realize that we were going to Andover! This time our Glee Club was honored in joining the Andover Choir in a Church Service and a lovely service it was.

An informal dance had been held for the lucky girls the previous night, and from all reports, it turned out to be a great success.

The mixed blend of voices delighted all, as did the ringing sermon and the regular service. Both the girls and boys were really wonderful, leaving in our memories another one of those never-to-be-forgotten events of Rogers Hall.

J. M.

ASSEMBLIES

This was an international year at Rogers Hall, highlighted by the Spanish Assembly, given on Pan-American Day, in which the members of the Spanish classes serenaded an evasive lady; the Latin song, an old school song presented by the Latin class; and the French poems and play, depicting the writing



CAE SOFTBALL TEAM



KAVA SOFTBALL TEAM



CAE TENNIS TEAM



KAVA TENNIS TEAM



CAE BADMINTON TEAM



KAVA BADMINTON TEAM

of the "Marseillaise" by Rouget de Lise, given by the members of the French classes.

Our thanks go to Miss Levesque and Miss Phelps for their work in presenting such interesting programs.

D. S.

FOUNDER'S DAY

Founder's Day has always been a memorable occasion at Rogers Hall, and this year was no exception. Under a bright sunny sky, both new and old alumnae from all over the country entered the white gate once more for what proved to be a gala day.

In the morning everyone was entertained by the Cae-Kava badminton game. Congratulations to Libby Filer and Ingrid Petersen of Cae who won the match over Kava's Jean Holt and Louise Lee.

After a delicious lobster and chicken salad luncheon, a few brave alumnae vainly played the school's best in baseball. Although the game was played well by both sides, the out-of-practice alumnae were slightly slaughtered by our well-practiced athletes.

As the day came to an end, both students and graduates agreed on the success and happiness of the reunion.

J. M.

ANDOVER ORCHESTRA AND ROGERS HALL

Again it's ANDOVER! On May 13th the majority of Rogers Hall mounted the big bus that was to carry us to our esteemed destination. Arriving slightly late to fulfill our desired impression of impartiality, we emerged to the auditorium where, seated in magnanimous view, was the great Andover Orchestra.

Ostentatiously we were marched down the aisle to our excellent seats, where, after witnessing the last two numbers, we prepared for a dance at Peabody Hall.

At Peabody we were introduced to our respective dates, all orchestra members, and danced till ten P.M. Mrs. Jones and Miss Davies chaperoned.

We have all agreed upon the success of the dance; the refreshments were good; and the orchestra was wonderful.

Many thanks, again, to Andover for an entertaining evening.

C. H.

PROM

May 19th finally arrived to the unparalleled delight of the Rogers Hall students. With this day came representatives of Andover, Exeter, Harvard, Brown, Wesleyan, and Amherst for the long-awaited Senior Prom. The May rain actually withdrew for us, although it presented some gloomy threats throughout the morning and early afternoon.

In the afternoon, the tennis courts and baseball field offered excellent entertainment facilities for those lucky girls whose dates arrived early. That evening, after a buffet supper, the couples danced away the remaining hours

in the dining room, beautifully decorated with lilacs and apple blossoms. Sunday morning found us eating brunch by the outdoor grill.

Too soon the wonderful weekend was at an end, but the happy memories of our Senior Prom will never leave us.

J. M.

SWIMMING MEET

Once again the Mermaid Convention met at Rogers Hall on May 18th. This year's swimming meet was slightly different from those of other years. Along with the usual racing and swimming for form, there was a disrobing relay, a mass comedy, with Kava, the victorious team, winning a watermelon, and a short demonstration of lifesaving by two members of this year's Senior lifesaving class. Also, instead of a water ballet given by each club, the two clubs combined their talent. The ballet was met with such enthusiastic applause, that it was repeated. The final score of the swimming meet, 60-54, found Cae the victor.

Teams

CAE		
Margarita Filer, Manager	Robertson	
Burrage	Smith, J.	
Butman	Wild	
Clifton	KAVA	
Callaway	Betsy Lamb, Manager	
Farrington	Cashman	
Filer, E.	Eager	
Hamby	Fairbanks	
Kirby, A.	Lee	
Kirby, J.	Patrick	
Mooberry	Sellger	
Petersen	Sylvestre	
	Winship	D. W.

SOFTBALL GAME

On May 23rd the familiar call of "Strike one!" was heard from within the white picket fence. Cae was up at bat first and quickly batted themselves to a 10-0 score. Kava then was up and managed to get two runs to finish that inning. Kava fought gamely but Cae again came out victorious with a score of 16-6. The pitching on the part of Louise Lee, for Kava, and Ingrid Petersen, for Cae, was excellent. Kava's only comments were "Congratulations Cae," and "Pete, have you found that ball up in Fort Hill park yet?"

Teams

CAE	KAVA
Sue Robertson, Manager	Martha Stahl, Manager
Smith, J., Captain	Cashman, Captain
Callaway	Eager
Clifton	Fairbanks

Farrington
 Filer, E.
 Filer, M.
 McSweeney
 Petersen
 Wild

Subs:

Baketel
 Mooberry
 Reilly

Fletcher
 Heyer
 Lee
 Patrick
 Sellger
 Watt

Subs:

Hansen
 Haskell
 Lamb

D. W.

BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY

The students of Rogers Hall, their parents, and the members of the faculty gathered at St. Anne's Church at 11 o'clock on Sunday, June 4th, for the annual Baccalaureate service. Reverend Blackburn's sermon, listened to attentively by all, was indeed inspiring and thought-provoking. This day will long be remembered by all who were present.

J. M.

MUSICALE

On Sunday afternoon, June 4th, the Glee Club presented a musicale that delighted and impressed the appreciative audience of students, faculty, and guests. A truly diversified and interesting collection of songs was included in the programme, but the chief attraction of the afternoon was the two-piano duets played by Marilyn Cashman and Miss LeButt. Congratulations to you both for some marvelous playing, and our hearty applause to the Glee Club for an enjoyable afternoon of music.

J. M.

CLASS DAY

Amidst great excitement, we greeted our parents and friends who were arriving to attend the Senior Luncheon. When all were seated in the dining room, the Seniors, led by Mrs. MacGay, entered and seated themselves according to the place cards. Exclamations of approval rang out over the monogrammed green leather frames and gasps of embarrassment greeted the joke gifts at our places. Throughout the delicious luncheon, songs were sung to each Senior, after which she read the verse written for her by the expert Junior luncheon committee.

Following the luncheon, the Class Day Exercises began with the awarding of athletic and individual prizes, as well as the announcement of Margaret Sellger as president of Kava, and Judy and Anne Kirby as co-presidents of Cae for next year. Vice-presidents for Cae and Kava are Ingrid Petersen and Feather Fairbanks.

Then came the reading of the Class History, Will, Prophecy and Quotations in turn by Jane Buck, Elizabeth Filer, Marilyn Cashman and Sandra Eager. With the singing of the Undergraduate and Senior Songs, Class Day ended, leaving memories never to be forgotten.

SPLINTERS

AWARDS

CAE CLUB

Hockey
Softball
Swimming
Badminton

KAVA CLUB

Basketball
Tennis
Ping Pong

Tennis Cup—LOUISE LEE

Posture Cup—JEANNE MCILWRAITH

Ping Pong Award—LOUISE LEE

Badminton Award—ELIZABETH FILER

Senior Life Saving Awards

HARRIETT CALLAWAY
MARILYN CASHMAN
MARCIA CLIFTON
MARGARITA FILER
LYNN HAMBY
JUDY KIRBY

INGRID PETERSEN
MARGARET SELLGER
JANICE SMITH
CAROLYN SYLVESTRE
BEVERLY WATT
DOROTHY WINSHIP

CYNTHIA MOOBERRY

Awards for Neatest Rooms

MERCY HASKELL
JEAN HOLT

SANDRA EAGER
ANNE WILD

R. H.'s

CAE

HARRIETT CALLAWAY
MARCIA CLIFTON
DORCAS FARRINGTON
MARGARITA FILER
INGRID PETERSEN
JANICE SMITH
ANNE WILD

KAVA

MARILYN CASHMAN
SANDRA EAGER
DOROTHY FAIRBANKS
SUSAN HEYER
LOUISE LEE
LYNNE PATRICK
MARGARET SELLGER

J. M.

THE COMMENCEMENT PLAY

A fitting climax to a year of dramatic achievement was the splendid performance given by the cast of this year's commencement play, "The Ivory Door," by A. A. Milne. The play itself was a delightful story of medieval times and a mild satire of the famed prowess of kings and the superstitious legends of their people.

Laure's to Miss Beever for her understanding, untiring direction and congratulations to Marilyn for her portrayal of King Perivale.



COMMENCEMENT PLAY

SPLINTERS

CAST

PROLOGUE

<i>King Hilary</i>	MARILYN CASHMAN
<i>Prince Perivale</i>	MARCIA CLIFTON
<i>Servant</i>	JUDITH KIRBY

THE PLAY

<i>King Perivale</i>	MARILYN CASHMAN
<i>Brand</i>	BETSY LAMB
<i>Anna</i>	LYNNE PATRICK
<i>Thora</i>	SANDRA FISHMAN
<i>The Chancellor</i>	BEVERLY WATT
<i>Jessica</i>	HARRIETT CALLAWAY
<i>Anton</i>	INGRID PETERSEN
<i>Old Beppo</i>	PHYLLIS PRIEST
<i>Simeon</i>	JEAN MCILWRAITH
<i>Count Rollo</i>	DEBORAH SMITH
<i>The Mummer</i>	DOROTHY WINSHIP
<i>Titus, Soldier of the Guard</i>	SANDRA HALL
<i>Carlo, Soldier of the Guard</i>	YVONNE KENYON
<i>Bruno, Captain of the Guard</i>	MARGARET SELLGER
<i>Princess Lilia</i>	MARGARITA FILER
<i>Soldiers</i>	CATHARINE DUANE, ANNE KIRBY, MARTHA STAHL

A GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE

<i>The King</i>	ELINOR HOSMER
<i>The Prince</i>	FEATHER FAIRBANKS D. S.

COMMENCEMENT

To the strains of the beloved "Pomp and Circumstance," the Senior Class walked down the aisle of the gymnasium on the sunny morning of Tuesday, June 6th.

The Reverend A. Graham Baldwin of Phillips Academy, Andover, introduced by Philip S. Marden of the board of trustees, delivered the commencement address on the interesting subject of the power of the human soul. The conferring of the diplomas was then performed by Congressman Edith Nourse Rogers, who advised the classmates to be courageous and keep their sense of humor, "for on your feet," she said, "marches the future of America."

Harriett Callaway, president of the graduating class, presented to Mrs. MacGay the class gift, a check to be used toward the payment of the new television set. Mrs. MacGay graciously accepted the gift in behalf of the school, and then, in a brief farewell address, spoke to the graduates on the all important factor of assuming responsibility.

This was followed by the awarding of the Rogers Hall honors by Mrs. MacGay:

The Underhill Honor—College Preparatory

JOAN MACDONALD

The Parsons Award

JEANNE BUTMAN

Honor Roll—Average 85% or above

JANE BUCK	JUDITH KIRBY
CYNTHIA BURRAGE	JOAN MACDONALD
MARILYN CASHMAN	DEBORAH SMITH
SANDRA EAGER	JANICE SMITH
KAREN HANSEN	MARTHA STAHL
MERCY HASKELL	BEVERLY WATT
CORNELIA HOWELL	DOROTHY WINSHIP

Helen Hill Award—HARRIETT CALLAWAY

Athletic Cup—SANDRA EAGER

Honorable Mention—JANICE SMITH

Art Prize—LYNN HAMBY

Dramatics Award—MARILYN CASHMAN

Music Appreciation—MARILYN CASHMAN

Honorable Mention

JANE BUCK	DEBORAH SMITH
JOAN MACDONALD	MARTHA STAHL

Current Events

MARILYN CASHMAN—Class and Assembly

DOROTHY WINSHIP—Assembly Only

Honorable Mention

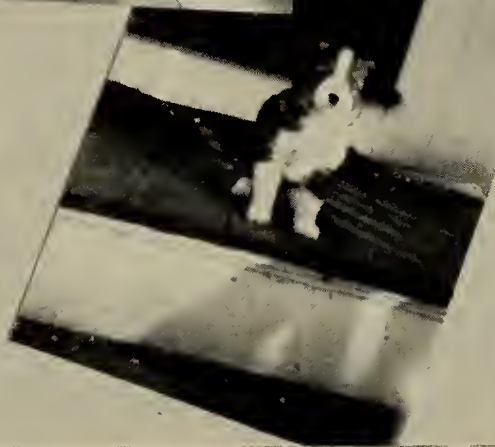
DOROTHY FAIRBANKS	JUDITH KIRBY
MARGARITA FILER	BETSY LAMB
MERCY HASKELL	CAROLYN SYLVESTRE

SPLINTERS

Poem—KAREN HANSEN

Essay—MARILYN CASHMAN

Short Story—MARGARITA FILER





Alumnae News

Class of 1950, Class of the Mid-Century, we welcome you to the ranks of Rogers Hall Alumnae. Your record of scholarship—and pulchritude—is strong; you have the courage and vigor of youth. This organization, which has stood loyally by the School for fifty-eight years, can serve it better and widen its field of helpfulness because you have joined us. We extend you a warm welcome and hope that the spirit of Rogers Hall will prove an inspiration to you through the years ahead.

Engagements

Mary Lyman Osgood to Mr. Thomas Snowden Malcolm of Wakefield, Massachusetts.

Carolyn Comfort Riggs to Mr. Irving Emerson Rogers, Jr., of Andover, Massachusetts.

Elizabeth D. Scribner to Mr. Lloyd C. Aldrich of Rutland, Vermont.

Barbara Joan Woodall to Mr. Warren Weaver, Jr., of Albany, New York.

Judith Ann Maxson to Mr. Marston Myers of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Marriages

June 16, 1949, Barbara Griffiths to Mr. Malcolm Laing. At home at Rock-ridge, Greenwich, Connecticut.

March 22, 1950, Patricia Talbot to Mr. Roger S. Wallace at St. John's Episcopal Church, Lowell, Massachusetts.

April 8, 1950, Joan Stanley to Mr. Eric Olaf Erickson, Jr., at Culpeper, Virginia. At home in Newton, Massachusetts.

April 15, 1950, Glenn Hope Ellis to Mr. Jack Howard Mann in the Community Church at Greenwich, Connecticut. At home, 29 West 53 Street, New York City.

April 22, 1950, Marjorie Dee Bogie to Mr. Benjamin Wilbur Lewis at Evanston, Illinois.

June 15, 1950, Mary-Low Taylor to Mr. Hilbert van Nydeck Schenck, Jr., at Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts.

June 16, 1950, Winifred Runton to Mr. Henry W. Lyons in St. Michael's Church, Lowell, Massachusetts.

May 20, 1950, Barbara Louise Huyssoon to Mr. Frank Andrew Herle in the Presbyterian Church at Tenafly, New Jersey. At home in New Milford, New Jersey.

June 3, 1950, Frances Ridley Williams to Mr. John Galt Fisher of Scarsdale, New York.

June 17, 1950, Patricia Catherine O'Dea to Mr. Leo Rodger Currie in the Immaculate Conception Church, Lowell.

June 23, 1950, Joan Dean Blanchard to Mr. William Holden Gray at Huguenot Memorial Church, Pelham Manor, New York.

June 28, 1950, Elinor Palmer to Mr. James D. Lynch of Washington, D. C. At home at Olney, Maryland.

June 28, 1950, Helen Davies Robertson to Mr. Robert Frederick Habicht in the First Presbyterian Church, South Bend, Indiana.

July 2, 1950, Elizabeth Depoian to Mr. Charles W. Chicknavorian in the First Church of Christ, Bradford, Massachusetts.

Births

A son to Mr. and Mrs. William R. Means (Lorraine Dancause) on February 24, 1950, at Lowell, Mass.

A son, Stephen McLean, to Mr. and Mrs. Donald Haggerty (Mary Carol Nord) on March 12, 1950, at Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania.

A son, Campbell DeMallie, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Campbell DeMallie (Elizabeth Pratt) on April 7, 1950, at Lowell, Mass.

A son, Rayburn Lloyd, to Mr. and Mrs. William Cameran McKay (Mary Lou Rayburn) on April 12, 1950, at Bay City, Michigan.

A son, Peter Larmon, to Mr. and Mrs. Xavier N. Benziger (Helen Larmon) on May 21, 1950, at Rowayton, Connecticut.

A daughter, Carolyn, to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas D. Bailey (Elaine Putnam) on May 22, 1950, at Winthrop, Massachusetts.

A son to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Spellman (Gloria Hamel) on Easter Sunday, April 9, 1950.

Items of Interest

WHAT PRICE GLORY?

Before making any announcement of the graduation of Rogers Hall girls from college, the Alumnae Editor wishes to make humble apologies to Judy O'Brien and Anne Russell for leaving them out of the list of graduates of 1949 who entered college last September. It all happened because she wanted to be absolutely certain that no one was left out! You may remember the paragraph in our last issue which began, "The Class of 1949 is represented at the following colleges and schools:" At this point the Editor, believing Splinters to be an infallible source of information, took the Commencement Issue 1949 in hand, turned to the picture of Susan Abbott and carefully checked through the list of pictures, alphabetically arranged. It so happened that Judy O'Brien, Class President, and Anne Russell, Vice-President, were pictured on the reverse side of the page, before the alphabetical list began, and so, because of their important positions, were left out of the story entirely. Judy has had a fine year at Bennett and is going to Europe this summer. Anne has been at Bradford Junior College and while we haven't seen her, we have heard splendid reports of her. If there is a moral to this story, it is that even Splinters can't be trusted completely but must be checked and double-checked. Please believe that the Editor regrets the whole thing.

Barbara Beard, '46, received her degree from Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois on June 12. Mary Patterson Lynch, '45, was graduated June 11 from Boston-Bouve School of Tufts College, where she was president of the senior class. June was an eventful month for the Lynch family with the graduation of their daughter, and the marriage of their son, James, to Elinor Palmer on June 28. Ann Tankersley was graduated from Ogontz Junior College in "la dernière classe" for that fine old school. Betty Scribner, '48, whose engagement is announced in this issue, was graduated in June from Mt. Vernon Junior College, and Sally McDonald, who won the Helen Hill award in 1948, also graduated from Mt. Vernon.

Graduating from Garland in June were Joanne Reed, '48, and Katherine Flather. Rushing from the graduating class straight into matrimony is Patricia O'Dea, who received her degree from Marymount College on May 31 and was married June 17. Mary Jane Filer, '48, was graduated from Pine Manor Junior College and was on the Merit List for the year. Ann Fletcher's family was kept busy driving from Ann's Commencement activities at Pine Manor to Barbara's at Rogers Hall. Nancy Davis, '48, was graduated from Bradford and Elizabeth Depoian finished at Lasell in time for her wedding on July 2.

Going back a year or two, we find Barbara Bowes, '46, graduating from Wheaton this June, Jewel Currier from Jackson, Marilyn Downing and Martha Jane Rea from Goucher, Mary Frances Longley from Mt. Holyoke and Sally Watters from Smith. Joan Blanchard was graduated from Wheelock just in time for her marriage to William Holden Gray of Pelham, a young Dartmouth man who served in the Naval Air Forces during the war. This list of graduates is far from complete but gives information about those from whom we have heard.

Barbara (Rusty) Smith, '48, was back at school for the graduation of her younger sister, Deborah, who will enter Smith College in September. Rusty has had an interesting and successful year at Swarthmore where she was student representative on a faculty committee directing extra-curricular activities. She is writing the Hamburg Show at Swarthmore.

Emily Jane Boyer Brooks, '39, is living in Syracuse, N. Y., where her husband is Radiologist at Syracuse General Hospital. They have three youngsters—Allis, aged 3, Russell, 2, and Francis Barton, just a few months. Hats off to Emily Jane! She still has time to drop us a line now and then.

Suzanne Granfield, '49, has had a rare experience with which to round out her first year of college. After graduating from R.H., Sue joined the Gloucester Players in their summer stock company and had a fine season there under the direction of Miss Cunningham. Growing out of her work there, she received an invitation from Miss Cunningham to join a group in Hollywood for a tour through California playing "Miranda," with Sue playing the leading role. On May 7, they had a showing for agents in Hollywood—a rare opportunity for young Thespians.

Minnie Perry, who lives at 260 Old Post Road, Fairfield, Conn., has an interesting position in the personnel department of the General Electric Company at Bridgeport. She is in charge of hiring and placing all office women. About six years before the war she did industrial social work with the same company. She writes, "I have been dealing with people ever since I left school, as I went into social work about 1923."

Jeannette Miller has a position with Marshall Field and Company of Chicago in their Sales and Decorating department.

Julia Edwards Schaupp, '12, writes that on a recent visit to New York she had a nice visit with Margaret King Moore whose husband, General Bryant E. Moore, is Commandant at West Point. She reports, "Margaret looks very young indeed to have two grandchildren."

Founder's Day 1950 was a perfect day, sunny, warm, and just the right day to be out-of-doors for the baseball game and other activities. About sixty of the "old girls" returned for the occasion, to re-live school days, eat the traditional lobster salad luncheon and get a report of alumnae plans. Dorothy Scott, '22, (Mrs. Dan Gerber) sat on Mrs. MacGay's right at luncheon and, although she claimed to be "scared to death," shared speaking honors with Mrs. MacGay. She spoke of the joy of having her daughter graduate from Rogers Hall and she is now looking forward to the day that the third generation will be enrolled. Florence Towner, '22 (Mrs. Theodore Buckley) came from Cambridge, New York, accompanied by her two lovely teen-age daughters. It was her first Founder's Day since she graduated and she said it was truly a red-letter day for her. Mary Benger, '27 (Mrs. Prescott Drowne) was accompanied by her charming young daughter, a senior in high school. Perhaps the most distinctive guest of the day was Sally Parchert Law's young son, aged 2½ or 3, who faced a diningroom full of girls and women with a beaming smile and appeared to enjoy thoroughly being "the only man at the party." His exceptionally good table manners won compliments for him and even more for his mother. In the absence of Nancy Parker Clark, alumnae president, the business meeting was called to order by Isabel Nesmith, Vice-President, who soon turned it over to Mrs. MacGay. Mrs. MacGay discussed the Improvement Fund and its great importance to the school, expressed her deep appreciation for the loyalty of her alumnae, and urged them to grow in their interest and helpfulness. Among those who came from a considerable distance for the occasion were Ruth Higby, '36, (Mrs. Livingstone H. Elder), who drove up from Waccabuc, New York, and stayed with Virginia Fitz Taylor in Wakefield, Dorothy DeVoe, '34, (Mrs. Robert R. Windeler), who came from Great Notch, New Jersey, and Betty Tower, from Blomfield, New Jersey. The consensus of opinion was, "A grand reunion and a wonderful day!"

With deepest regret we learned of the death of Ellen Burke Daniloﬀ in Europe last April. She had been traveling with her daughter Ellen and they had enjoyed a wonderful year together. News of her death was a terrific shock to her family and friends.

Shortly before the close of school, a group of R. H. faculty drove to Newburyport for their annual garden show, at which time many of the lovely old houses are opened for visitors. One of the high points of the day was meeting Carnzu Abbot (Mrs. George O. Clark) at her lovely home overlooking the river, and seeing the beautiful gardens which are her hobby, and that of her "doctor husband." She spied the "Rogers Hall" on the beach wagon; that started the reminiscing about school days and associates. She and Dr. Clark live at Newburyport with their rhododendron, dogwood, camellias and other "lovelies" from May till October when they return to Beacon Street, Boston.

Louise Parker, '06, (Mrs. William Scarritt) has had a wonderful winter of travel. Soon after Christmas, she and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Alsop, took off for a very gay jaunt to Nassau. Later she and "husband Billy" had a thrilling trip to Honolulu, where in addition to the pleasures of sight-seeing, they were entertained by old friends. Louise's three charming daughters—and they are really lovely—are married and there are six grandchildren.

Jean McGay Curtiss, '39, and her husband have recently moved into their new home in Darien, Conn. Jean found that all the education of Rogers Hall and Smith was none too much to meet the problems of house planning, decorating, overseeing the work and taking care of young son Tony. Since Jean's husband had to be away on a business trip, she and Tony came to Commencement.

Among the awards and honors given at Commencement, several will be of interest to alumnae. The Underhill Honor for the highest average in the College Preparatory Course went to Joan Macdonald, sister of Betty Macdonald, '36. On the Honor Roll for the year with an average of 85% or over were Cynthia Burrage, daughter of Madeline Fox Burrage, '24; Mercy Haskell, daughter of Emily Hussey Haskell, '27; Deborah Smith, sister of Rusty Smith, '48; Janice Smith, daughter of Marjorie Coulthurst, '19; Dorothy Winship, cousin of Mary Ellen Winship Githler, '40 and Stephanie Winship, '46. Honorable Mention in Athletics went to Janice Smith. In Music Appreciation, Honorable Mention went to Joan Macdonald and Deborah Smith. Dorothy Winship was awarded a prize for excellence in Current Events, and Honorable Mention went to Dorothy (Feather) Fairbanks, daughter of Dorothy Marden Fairbanks; Margarita Filer, sister of Mary Jane Filer, '48; Mercy Haskell, Betsy Lamb, daughter of Genevieve Saxe, and Carolyn Sylvestre, sister of Dorothy Sylvestre, '48. Margarita Filer received the award for the best short story of the year. Mercy Haskell won the award for neatness in the care of her room. Fortunately, Genevieve Saxe Lamb, Marjorie Coulthurst Smith, Dorothy Sylvestre, Mary Jane Filer and Rusty Smith were present when honors were awarded.

Members of the Class of 1949 who returned for Founder's Day were Sue Abbott, Martha Dow, Joan Downes (Mrs. Theodore Witkowski), Pat Keegan, Betty Langevin (Mrs. Kevin Frawley), Jane Partelo and Franny Rogers. Those who returned for Commencement were Sue Halsted, Pauline Jones and Anne Veghte. Sue Abbott attended the Baccalaureate service.

At her marriage to Mr. Henry W. Lyons on June 16, Winifred Runton had among her attendants a number of former Rogers Hall girls—Katherine Flather, Phyllis McLoon, Nancy Pawle, Mary E. Sharp and Patricia Wolcott. Mr. and Mrs. Lyons will make their home in Lowell.

Julie Van Vliet Hackett, '41, made a surprise visit to Rogers Hall recently and had such a warm welcome that Mrs. MacGay practically sang, "If I knew you were coming, I'd have baked a cake." With Major Hackett and two-year-old Patricia for companions, she was giving a personally conducted tour of New England and had visited Lexington and Concord before coming to Lowell. Her seven-year-old son was visiting the Van Vliet grandparents in Scarsdale. After four years at Ft. Sill, Oklahoma, (of which state Maj. Hackett is a native son) they are leaving for Berlin, Germany, for a stay of three years. Julie is lovely, as always, and seems very happy.

Word comes from Smith College that Cynthia Kellogg, '47, has been appointed head of the Point System for next year by the student council. This year, Cynthia is on the Dean's list and has served as Secretary-Treasurer of her class.

Polly Kitching and Joanne Fitz of Class of 1941 have an apartment together in New York. Joanne is working for the advertising firm of Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn, and Polly is with Schumacher, Interior Decorator.

On April 22, Katherine Steen Larmon, Class 1914, was hostess to the New York, New Jersey, and near-New York-Connecticut alumnae at the Scarsdale Club in Hartsdale, New York. Mrs. MacGay and Miss Ramsay, Director of Studies, were the guests of honor. Two former members of the faculty, Miss Miriam Sanders, now teaching at Rosemary Hall in Greenwich, Connecticut, and Mrs. John Brainerd, formerly "Rosie Breeden," were also welcomed by many of their old Rogers Hall students. Mrs. MacGay talked informally about the school as it is today, and regaled the group with amusing anecdotes of Miss Parsons. The real hit of the afternoon was made by one of Kay's friends who, impersonating a member of the Class of 1887, (the school wasn't founded until 1892 but a discrepancy of a few years didn't dim the merriment) dropped in to present a gift, a priceless cut glass dish, to her dear Miss Parsons. When she discovered Mrs. MacGay was now Principal, she carried on in great style, weeping profusely and making nearsighted attempts to spot one of her former classmates among the group. Needless to say, she quite brought down the house. Her "Gay Nineties" costume alone was something to behold! After school movies were shown, a delicious tea was served with two mothers of alumnae pouring—Mrs. Earl Van Vliet and Mrs. Sam Thompson, both of Scarsdale. It was a grand party, Kay!

Elizabeth Ann Edge of Wellesley College is one of a group of preparatory school and college men and women sailing for Europe to spend the summer. The group, a part of the Winant Volunteers, will first take a short sightseeing trip through England and then from July 1 to the middle of August they will go to work in settlement houses, camps and hospitals. Some of the group will do social work in London's East End slums.

1950

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